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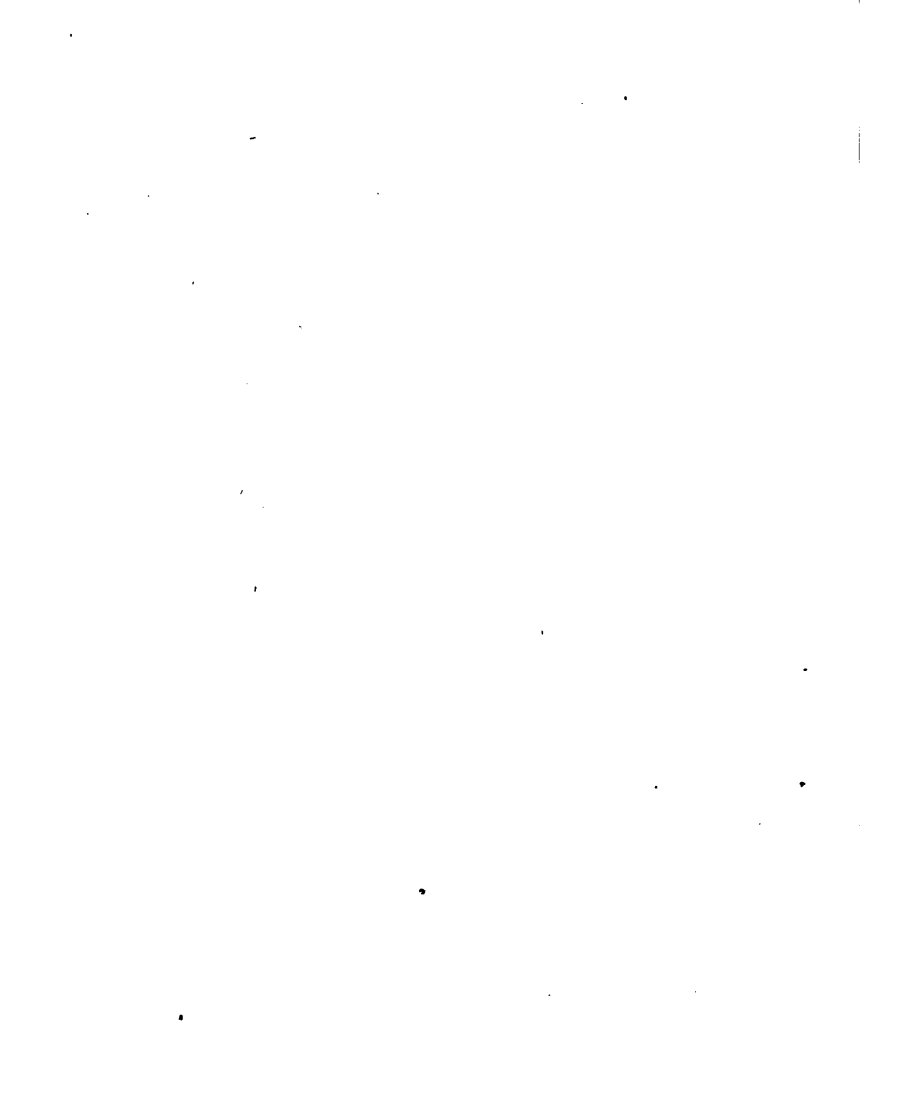
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**PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.**







JOHN ABSOLON DEL

LEIGHTON BROTHERS.

THE ADVENTURE OF **LIEUTENANT WAGHORN**, DOWN THE RED SEA,  
AGAINST THE ADVICE OF THE ARABS.

PETER PARLEY'S  
ANNUAL



L. H. GODDARD & CO.



THE ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN, DOWN THE RED SEA,  
AGAINST THE ADVICE OF THE ARABS.

# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL



LONDON: DARTON & CO. HOLBORN HILL.





# PETER PARLEY'S

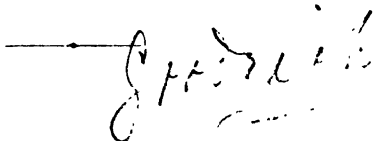
ANNUAL.

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A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John Parley", is written over a horizontal line.

LONDON:

DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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MDCCL.

LONDON:

LEWIS AND SON, FINCH-LANE, CORNHILL.





## A Poetical Preface.

---



ETER PARLEY once again his youthful friends would meet,

And, full of kind and careful thoughts, in cheerful mood would greet ;

Old Christmas has come round again, and with it the New Year,  
And he would pledge his children all in good old English cheer ;  
Would wish them many happy hours of merriment and glee,  
Beneath the pearly misletoe, or dark green holly tree.

Here's smiles and sunshine, evermore, to multitudes of faces,  
And may each young and happy heart o'erflow with moral graces !  
There's nothing like a cheerful soul to carry man along,  
Through this queer world of crooked ways, of falsehood and of wrong.

A sunny face, a kindly eye, will heal the heart that's riven,  
And words of love and gentleness are messages from heaven.  
Then spend in love the holidays, let wisdom be progressing,  
And duty make each coming day a holiday of blessing;  
Then, while the beams of cheerfulness shall glisten in your eyes,  
That proverb of most ancient date forget not nor despise :—  
“Be merry, but be wise!” my friends; “Be merry, but be wise!”

*Peter Parley.*

LONDON,

Dec. 25, 1850.





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GOLDSMITH AND THE SPIDER.

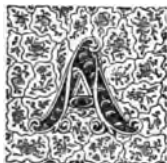


# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

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## The North Pole,

AND VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY IN THE NORTHERN  
REGIONS.



GAIN the north pole, Peter Parley!" I think I hear some of my young readers exclaim, "and this cold weather, too, when everything is cold, and hard, and icy about us; would not something warm and comfortable be more seasonable, Peter Parley?"

I think not, my young friends, for the north pole has its attractions, and, when we feel the "bitings of the bitter wind," and the keen pang of the frost, we ought to think of our poor

countrymen, now frozen up amid mountains of ice, or roaming about on plains and desert solitudes of snow. Therefore, let us talk a little more about the polar regions, for I hope that, with the returning spring, we shall hear more of Captain Franklin and his crew, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean.



As I intend to give a more particular account of the polar regions than I have hitherto done, I present my young friends with a map of the northern hemisphere, *projected*, as the geographers say, on the horizon of London; that is to say, the map is drawn on a plan by

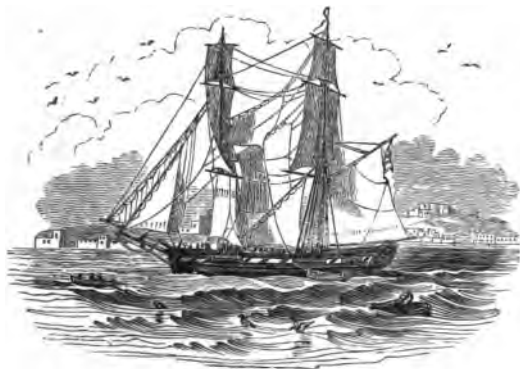
which London is placed exactly in the centre. This arrangement brings the north pole into such a position, that we can see all round it, and hence form a pretty good notion of the parts adjacent.

The expeditions that have been fitted out from time to time, to explore these regions, have thrown some light on the extent of country in high northern latitudes, and also been of no little benefit to trade and commerce. Our whale fisheries have very much profited by our extended knowledge of the arctic; and Captain Scoresby (now Dr. Scoresby, a very zealous and excellent clergyman of the Church of England, with whom I spent an evening lately) afforded me many interesting particulars concerning those voyages in which he took so conspicuous a part, as well as concerning those which have been since undertaken.

On the map my young friends will observe a circle drawn, called the arctic circle, and in this little circle, for it is by no means very large, are certain objects of great interest, as well to little boys and girls as to the commercial voyager and the man of science. Of this part of our globe but little was known a hundred years ago; and our greatest amount of knowledge has been acquired during the last forty years.

The discovery of a north-west passage has been always a favourite object with the British, and the many voyages to which it has given birth have immortalised the names of Frobisher, Deres, Baffin, and Hudson, men of great nautical skill. When the great war was at an end, in which about five millions of people were slaughtered, at the cost of about four or five millions of pounds to the various countries engaged in the fearful conflict, trade and commerce began to revive, and science to unfold her wings; and one of the first places to which

she directed her course was the regions of the north. The British Government fitted out two ships, the *Isabella* and *Alexander*; these were placed under the command of Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, both officers of great courage and experience.



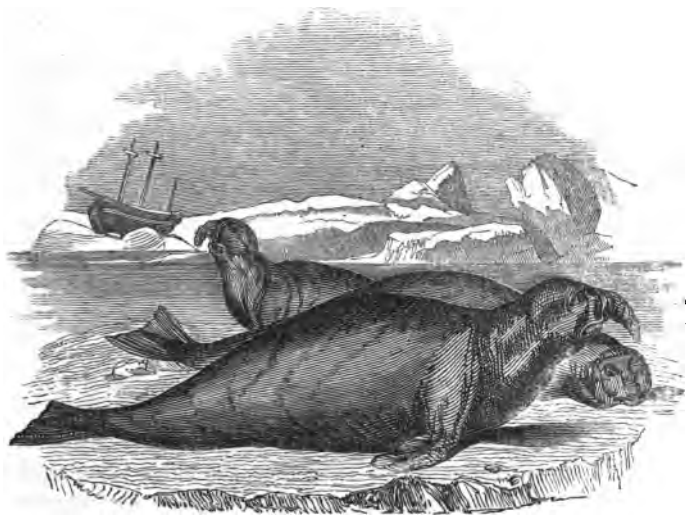
The ships put to sea on the 18th of April, 1818. On their arrival on the western coast of Greenland, they discovered a tribe of Esquimaux. A little further on, they saw cliffs covered with snow of a deep red colour, which, when thawed, had the appearance of port wine. On descending the western shores of Baffin's Bay, towards the south, a great change was observed,—the sea was clear of ice and extremely deep, it was much warmer, and the land was high, some of the mountains rising in cones above the land, and, except in the upper parts, free from snow. A noble inlet, fifty miles wide, now opened to view. It had high land on both sides, and on the ice round its margin an

Esquimaux sledge was seen travelling at a rapid rate. Into this inlet the ships entered on the 29th August; but they had not advanced more than thirty miles within it, when Captain Ross made a signal to tack about and return. In explanation of this alteration of course, he affirmed that he saw land stretching across the inlet at the distance of eight leagues; to the imaginary range of hills which thus seemed to prevent further progress to the west, he gave the name of *Crocker's* mountains, and then returned.

The failure of Captain Ross did not deter the Government from further efforts; and accordingly two ships were fitted out, called the *Heckla* and the *Griper*, to traverse the arctic seas. Lieutenant Parry, who had dissented from Captain Ross as to the possibility of finding a north-west passage, was appointed to command the expedition. The ships sailed from the Thames on the 5th of May, 1819, and on the 15th of June, Cape Farewell, the most southern part of Greenland, was discovered at the distance of forty miles. As they advanced northwards up Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, the ice on the westward presented a continuous barrier; through which it was impossible to force a way. After many difficulties, the ships at last reached the latitude of 73°, when Captain Parry resolved to penetrate the ice which occupied the middle of the inland sea. This was accomplished in about seven days, the ships being worked with great danger through huge mountains of ice. At this period whales were seen in all directions; and one of them upset a boat belonging to the ships, but without further evil effects than the loss of the boat. Here the sea was deep, and no bottom could be found with 310 fathoms of the line.

On the 31st of July the navigators entered Possession Bay. They

were now about to enter that great inlet respecting which especial instructions had been given. Their hope of finding a north-west passage rested chiefly on their success in this part of their mission. They crowded all sail, while a fresh easterly breeze carried them rapidly to the westward. Before night they had passed the limits



explored in the last voyage, and yet could discern no land in the direction of their progress. They had reached the longitude of  $83^{\circ} 12'$ , and the two shores of the passage, as far as could be discerned, were observed to continue full fifty miles asunder; as they

neared the western shore, the only denizens of the mighty waste were seals, lying with their young on the icy banks.

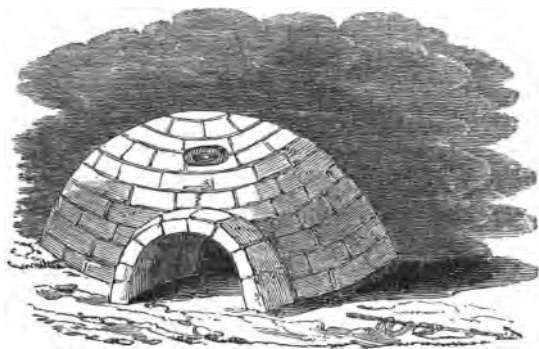
The expedition proceeded to the westward; and to the south a broad inlet, ten leagues wide, seemed deserving of being explored. The intrepid band entered it, and here a phenomenon of great interest presented itself. They had hitherto observed, from the time they entered Lancaster's Sound, the sluggish motion of the compass and the irregularity occasioned by the attraction of the iron dispersed about the ship, in bolts, bars, &c., which had uniformly increased, as they proceeded westward; but, as they entered this inlet, the compasses actually lost their power, and they saw, for the first time, the compass completely deprived of its tendency to point north and south. The spot where this takes place is called the north magnetic pole.

As they advanced, their difficulties increased, their passage was studded with small islands, the water was shoal, the ice more troublesome, and fogs frequent from time to time; they observed whales spouting, but few other animated beings appeared in this desolate course. They still continued to proceed to the westward, along the shores of a large island, which they named Bathurst Island, and further on to a lower one, which they named Melville Island; but the difficulties they encountered were very great from ice and fog; nevertheless, they succeeded in passing the meridian of  $110^{\circ}$  west longitude, by which they became entitled to the first sum in the scale of rewards granted by Parliament of £5000. A projecting point of land at this part was appropriately called Bounty Cape; a good roadstead discovered at no great distance was called the Bay of the Heckla and Griper. Here the ensigns and pennants



were hoisted, and it "created in us (says their narrative) no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving for the first time in those regions which had been hitherto considered beyond the inhabitants of the habitable world."

The winter was now setting in fast, and it was with difficulty that the ships were forced through the new ice to Winter Harbour. Three days were employed in cutting a canal through the ice with saws, the average thickness of the ice being seven inches, and the whole length of the cut nearly two miles and one-third. As soon as the ships were moored into their winter quarters, the men hailed the event with three cheers. The mercury in the thermometer had now fallen to one degree below zero, and the sea was frozen over as far as the eye could reach; nor was open water seen after this period.



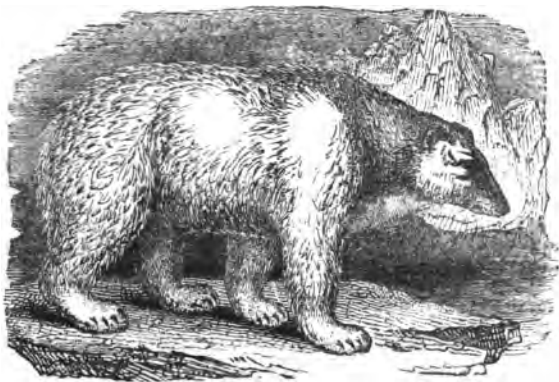
By the middle of July in the succeeding year the thermometer stood as high as from  $56^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$ ; and at length, on the 1st of August,

the ships were enabled to effect their escape from Winter Harbour; but the immense quantity of ice with which the sea was beset rendered their progress extremely difficult. They still struggled to proceed towards the west; but all their efforts were of no avail to get beyond the south-west extremity of Melville Island; and on the 16th of August the attempt was given up, and about the middle of November the ships arrived in the Thames. The furthest point reached by this expedition was latitude  $74^{\circ} 26' 25''$ , and longitude  $113^{\circ} 46' 43''$ .

Government were determined upon a new expedition, and, as the "Heckla" had lasted so well on her former voyage, it was arranged that the "Navy," a similar ship, should be prepared to attend her on the second one. Captain Parry was directed by his instructions to commence his examination of the coast after he had reached some point which he was sure was on the coast of America, and thence, proceeding to the north, to keep along the coast, minutely exploring every inlet or opening that occurred, in order to ascertain the north-east point of that continent, round which it was hoped he might reach the open sea, and thus effect the passage round Icy Cape, and through Behring's Straits into the Pacific.

The ships left the Nore on the 8th of May, 1821, encountered the first iceberg at the entrance of Davis's Straits on the 14th of June, and reached the mouth of the channel formed between Southampton Island and the coast towards the north. Captain Parry believed this to be the same channel or strait which had been called the Frozen Strait; and he determined to force a passage through it. After struggling for some days, the ships arrived at an inland basin of water, ten miles in width, and about five in breadth, having regular soundings and good anchorage in every part, and being

fectly free from ice. Captain Parry called this the Duke of York's Bay. There they frequently saw the great polar bear.



The examination of the north-east coast of the American continent now commenced ; and nearly the whole of September was spent in surveying and sounding a number of creeks, bays, and inlets, which are laid down in the charts under the names of Lyon's Inlet, Hopper's Inlet, Gore Bay, Ross's Bay, &c. The whole extent explored amounted to more than 200 leagues. This wearisome task was hardly concluded when the appearance of new ice announced the approach of winter ; the thermometer at that time stood at zero. A small island, where the continent begins to trend to the southward, received the name of Winter Island, and the ships were here stationed to be frozen up.

Spring made its appearance in Winter Island, more tardily, if possible, than it had done at Melville Island, in the former voyage; yet this place was situated eight degrees and a half further to the south. Nine months had already been spent here in the ice, when at length, on the 2nd of July, after great exertions, the ships effected their escape; but the current setting southward down Fox's Channel, which our voyagers now proceeded to examine, carried with it such a quantity of drift ice as made their situation very dangerous. But at last they reached a small opening in the latitude  $67^{\circ} 18'$ , out of which a current was observed to issue. As this offered a security against ice, Captain Parry anchored as close to it as possible, and a party went then to explore the country. Soon after the ships arrived at the island of Ooglet, where they met with vast numbers of the walrus or sea-horse, and they approached with some trepidation and anxiety the strait which the Esquimaux considered as a passage to the western sea. This passage was very soon recognised, and final success was now confidently expected; but what was the grief and mortification of the voyagers when they found that an unbroken barrier of ice extended completely across the western mouth of the strait, from the northern to the southern land. It was now the middle of July, and the ice began to accumulate; and, after struggling for sixty-five days to force a passage to the westward, the ships returned to the island of Ooglet, where they were frozen in for the winter. Here they were visited by numerous parties of Esquimaux, who came in sledges drawn by dogs.

The 1st of August, 1823, arrived, and the ships were still shut up within a barrier of ice; but Captain Parry, impatient of his confinement, determined to make the utmost exertions to liberate himself,

although it appeared necessary for that purpose to saw a canal of ice, four or five miles in length. The laborious task was begun, when the ice breaking up more completely, the ships once more reached the open sea on the 12th of August. It was not doubted that the straits of the Heckla and Fury communicated with the polar seas, and the obstacle which blocked it up was likely to be opened by a mild season; but the scurvy had made its appearance in the ships, and the dread of this formidable disease, and other circumstances, induced Captain Parry to make the best of his way home, which terminated the expedition of 1823.

Captain Franklin's first expedition took place at the same time with the first voyage of Captain Parry, and it was fitted out by Government in order that it might co-operate with that navigator in exploring the northern coast of America. Captain Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson and Messrs. Back and Hood, two officers of the Navy, left England in 1819, and, after arriving at York Factory, a station on the east side of Hudson's Bay, set out on a land journey through the deserts and frozen lakes of the northern continent, which they crossed in a westerly direction, till they reached the mouth of the Copper-Mine River, on the western coast. They then embarked in two canoes, and made their way eastward along the northern shores of the continent for nearly 600 miles, till they found it impossible to proceed further; and, their canoes being destroyed, they returned by land to the Copper-Mine River, from whence they made their way home, after an absence of three years.

Such are the principal adventures in the regions of the North Pole. Peter Parley will keep a watch on polar movements; but he predicts that Captain Franklin will be found safe in the Pacific Ocean.



## Wizards, Ghosts and Hobgoblins.

---

**T**HE young readers of Peter Parley's works ought to be thankful that the days of superstition are on the wane; that they are utterly gone no one who takes notice of what is going on in the world will maintain. Even in enlightened England there are many places in which people are very superstitious, and where old witches and wizards, ghosts and hobgoblins, are verily believed in. But in the pages of Peter Parley's Annual we can laugh at them heartily, and little children who read about them need not be afraid to go to bed in the dark.

An old witch was, according to the old notion, a poor, decrepit, superannuated old woman, who, being in great distress, was tempted by an evil spirit to sign a contract to become his, both soul and body, when, as the reward of her bargain, she was to want for

nothing, and was enabled to call up for her use, money, clothes, and victuals, as she might require them; to close this bargain, she was said to be called upon to cut or prick her finger, and with her blood for ink sign a parchment with her name. After this, the evil spirit was said to deliver her an imp or familiar, generally in the form of a black cat, but sometimes in the form of a fly, or some other insect.

It was held in the time of king James, who wrote a book against such people, that there were three sorts of witches. The first could *hurt*, but not *help*, these were called black witches. The second could *help*, but not *hurt*; these had the power of curing diseases, finding stolen goods, and other good deeds: they were at continual enmity with the black witches, insomuch, that one or the other fell a victim to the power of the other. The latter kind were called *white witches*. The third sort were called *grey witches*; they could both help and hurt, and were, of course, the most powerful of all. But all these were under the control of the evil spirit; and accounts are given in old witch books of revelries in which feasting and music went on, and dances were performed among toads, serpents, cats, dogs, and ravens, the gentlemen in black leading the ceremonies, and often playing the principal music—a pipe and tabor. It was confessed in Scotland, on the trial of witches, that at one of these meetings the gentleman in black got into one of the pulpits, and preached a sermon in a voice "*hough and gustie*," and afterwards caused the witches to open several graves, out of which they took part of the bodies to make into charm powders. It also came out that the same spirit often beat the witches black and blue with the spits and brooms with which they were said to ride on through the air;

but it was admitted that, upon any one pronouncing the Divine Name, the whole of these wicked spirits flew away, like mists at the rising of the sun. There is something in this incident we should note, my young friends, for true it is that where the Author of good is, evil is not.

When a witch wished to destroy any one to whom she bore an ill-will, it was said (mind, I do not say it) that she and her sister witches made an image of wax, which, with many ceremonies, was named after the person meant to be injured; after which, thorns or pins were stuck in it; it was then set before a fire; and, as the wax melted by the heat, so the body of the person represented decayed by sickness, with great torture. Many persons in the reigns of king James and Charles I. were burned on charges of such practices. On some occasions, witches contented themselves with a less cruel revenge, and only obliged the objects of their anger to swallow pins, crooked nails, dirt, cinders, and trash of all sorts, which they invisibly conveyed to them, or sent by their imps.

Witches' imps bore many names, the principal were Killico, Hob, Pach, Puck, Flitterbygibbet, Purr, Hilco, Grimalkin, Hillio, Lurke, Dickie, and Kellicocum. Old mother Samuel, a celebrated witch in those days, is reported to have had nine spirits or imps that belonged to her and her family; two of their names are forgotten, but those of the other seven were Pluck, Hardname, Catch, three of the name of Smack, who were cousins, and one called Blew. Another kind were reported to go about the earth with a skeleton form, spreading death-wafts to the doomed, and bringing sickness and disease to those who were under the influence of the witches' power.

This power extended also, as asserted, over the air and water as



well as over the earth; the spirits of the air gambolled about on the breeze, and dissported themselves on banks of violets, in the bells of cowslips, in the cups of lilies; where they wove fancies for the brains



of young men and maidens in dreams of love, and, for those of middle-aged gentlemen and ladies, of riches, and honours, which continually lured them to improper or dishonest acts.

Groups of these spirits, it was said, would appear to a person in his



sleep, and convey him away from "the Indus to the Poles," and

show him all the countries in the world; introduce him to the hareem of the grand Sultan, the palace of the Czars, the glory of the first cousin of the moon and brother of the sun, viz., the emperor of China; and, after taking him round the world in a twinkling,



mounted in an arm-chair like Peter Wilkins, set him down, perhaps, in a pool of mire some distance from his dwelling.

The spirits of the waters lived beneath the sea, as nymphs or mermaids, and exercised their influence to cause ships to be wrecked; and then they revelled in the sports of the mighty deep, and, amid coral groves, shells, and rocks, with beautiful sea-weeds for carpets, they revelled and danced to the music of Tritons blowing their sea shells. Sometimes they came up rivers, and might be seen bathing on the sands of the shore by moonlight, performing their orgies in connection with the imps of the earth and air.

But again to the witches themselves. The baneful witches could at all times render themselves invisible; or they appeared as mere visible forms; and, when persons felt themselves bewitched and wished to strike at them, they found that they only struck at a ghost, or aerial form. When they did appear in real bodily shape, it was thought to prevent their power entirely if blood could be drawn from them before an actual spell had taken place.

Witches, according to the aforesaid notions, to vex the squire, justice, or the parson of the village wherever they resided, often transformed themselves into horses, and led the hounds and huntsmen a long and fruitless chase. One story was related on the trial of one Julian Cox, before Judge Hale, in which it was deposed by a huntsman that, having chased a hare till it was fairly run down, he stepped before the hounds to take it up, when, instead of a hare, he found an old wizard, named Julian, breathless on the earth, and trembling, having, as he supposed, suddenly resumed his shape for fear he should be destroyed.

There were various methods by which witches were discovered. One was by weighing her against the church bible, which, if she were guilty, would preponderate; another, by making her attempt to

say the Lord's Prayer, which no witch was able to repeat without leaving out some part; swimming was also another mode of finding out a witch. For this she was stripped of her clothes, and cross-bound, her left thumb being tied to her right toe, when she was thrown into a pond in which she could *not* sink if guilty, so that the poor woman was sure of death; for, if she sank, she was drowned, and if she did not sink, she was burned as a witch.



The trial by stool was another method used for the discovery of witches. It was thus managed:—having taken the suspected witch, she was placed in the middle of the room, on a stool or chair, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture; a book was placed in her hand; and there she was compelled to sit, and was kept without meat or drink for twenty-four hours. Within that time it was held that the

imps would come to her, and a little hole was made in the door for the imps to come in at; lest they should come in some less discernible shape, they that watched were taught ever and anon to sweep the room, to see if they could find spiders or beetles; these were to be killed; and, if they could not be killed, they were considered to be *imps*.

The witches' charms were various. Some hair, parings of the nails and of the toes, toad's spawn, bits of an old mummy, slips of the yew-tree, lead from an old coffin, and human bones, with a little earth from the graveyards, of which London now is particularly full, and of which Richmond has been denuded to the depth of three feet in the churchyard, formed a pabulum of great virtue. This was put into a stone jar, much after the manner of jugged hare, and buried. It was corked and wired, and, while in the earth, the person to be harmed suffered most dreadful agonies (as it was thought). By putting near such a jar the covers of an old prayer-book, the charm was turned against the witch, who suffered such great pains and troubles, that they have been detected, upon their going to dig the jar up.

Real witches cannot weep more than three tears, and that only out of the left eye; this want of tears was thought to be a very good proof of guilt, as were moles on the flesh, or horny excrescences on any part of the body. There are in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, several female heads with horns on them—one has five of such projections, and some are as large as ram's horns. These ought to have been notable witches. Some appeared as pretty young women—far more dangerous. On meeting a supposed witch, it was held to be advisable to take the wall of her, in town or

street, and the right-hand of her, in lane or in field; and, whilst passing her, to clench both hands, doubling the thumb between the fingers. This was said to prevent hurt from a witch. No presents of apples or other things were to be received from a witch on any account.



Two hundred years ago the belief in witchcraft was very general, and at that time there were people who had the power, as it was supposed, of distinguishing witches at first sight. One of these persons, named Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, in Essex, a place still famed for wonderful people, together with a John Stern, and a woman in their company, were in 1644 permitted to go from town to town, through most parts of Essex, Suffolk, and Huntingdonshire,

with a sort of commission, to discover witches, and were paid twenty shillings by **each** town they visited. They were called witch-finders. **Many** persons were seized by them, and, through their means, **convicted**, till at length some gentlemen, out of indignation at Hopkins' barbarity, tied him in the manner he had bound others, that is, thumbs and toes together; in which state, being put into the water, he swam, and was afterwards destroyed. This seems to have to a great extent put down old witches.

But, although old witches are put down, fortune-telling is not; there are still numbers of persons, especially old ladies of a by-gone day, who lay out the cards to tell their fortune; many persons tell their fortune by the grounds in a tea or coffee-cup. Some are frightened when they hear a death-watch, or see a winding-sheet in a candle, or when a looking-glass is accidentally broken; and look upon these occurrences as omens. Now all this is not only very silly, but very wicked; for we ought to consider that the all-mighty and all-good Governor of the universe, has, in his great mercy, withheld from us a knowledge of the future; and we ought not attempt to lift the veil, but to look forward with humble trust and cheerful hope that **HE**, who does all things well, will preserve those that place their dependence upon Him, "through all dangers, ghostly and bodily," and save them from all evil, both in time and in eternity.

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## Something about Monkeys.

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HERE he is, the most noble, the most serene (sometimes) prince of all the monkeys, descended of the most noble race, and quartering in his escutcheon three cocoa-nuts or a palm tree on a field azure. He looks like a philosopher,—a beastly Diogenes without his tub; and there is a profundity in his looks that would do no discredit to Peter Parley himself.

The varieties of the monkey tribe are so numerous, that it would fill a sheet almost as long as a Welsh pedigree to enumerate them. There are the red monkey, and the white monkey, the blue, the gray, the brown, the golden, the white-nosed, the red-nosed, the blue-nosed, the fur-tailed, the long-tailed, the short-tailed, and the bare-tailed. Then there is the mitred monkey, the tufted or crowned monkey, the long-snouted and the snub-nosed; and, for the satisfac-

tion of the ladies, we have the bonnet-monkey, and lastly, the widow monkey. We have, too, various kinds of howling and whistling



monkeys; with *whiskered* monkeys and *bearded* monkeys, for the satisfaction of the young gentlemen; and we only want a smoking

monkey, which will some day or other be found, to make nature in this branch of her history *complete*.

Monkeys belong to the order *quadrumana*, or four-handed animals, and all the families of them are forest animals, and live in trees, among the branches and twigs of which they frisk and play with great delight. Much of the food of the whole of them is vegetable, consisting not of leaves, but of fruit, with which the tropical forests abound; but some of them add insects to their vegetable food; and so fond are some of the tribes of this delicacy, that they may be often found hunting for them in the fur of each other, in a manner that ill accords with our notions of cleanliness.

Monkeys are not very handsome as to shape, when we compare them with the human form Divine, with the head erect; but, if we consider them as formed for a particular state of existence in nature, they are beautifully adapted to their situation in life. Their bodies are a complex bundle of springs, with hands on their feet, and with the power of using their hind-feet as hands. They leap, spring, hang, twist, now by the leg, now by the arm, or, perhaps, by the tail, and twirl about in so many fantastic shapes, that they can be likened to nothing in nature except to one of the "Jack tars" of England's navy, famed as it is all over the world.

In the wild woods of the oriental islands, in those of central Africa or of America, the monkey is in its place. They are rarely found in open countries, and none are found native in any temperate climate. The three patches of the globe, or monkey-land, if I may so call it, are the south-east of Asia and the adjacent isles, the west and south of Africa, and the tropical forests of America.

The monkeys of the eastern continent are exceedingly numerous,

and they are very agile, that is, nimble, in their movements; their tails are long; and among them the red monkey (*cercopithecus ruber*) is one of the species which have been longest known. It is found in Senegal, and is a very active little animal. The nature of the country which it inhabits is that of detached trees rather than close forests; and the red monkey has a peculiarity in its form not common to the race, viz., its hind legs are longer than its fore ones, and its hind feet so formed, that it can walk better on them than any other of the monkey tribe.

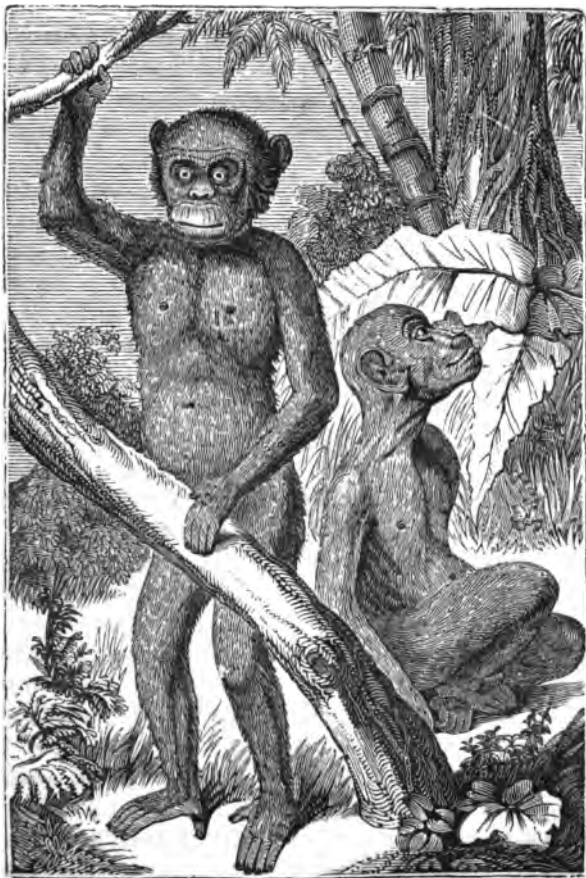
One of the prettiest of the monkey race is the squirrel-monkey. It is very small in size, but its motions are elegant. It is about ten inches long; the face is a sort of flesh colour. It is of two colours, red and grey, prettily disposed; and, what is the most pleasing feature is, it does not look like a caricature of the human face. The eyes are more like those of a cat; but when affected by strong passions, it sheds tears like the human species. In a state of nature, these animals live in numerous troops, and feed principally upon insects, in the capture of which they show great adroitness; and so well acquainted are they with the nature of their prey, that Humboldt says, "they recognise the portraits of them even in engravings, and will clutch at them on the paper."

The ruffed monkey is a native of South America; the body about the fore-arms and shoulders is mantled with brown; part of the breast is white, the feet sandy yellow, and the tail black. The whiskered monkey is of a blackish brown above, and its whiskers protrude on each side of the face as whiskers should; but few gentlemen, young or old, have such handsome whiskers as the whiskered monkey.

Another curious monkey bears the name of the fox-tailed monkey, from its having a tail like that of the fox; and, although it has no other resemblance to that animal outwardly, yet it partakes of its character in another way, namely, by its voice, which is a kind of yelp, or bark, like that of the fox. They are great destroyers of insects, and even birds; but their principal food is that of bees, and they devour both the bee and the honey.

### THE APES.

HAVING said a little about the monkeys proper, I must say a word about the apes proper, especially something about the animal whose full-length portrait is seen on the opposite page. The creature alluded to is the chimpanzee, who has a very metaphysical look. The very few specimens of the chimpanzee which have been brought to this country have all of them been small of stature. Some persons assert that they grow as tall as a man; but this is, I fancy, not quite true, and relates to some of the larger baboons. It is said they live in small communities, and construct a kind of hut for their habitation. The former is likely, because all the tribes of apes are social; but the latter is by no means so likely. The chimpanzee is found in the forests of Lower Guinea, in Africa; and he frequently may be seen walking erect; he exhibits great sagacity. Peter Parley went in the year 1835 to see one of them at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. He was a great favourite with the British public, and thought a vast deal more of at that time than the Swedish prince, who was a London lion at that period. He grew exceedingly intelligent, and, in the use of his hands, was very



[The Chimpanzée.]

clever. He drank his broth with a spoon, and had made some progress in handling a knife and fork ; but death put a period to him at an early age, for, in the following year, in the month of March, the poor thing died, to the great grief of everybody, to those who had seen him and to those who had not.

The ouran-outang is a far more formidable animal than the chimpanzee. His height is not less than seven feet ; his muscular strength great in proportion, and his bite, from the strength of his jaws, very formidable. He leaps from the ground to the branches of trees, and so from branch to branch with great agility ; and, when he stands upright, with a stick in his hand, to defend himself, looks very formidable.

Dr. Abel, the well-known eastern scholar, kept an ouran-outang, in the island of Java, for a considerable time ; and he gives a very graphic account of its habits. He says, " that he lodged in a tamarind-tree, near his dwelling, and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches and covering himself with their leaves. During the day, he would be with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under ; and, when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sunset, or sooner, if he had been well fed, and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he had generally received food. On board ship, he generally slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself up in a sail. Sometimes I pre-occupied his bed, and teased him, by refusing to give it up. On these occasions, he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or force me to quit it ; and would not rest till I had resigned it. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either

steal one of the sailor's jackets, or empty a hammock of its blankets. His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, or climbing over the roofs of houses ; on board, in hanging by the ropes, or romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them to play, by striking them with his hand as they passed, and then bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him, and engage in a mock-scuffle ; but he was easily irritated into fury. If repeatedly refused an orange when he attempted to take it, he would shriek violently, and swing furiously about the ropes, then return, and endeavour to obtain it. If again refused, he would roll for some time like an angry child, uttering the most piercing screams, and then suddenly starting up, rush furiously over the sides of the ship, and disappear. On first witnessing this act, we thought that he had thrown himself into the sea, but, on searching, found him concealed under the chains."

There are so many stories related of monkeys, that it is hardly possible for any one to have lived without having heard or read some of them. One of a vendor of night-caps is thus told :—

"A man was travelling in Africa with some night-caps for the blacks, filling the panniers of two mules. Being benighted in a forest, he tied his mules to a tree, and got up into a convenient nook of the same to sleep, having put on one of the night-caps.

"On awaking in the morning, and getting down from his resting-place, he saw his two mules in their places, but not a night-cap in the panniers. It was strange, he thought, for a thief to take the caps and not the mules. But on hearing a chattering, he looked up and saw five hundred monkeys in the forest all wearing red night-caps. The poor man being out of temper at losing his caps,



took his own off in a passion, and threw it on the ground. The monkeys imitated him also. So that thus the poor man got his caps back again."

This story is amusing; whether it is true or not, I cannot say. In a succeeding chapter Peter Parley will have something to say about baboons.





SCENES  
From  
ENGLISH  
HISTORY



ANDRE L. B. WAQUEL



## Scenes from English History.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT THE SAXONS AND THE SAXON TIMES IN ENGLAND.



It is now just a thousand years since Alfred the Great—a Saxon king—reigned in England. His name is one of which every Englishman may well be proud; and Peter Parley would say a few words respecting the Saxons, or, rather, the Anglo-Saxons, and their times.

The Angles were a German nation, which resided in a part of Germany, now Holstein, near the Elbe. As they never approached the Rhine, or the northern frontiers, we do not find their name mentioned by the Roman authors, who comprehended them and many others under the general name of Chauci and Saxons, until the conquest of Britain made them better known as a separate nation. In

the fifth century they joined their powerful neighbours, the Saxons, and, under the name of Anglo-Saxons, conquered this country. A part of them remained near the Danish Peninsula, where, to the present day, a small tract of land, on the eastern coast of the Duchy of Sleswick, bears the name of Anglen.

Speaking of the Saxons, Sidonius, the Bishop of Clermont, thus describes them: "We have not," he says, "a more cruel and more dangerous enemy than the Saxons; they overcome all that have courage to oppose them; they surprise all those who are so imprudent as not to be prepared for their attack; when they pursue, they infallibly overtake; when they are pursued, their escape is certain; they despise danger; they are inured to shipwreck; they are eager to purchase booty with the peril of their lives; tempests, which to others are so dreadful, to them are subjects of joy; the storm is their protection, when they are oppressed by the enemy, and a cover for their operations, when they meditate an attack. Before they quit their own shores, they devote to the altars of their gods the tenth part of their principal captives; and, when they are on the point of returning, the lots are cast with the affectation of equity, and the impious vow is fulfilled." Such were the people who, under Vortigern, the British invited to fight their battles.

It was about the year 360 that the Picts and Scots (the latter adventurers from Ireland), broke down the wall which the Romans had erected to protect Britain. The Roman legions had been gradually withdrawn from the island to defend their continental territories, and the Britons proclaimed their independence, and deposed the Roman magistrates left in the island. On the extinction of the imperial authority, the provinces were divided amongst a number of

petty chieftains, whose ambition, wars and vices, inflicted more extensive injuries than the incursions of foreign enemies. To these miseries succeeded the dreadful scourges of pestilence and famine ; district after district became the scene of devastation, till their common danger warned them to seek other assistance ; and a Saxon squadron being then cruising in the channel in quest of adventures, the two commanders, Hengist and Horsa, eagerly accepted the overtures of the British prince, Vortigern, to aid in fighting his battles, and to depend, for their reward, on his gratitude. They landed at Ebbsfleet, and were cantoned in the Isle of Thanet.



A different account is given by some writers :—ambassadors are said to have been dispatched into Germany, who, according to Wित्तिचिन्द, a Saxon historian of the ninth century, made a dolorous speech before an assembly of that nation, and were very favour-

ably received by the Saxons. The latter embraced the proposal with joy; their soothsayers foretold that they should plunder their British allies for one hundred and fifty years, and reign over them for twice that period. Three ships were, therefore, fitted out, under the conduct of Hengist and Horsa, who were sons of Witigisel, said to be great grandson to the Saxon god Woden, a circumstance which added much to their authority. Having embarked about sixteen hundred men on board their three vessels, the two brothers arrived in the Isle of Thanet, in 449 or 450. They were received



by the inhabitants with great joy; the isle in which they had landed was immediately appointed for their habitation, and a league was concluded, in virtue of which the Saxons were to defend the Britons against all foreign enemies; and they were, in return, to allow the Saxons pay and maintenance, beside the place allotted them for their

abode. Soon after their arrival, King Vortigern led them against the northern nations, and advanced to Stamford, in Lincolnshire. Here a battle was fought, in which the Scots and Picts were utterly defeated.



Vortigern was so highly pleased with his new allies, that he bestowed large possessions upon Hengist and Horsa; and it is said that, even at this time, Hengist formed the design of subjugating the country, from observing the effeminacy and luxury of the inhabitants. He, therefore, with Vortigern's consent, invited over more of his countrymen, informing them of the fruitfulness of the country, and the ease of its conquest. The Saxons readily complied, and, in 452, as many more arrived, in seventeen vessels, as, with those already in Britain, made up more than five thousand men.

Along with these came over Rowena, the daughter of Hengist.



Vortigern fell in love with this lady, and, to obtain her in marriage, divorced his queen. Hengist pretended to be averse to the match, but Vortigern obtained his consent by investing him with the sovereignty of Kent.

Vortigern had, as yet, continued in friendship with the Saxons, and even put more confidence in them than in his own subjects; for not long after the arrival of this reinforcement, Hengist obtained leave to send for a second, in order, as he pretended, to defend the kingdom from his rebellious subjects. These embarked in forty ships, under the command of Octa and Ebussa, relations of Hengist; they landed at the Orkney Islands, and, having ravaged them and all the northern coasts of Scotland, conquered several places beyond the Forth, and at last obtained leave to settle in Northumberland.

The pretence for this settlement was, that the Saxons, under Octa and Ebussa, might defend the northern frontiers of the kingdom, as those under Hengist and Horsa did the southern parts. Many more Saxons were now, under various pretences, invited over, till, at last, their numbers being much increased, they began to quarrel with the natives. They demanded large allowances of corn and other provisions, threatening to lay waste the whole country, if their demands were not complied with. The Britons, instead of complying, desired them to return home, since their numbers exceeded what they were able to maintain. Upon this, the Saxons concluded a truce with the Scots and Picts, and, turning their arms against the unhappy Britons, overran the whole country, committing everywhere the greatest cruelties.

Vortigern was so far from being reclaimed by these calamities, that he continued to indulge in the most degrading licentiousness. At

last, his own subjects, provoked by his crimes and the partiality he had shown to the Saxons, deposed him, and raised his son Vortimer to the throne. He was a young man of great valour, and willingly undertook the defence of his distressed country. He first fell upon the Saxons, and drove them into the Isle of Thanet, where he be-



seized them, till, being reinforced by fresh supplies, they opened a way through the British troops. Vortimer, however, engaged them on the banks of the Darent, in Kent, where he obtained a complete victory. Another battle was fought at Aylesford, in which Horsa, the brother of Hengist, was killed. A third battle was fought, in which the victory was uncertain, as is also the place where it happened. The fourth battle, however, it seems, proved decisive in favour of the Britons. Vortimer engaged his enemies, according to some, at Folkestone; according to others, at Stonar, in the Isle of Thanet.

The Saxons were defeated with great slaughter, and driven back to their ships. So complete is the victory said to have been, that the Saxons quitted the island without making any attempt on it for five years afterwards.

Vortimer died, after a reign of six years; and Hengist no sooner heard of his death, than he invaded Britain anew with a numerous body of Saxons. He was opposed by Vortigern, who had been restored on the death of his son, who, on his death-bed, signified his



intention of giving back the crown to his father. Several battles were fought, but, at last, the Britons being overthrown at a place called Crecanford, with the loss of four thousand men, were obliged to abandon Kent and retire to London. This happened about the year A.D. 458 or 459; and from this time most historians date the erection of the first Saxon kingdom in England.

The Britons, under Vortigern, still continued the war. Hengist, finding himself unable to gain a decisive advantage over them in the field, had recourse to treachery. He pretended to be desirous of concluding a peace with the British monarch, and of renewing his ancient friendship with him, and therefore required an interview. The king was attended by three hundred nobility, all unarmed, but the Saxons had concealed daggers beneath their garments. The



British nobility were all treacherously massacred in the height of their mirth. Vortigern himself was taken and put in fetters, nor could his liberty be procured but by ceding to the Saxons those provinces now called Essex, Sussex and Middlesex. The Saxons thus attained such a footing in Britain, that they could never afterwards be expelled. Vortigern, after being set at liberty, is said to have retired to a wilderness, near to the source of the Wye, in Radnorshire,

where he was some time after destroyed by lightning, together with a city called Caervortigern, which he had built at that place.

On the retreat of Vortigern, the command of the forces of the British devolved upon Aurelius Ambrosius, who gained several victories over the Saxons. Notwithstanding this, they still continued to gain ground, and, in 461, the foundation of a second Saxon kingdom was laid in Britain. This, at first, only comprehended the county of Sussex, but, soon after, extended over most of the counties lying south of the Humber;—it was called the kingdom of the South Saxons. The German nations being informed of the success of the Saxons in Britain, new adventurers daily flocked over; they were chiefly of three nations, Saxons, Angles and Jutes; all these passed under the common appellation, sometimes of Saxons, sometimes of Angles; they spoke the same language, and agreed very much in their customs, so that all of them naturally combined against the natives. The most active of these adventurers was Cerdic, a Saxon, said to be the tenth in descent from Woden; he landed, with his son Cenric and as many people as he could convey in five ships, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk. The Britons immediately attacked him with great vigour, but, after a short engagement, they were totally defeated. Many other battles were fought, the event of which was always favourable to the Saxons, so that the Britons were forced to abandon their coasts to them.

In 497, Porta, another Saxon, and his two sons, Bleda and Magla, and a fresh body of Saxons, arrived at Portsmouth, so named, it is said, from this chieftain. The Britons attempted to oppose their landing, but were defeated with great slaughter; after which, Porta made himself master of all the neighbouring country. The progress

of Cerdic, however, alarmed the Britons more than that of all the other Saxon princes. About the year 508, therefore, Nazaleod, styled by Henry of Huntingdon, the greatest of all British kings, assembled almost the whole strength of the South Britons to drive him out of the island. Cerdic, on the other hand, took care to strengthen himself by procuring assistance from all the Saxons already in the island; he then advanced against the Britons, commanding the right wing himself, and his son Cenric the left. As the two armies drew near each other, Nazaleod, perceiving the enemy's right wing to be much stronger than the left, attacked it with the flower of his army, and, after an obstinate resistance, obliged Cerdic to save himself by flight; but, being too eager in the pursuit, Cenric fell upon his rear, and the British army was at last entirely defeated, and five thousand men, among whom was Nazaleod himself, were left dead upon the spot. Who succeeded him is not known.

The Welch annals have an interregnum of about six years, after which they place the beginning of the reign of the renowned King Arthur. This history is so much obscured by ridiculous fables, that some suppose that no such person ever existed; but a decisive proof of his existence is found in the fact that his tomb was discovered at Glastonbury, and his coffin dug up in the reign of Henry II. This celebrated prince is said to have defeated the Saxons, under Cerdic, in twelve pitched battles, the last of which was fought on Baden Hill, supposed to be Lansdown, near Bath, in which the Saxons received such a decisive overthrow, that for many years they gave the Britons no further molestation.

But still the Saxons continued to flock over; and a third and fourth Saxon kingdom were soon founded. The third kingdom compre-

hended the counties of Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire, to which was afterwards added Cornwall;—this was called the kingdom of the West Saxons. The other kingdom, which was called the kingdom of the East Saxons, comprehended Essex, Middlesex, and part of Hertfordshire. In 542, King Arthur was mortally wounded, fighting with his treacherous nephew Mordred, whom he killed on the spot. Five years after this, the Saxon king-



dom of Northumberland was erected, which extended through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Northumberland, with part of Scotland, as far as the Firth of Forth.

Between these Saxon kings frequent contentions now arose, by which means the Britons enjoyed an uninterrupted tranquillity for at least forty-four years. The sixth Saxon kingdom, called that of the East Angles, was founded in 575, and comprehended the counties

of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge and the Isle of Ely. The Saxons once more attacked the Britons, and overthrew them in many battles. The war was continued for ten years, after which, the seventh Saxon kingdom was established, which comprehended seventeen counties, viz. :—Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Warwick, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, Stafford, Nottingham, Derby, Shropshire, Cheshire, and part of Hertfordshire.

The Britons were now confined within very narrow bounds ; however, before they entirely gave up the best part of their country to their enemies, they once more resolved to try the event of a battle. At this time they were assisted by the Angles, who were jealous of the overgrown power of the West Saxons. The battle, which was very obstinate and bloody, was fought in Wiltshire, at Wodensbeorth, a place near the ditch called Wansdike, or Wodensdike, which runs through the middle of the county. The Saxons were entirely defeated, and almost their whole army cut off. The victory, however, proved of little service to the Britons, for, being greatly inferior in numbers to the Saxons, and harassed by them on one side, and by the Scots and Picts on the other, they were daily more and more confined, and at last obliged to take refuge among the craggy and mountainous places in the west of the island. At first they possessed all the country beyond the rivers Dee and Severn, which anciently divided Cambria or Wales from England,—the towns which stand on the eastern banks of these rivers, having mostly been built to restrain the incursions of the Welsh ; but the Anglo-Saxons, having passed the Severn by degrees, seized on the country lying between that river and the Wye. Some parts of Flintshire and Denbighshire



were now subject to the kings of Mercia; for Offa, the most powerful king of that country, caused a deep ditch to be drawn and a high wall built, as a barrier between his dominions and the territories of the Welsh, from the mouth of the River Dee to the mouth of the Wye. Thus, after a violent contest of two centuries, the Saxons entirely subdued the Britons, whom they had come to defend, and eventually erected the seven independent kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy.

The habits, customs, trade and commerce, and even arts and manufactures of the Anglo-Saxons were by no means contemptible. Their agriculture was sufficient to produce wheat and barley for general use; orchards were cultivated; and we find grapes, nuts, almonds, pears and apples mentioned as the produce of their gardens. They used hedges and ditches to enclose and divide the land; they had ploughs, rakes, sickles, scythes, forks and flails very similar to our own; and frequent mention is made of hand and water-mills. The value of cattle seems not to have been more than the twentieth part of the present price; an ox was sold for seven shillings, a cow for five and sixpence, a sheep for one and twopence, and a hog for a shilling; a hyde of land, *i.e.*, twenty acres, might be bought for one hundred shillings.

In their general dress, the Anglo-Saxon gentlemen wore a loose coat, which came down to their ankles, and over this a long robe, fastened by a clasp at the breast; chains of gold round the neck, and bracelets for the arms, were common among the nobility. The lower people had only a kind of loose coat, reaching to the knee, and short outer cloaks; their caps were small, and the hair was often worn long and flowing; they shaved the beard all but the upper lip. The shape of their lower dress was like that of our sailors' trousers, only

shorter. Stockings were rare, but shoes were generally worn. The women wore long loose robes, reaching to the ground, with sleeves only reaching to the elbow.

The Saxons could weave cloth and dye it of various colours. Music was much cultivated; they had bells, and were fond of singing songs. Their religion was at first Pagan, and they worshipped hideous deities, but Christianity soon made progress among them. Surgery was at a very low ebb, and mixed up with various charms and superstitions. Their ornaments of jewellery were celebrated throughout Europe, and they brought the smith's craft to great perfection.





## A Little about Sun, Moon and Stars.

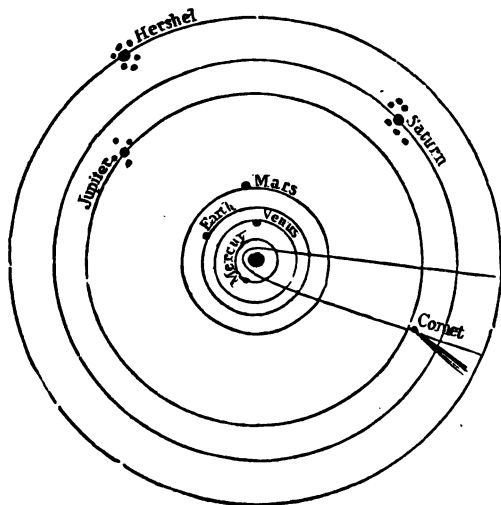
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**W**HAT a delight it is, in these bright, clear, cold, beautiful starry nights to walk among the stars; I say, walk among them. 'Tis true the body walks on the ground, among two-legged things, and four-legged things, and six, eight, and hundred-legged things, belonging to the insect or reptile world. But, although man physically is but little better, if he be better, than the other branches of the animal creation, yet he has a mind, and thus it is that he walks among the stars.

And yet how many there are who never cast their eyes on high, who forget the commandment of Scripture, "Lift up your eyes on high, and consider Him who hath created these things, who brings forth their hosts by numbers, and who guides them through all their motions by the greatness of his strength." No, they rather grovel

on among the beasts that perish, and the sunlight and the starlight but serve them to grope about on this poor earth.

But come abroad, my children, into the open air, with old Peter Parley; put on your nightcaps, if you have any, or tie handkerchiefs round your heads, and let us walk under the broad canopy of



heaven. Now look towards the east, and we shall the Pleiades, or seven stars, just rising from the eastern horizon, nearly E.N.E. North-west from these, at the distance of about  $30^{\circ}$ , a very bright star, named Capella, may be seen at an elevation of about  $18^{\circ}$  above the horizon. Looking southward, we shall now perceive a brightish

star, with a small star on the north, and another on the south of it, which will soon pass the meridian. This star is called Altaer, and belongs to the constellation Aquila. About  $30^{\circ}$  north of Altaer, and a little further to the west, is the brilliant star Lyra, belonging to the harp. Looking now to the westward, we shall see a bright star, about  $15^{\circ}$  above the horizon; this is Arcturus; and then, turning our eyes to the north, the constellation called Ursa Major, or Great Bear, presents itself to our view. A part of Ursa Major is sometimes called the Plough, and sometimes Charles's Wain. The two stars that seem to resemble the handle of the plough are named Dubhe and Merak, and are called the pointers, because they point or direct the eye towards the *Pole Star*. The other five stars are thus named: the first from the left is called Benetach; the second, Mizar; the third, Alioth; the fourth, Megrez; and the fifth, Phad.

Now, if we draw a line with the eye between the two pointers, as they are called, and carry it on for about  $29^{\circ}$ , it passes very near a small pale star; this is called the *Pole Star*, one of a constellation called the Little Bear, or Ursa Minor; this constellation is composed of seven stars, in very similar positions to those of Charles's Wain, and in it the *Pole Star* forms the tip of the tail.

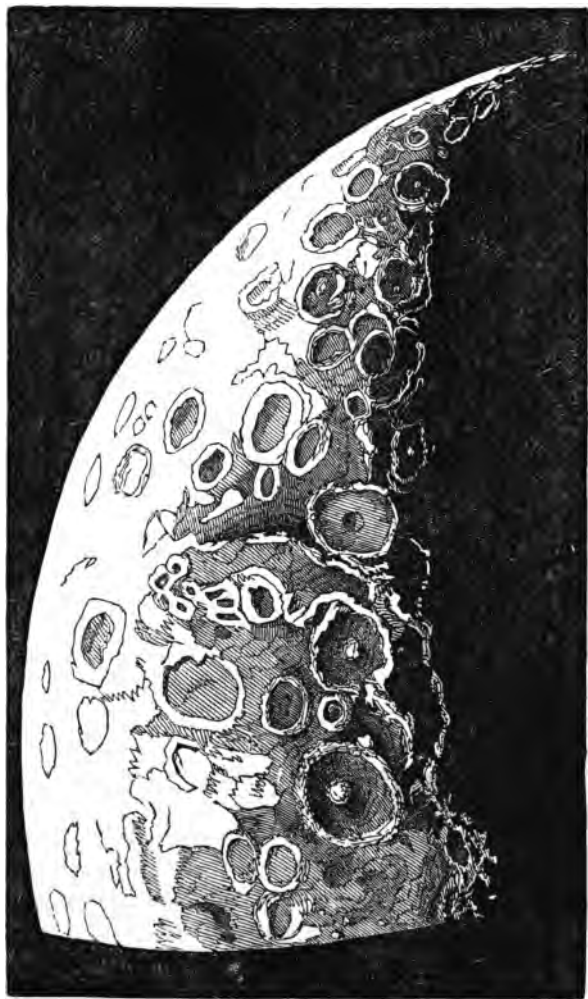
If we now go in doors, and come out again in a couple of hours, we shall have a new arrangement of stars to look at. We shall then find that the Pleiades have risen to a considerable elevation, and are nearly half-way between the eastern horizon and the south; that the Bull's Eye, a bright ruddy star, which was before invisible, is now seen a little to the eastward of the seven stars, and that the brilliant constellation Orion, which was before below the horizon, is now distinctly visible to the east and south-east, and the star Capella mid-

way between the horizon and the zenith. The stars Altaer and Lyra, which were before nearly south, have descended more than half-way towards the western horizon. The star Arcturus is no longer visible, having sunk beneath the horizon; and many stars in the eastern portion of the heavens, which were formerly not seen, now make their appearance.

As the night progresses, other changes take place. The Pleiades pass to the south-west, and are lost in the horizon. The Great Bear and the Little Bear make a circuit round the Pole Star, as do many other stars, while Orion, after having appeared in all his glory in the south, passes to the west, and is lost.

Now all this is very interesting, but much more of the highest interest might be learned by those who would take a little trouble. All the observations necessary to make one's self a little acquainted with the heavens might be made in a few evenings, giving only an hour or so at a time to study; and those little boys and girls who will not give themselves this trouble, condemn themselves to the greatest of all punishments, viz., *Ignorance*.

If they, on the other hand, wish to go further, perhaps some kind friend may be found possessed of a telescope; a friend of Peter Parley's (a very humble man he is, too—neither rich nor powerful) has managed to treat himself with a telescope; and he very frequently calls together his neighbours and friends, and gives them a treat. This kind-hearted gentleman has a vast number of books on astronomy; and it is delightful to hear him, on a fine starry night, explain to his young auditors the wonders of astronomy. I was present one night at what I called a parley on the moon, and obtained a most excellent view of that luminary; and I shall attempt to give my young friends



the benefit of the information I then obtained, by telling them something about the moon as seen through a telescope.

On looking at the moon through a telescope of good power, it presents very much the appearance represented in the cut, which was taken when the moon was only a few days old. It looks like the map or model of another world, resembling in many particulars the world we live in. It bears a certain analogy to the earth in some of the mountains and vales that diversify its surface, but the idea it presented to the mind of Peter Parley was that of an enormous cinder, covered over with a kind of crystallisation, having much the form of the cup-moss, seen on the trunks or near the roots of trees.

The engraving presents an accurate view of a portion of the moon. The part to the right, where the white outlines are so faint and jagged, exhibits the light of the sun just illuminating the tips of the mountains before it reaches the valleys; more to the left, the mountains are seen, and many of the largest present the appearance of cones rising from the centre of a kind of basin, such as is seen in volcanoes; these are termed insular mountains, and are from two to five miles in perpendicular height. Then again, we have ranges of mountains, rugged and precipitous, the highest points of which are more than three miles in perpendicular elevation. Next are circular ranges, which appear in almost every part of the moon's surface, particularly in its southern regions. This is one of the grand peculiarities of the lunar ranges, to which we have nothing similar in our globe. These annular ridges or plains are from a mile to forty or fifty miles in diameter, and are to be seen in great numbers over every region of the moon's surface. The mountains which form these



ridges are from a quarter of a mile to three miles in altitude, and their shadows often cover one-half of the plain.

The next variety is the central mountains, or those which are placed in the middle of the circular plains. In many of the flaws and cavities surrounded by annular mountains, there is an insulated mountain, which rises from the centre of the plain, and whose shadow sometimes extends in a pyramidal form across the semi-diameter of the plain to the opposite ridges. These central mountains are generally from half a mile to a mile high. In some instances, they have two, and sometimes three separate tops, whose distinct shadows can be easily distinguished. The lengths of their bases vary from five to about sixteen miles.

*Lunar caverns* form a very peculiar and prominent feature of the moon's surface, and are to be seen throughout every region; but are most numerous in the south-west part of the moon. Nearly one hundred of them, great and small, may be distinguished in that quarter. They are all nearly of a circular shape, and appear somewhat like a very shallow egg-cup.

Volcanoes in the moon.—From the appearance of the moon's surface there can be little doubt of volcanic action; and it has been supposed, from observations made at various times, that this volcanic action exhibits itself in the same manner that it does on our earth; and Sir William Herschel distinctly asserted the existence of several volcanoes in the moon in a state of eruption, and states the burning or shining matter of one of the volcanoes to be at least three miles in diameter. The appearance resembled a small piece of burning charcoal when covered by a very thin coat of white ashes.

Water in the moon.—Whether there be any water, such as seas or

rivers, is scarcely ascertained; but when we look at the moon through a good telescope, we perceive a number of large dark spots, of different dimensions, which were by early astronomers supposed to be collections of water, similar to our seas, and the names given them were *Mare Cresium*, *Mare Imbrium*, &c. But these same spots have also been considered as extensive plains, and to me there appears to be nothing on the surface of the moon to resemble seas, although probably there may be lakes innumerable, and which there must be, should the moon have an atmosphere.

The existence of a lunar atmosphere has been both asserted and denied. The celebrated M. Schroeter made numerous observations, in order to settle this question; and many respectable astronomers are of opinion that his observations clearly prove the existence of an atmosphere around the moon of 1500 feet high. But whether the atmosphere is of the same density as ours is still a question. It is certain, that whatever may be the nature of the moon's atmosphere, no clouds are seen in it.

Telescopic view of the sun.—This can be made by daylight, of course. It is very difficult to look at the sun by the naked eye; but when it is viewed through a shaded telescope, it opens quite a new view to us; and the first and most striking phenomena are the dark spots seen at various places on its surface. These spots are of all sizes, from one-twenty-fifth part of the sun's diameter to one-five-hundredth part, and under. The larger spots are uniformly dark in the centre, and surrounded with a kind of border or fainter shade, called a penumbra. Sometimes these spots are very numerous, and at times but few are to be seen.

The magnitude of some of the solar spots is astonishing. One

seen November 16, 1835, was found to measure one-fortieth part of the sun's diameter, or 22,000 miles, which is nearly three times the diameter of the earth.

The solar spots are subject to numerous changes. When watched from day to day, they appear to enlarge or contract, to change their

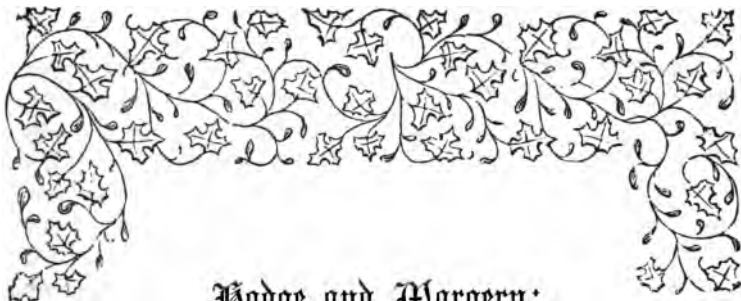


forms, and at length to disappear altogether, or break out on parts of the solar surface where there were none before. They remain for a considerable time on the surface, from a few days to five or six weeks; the one that lasted longest was on the sun's disc for seventy days. Sometimes the spots suddenly break into parts, and the parts recede from each other with prodigious velocity.

Besides the dark spots on the sun's disc, there are others, which were formerly called *fæculæ*, but are now termed nodules, corrugations, and ridges. They are chiefly seen near the margin of the sun. They first appear in the eastern margin, and continue visible for a few days, but are invisible when near the centre of the disc, and seen again when approaching the western limb. These spots are now considered to be openings in the sun's atmosphere; what they may be considered a few years hence, by the aid of Lord Rosse's telescope, no one can tell.

There is a great deal to be said about the sun, but I would have my young friends rather think of what I have now said than ask of me to say anything more just now, except that this glorious luminary presents to us something of the grandeur, magnificence, and glory of our good God, to whom be all praise, for ever and ever.






## Hodge and Margery;

OR, HOWING POTATOES.

A RURAL STORY.

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EAR ye one another's burdens" is a motto well worthy the attention of "young men and maidens, old men and children," and is a task well worthy the followers of our Divine Lord and Master; but alas, most of us, so far from trying to bear each other's burdens, strive to increase both them and our own; and it would be well, if now and then we could shift—not our own burdens on to other people's shoulders—but theirs on to ours. By doing this we should very often be more inclined to make allowance for their faults and infirmities, and thus entertain a better spirit

towards them. The story I am about to relate will, I think, lead to illustrate this principle.

In one of the rural districts of Suffolk, at a sweet little village named Hasheton, where Gainsborough might have studied, and Morland painted, and where a very old friend of Peter Parley lives the life of a hermit, in one sense at least, and in the other sense resembles the good person of Chaucer and of Dryden;—in this rural village, far from city strife, there lived a very rural couple—Hodge



and Margery. Hodge was one of the better class of labourers, and could plough, hoe, thresh corn, drive a team, and do hedging and

ditching to perfection. Hodge had, by dint of thrift and hard labour, saved a few pounds; and as Margery had done the same during twelve years' hard servitude, in due time this worthy couple got married. Hodge continued his daily labour for the farmer who had for many years employed him, while Margery was set up at the corner of the village green in a "shop of all sorts," commonly called a chandler's shop, and sold almost everything, from a halfpennyworth of sand to a pound of tea, upwards, and from a side of bacon to a three-farthing herring downwards, with various off-sets in trade, in the haberdashery, ironmongery, cheesemongery, corn-chandlery departments. She also did a small stroke of business in the brewing trade, and sold small beer; and, without emulating our Meekings and Goswells, attempted something in the linendrapery, as she did also in the cordwainery, by selling clodhopping shoes and pattens. Then Margery, to eke out her time, took the curate's washing, not so much for the profit as for the honour of the thing; and what between the washing and the shop, looking after the pigs and poultry, baking and brewing, and last, not least, bringing up a baby, Margery had pretty well her hands full; for fear she should not, Hodge liked a hot piece of bacon with his breakfast, hot bacon and cabbage for dinner, and, like the poet of the neighbourhood, was especially fond of a hot supper; nor did he care much how much Margery was put out of her way to prepare it, so that he got it.

This, not all this, would have made Margery repine, but for one feature in Hodge's character, namely, that of grumbling. Hodge was fond of his wife; and now and then, when he saw how nicely things went on, he could not help blessing his stars for such a help-mate. But, as the baby grew, it got rather troublesome; it seemed to

emulate Hodge's disposition for grumbling by perpetually squalling. Like Hodge, it was always most happy when feeding; it liked also to be nursed, and it especially liked to have its own way, which all children do when they can obtain it. To tell the truth, Margery was occasionally much perplexed between the tempers of the father and son. Hodge always grumbled when he found Margery the least behind with the meals, and the baby always got cross and ill-tempered about the time Hodge came to them; and for a long time the life of the poor woman was by no means to be envied.

Some months had passed in this unpleasant state of affairs, when, at last, an event occurred which put matters on a somewhat different position—"baby" had the measles. Margery had been up the greater part of the night with the little dear, and, having plied it with saffron and brandy, it became exceedingly "fractionous," as it is termed. Not the least sleep had Margery, while Hodge lay snoring as sound as a top, till he got up and went out to his work, doggedly complaining that he had not had a wink of sleep all night.

Poor Margery, she rose also; brought the baby down with her, and put it in the cradle; made a fire, opened the little shop, swept and garnished her apartment, set the sponge for a batch of bread, and put the curate's little wash in soak. It happened to be Monday morning; and many of the village people require little articles on that day for various purposes. The widow Feun came for a quarter of a pound of soap; Mary White for a rasher of bacon; old Tom Coles for a quarter of an ounce of tobacco; and old nurse Jones for a pennyworth of snuff. Then one dropped in for a box of lucifers, and another for the loan of a pair of bellows; so that, with all her activity, when Hodge came in to his breakfast, the breakfast things were only half set, the



kettle was singing, and not boiling, and the rasher of bacon, which had been placed before the fire for Hodge's breakfast, was not quite done.

Hodge had been hoeing potatoes—no doubt he wanted his breakfast; a glance told him it was not quite ready. This glance was converted into a hideous scowl, with an enormous hanging of the lower lip. Then Hodge gave a grunt, or something between a grunt, a groan, and a malediction, or rather a something in which all these excellent exponents of virtuous feelings were combined in one unearthly sound. "So no breakfast ready again," said he, with a most forbidding look. "That's how I am always served. Here, I go out to hard work, and when I come back, nothing to put into a fellow's mouth—no breakfast ready—only half-an-hour to eat it in—kettle don't boil—no breakfast—I know I wish I was somewhere, and hang me if I don't go somewhere, and I won't stand this not no longer," and so Hodge stamped with his foot, looked unutterable things, and was about to go out of the door with a fling.

What Margery said you will be told on some future occasion.

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## Eagles and their Habits.

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HIGH o'er the foaming fall, at distance seen,  
Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,  
Now 'mid the dashing spray sublimely lost,  
And now emerging, down the rapids tost,  
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow  
O'er all the horrors of the scene below,  
Where the huge stag upon the rocks lies dead,  
Struck by thunders of the waters' bed,  
Intent alone to sate himself with blood  
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

WILSON.



THE eagles are a numerous race, and their great distinction from all other birds of prey is their possession of superior strength, together with superior powers of endurance. Some of the vultures are fiercer than any of the eagles, and no eagle can be compared with the superior falcons, either in elegance of form, or power of wing ; but there is a degree of mastering

strength about the eagle that, after all, gives him some title to be called the king of birds.

The eagle of the air is, indeed, a splendid bird, and one knows hardly which most to admire,—the terrible swoop of those species which descend from the sky in the open wastes to strike their prey upon the ground, or of those which descend upon the surface of the waters for the capture of fish.

Among mountains, the golden eagle inhabits the pinnacles of the rocks, nestles on the most inaccessible ledges, beats the upper valleys and moors for prey, preys chiefly on living animals, and strikes them on the ground, aided by the impetus given by the rush of many fathoms through the sky, in which the specific gravity of the bird aids the action of the wing. There are, also, some of the most powerful of the eagle race who inhabit the forests of the warmer regions; or, rather, perhaps, the margin of those forests; and they unite something of the characters of the vulture and the hawk, in giving chase upon the wing, and in eating carrion. But the mountain eagle is the true bird of poetry. He has to contend with the mountain storm, while he sits upon the pinnacle of the rock, beaten by the wind and pelted by the snow.

Golden eagles are now unknown as resident birds in a wild state in England, but Peter Parley's two sons, who roamed about Scotland last year, for sixteen weeks, on foot, saw them frequently among the mountains of Scotland, in the vicinity of Loch Tay, Castleton, and Braemer. They were seen generally over those rocks which were wild and elevated, where they could obtain an extensive view of the lower ranges or over extensive moors; and from these heights they would wing their flight over the moors in a dusky day, and in a

bright one skim the mountain sides, and swoop, now and then, into the valleys.



The eyrie of these magnificent birds, which is a dwelling as well as a cradle for their broods, is placed upon some ledge of the rocks, and rarely in a tree, unless when the tangled roots spring from the cliffs, and offer a broad space which can be covered with sticks. The place is, in general, slippery with the refuse of their prey, and when the young are there, it is usually stored with provisions, which

consist of both four-legged and two-legged victims. All kinds of birds and small animals, such as rabbits, hares, rats, and sometimes young lambs, cats, and little dogs, are found in these spots. The eggs are seldom more than two, though some say that there are occasionally three.

In winter, the mountain eagle is very often upon "short commons," especially when the mountains and valleys are covered with snow; and it is said that the old eagles prudently drive away their young brood from the mountain heights before the severity of winter sets in, to the lower plains, where the chances of food are not so rare.

Besides mountain eagles, as I have said, there are several species who get their living on or by the sides of the waters, and who feed upon the things that the waters bring forth. They are called fishing eagles; and there is a considerable difference between their structure and habits and those of the land eagles, as well as between their various species. Some of them approach the land eagles in many of their characteristics; and those that do so are long-winged, and prey upon dead animals, as well as upon the produce of the seas; others which are still larger winged are more exclusively aquatic, and they have feet approaching to the form of a proper fishing foot. The foot is in them so constructed as to have the character of a bunch of prehensile hooks, their toes having very sharp claws, to adapt them for clutching and carrying a weight.

Among the fishing eagles, the ash-coloured eagle (*Aquila cinerea*) is common to many places on the coast of England. It is often called the white-tailed eagle, from the colour of its tail. In Scotland it is called the erne. The sea-eagle of British describers is called (*Aquila ossifraga*), or the bone-breaking eagle. This is the young

of the cinereous eagle, and not a different species, as has been supposed.



This eagle is a very powerful bird; it is well armed for the purpose of destruction. It is found in Iceland, in the Faroe Isles, in Shet-

land, in the Orkneys, in the Western Isles, and on the wild and rocky shores of the west of Scotland generally. It ranges into England, but does not come far to the south. In summer it haunts and hovers over the fresh-water pools and morasses, where water-fowls breed in great numbers, and is very destructive to them, and it also attacks the smaller quadrupeds, and, as it is said, even sheep and deer, especially in the early part of the season, when they are sickly and weak. Those which appear in England are generally driven from the north in the stormy time of the year, or when the frosts are severe. In the breeding time they again return northward.

This is the species of which so many marvels are told by the people of the north about its carrying away children, and an endless number of other adventures. But those northern people who have been always obliged to have recourse to tales of wonder, in order to help them through the tedious darkness of their long winter nights, have thrown an air of romance around almost everything that is connected with their countries, whether in natural history or in anything else; and as the eagle is one of the most conspicuous of their birds, we need not wonder at its coming in for its full share of exaggeration.

This bird is most abundant on the western and northern shores of Scotland. There it may be met with in all the deep bays or rocks, as they are called, which run far into the land, and are particularly wild in their character; and, perhaps, there is no place where they are more common than about Loch Carron and Loch Roan, and the great inland lake, Loch Muree. The latter is an exceedingly romantic spot. The cliffs are bold and rugged; and there are trees, some old hollow ones, of large dimensions, on the islets of the Loch, and in the more romantic places of its vicinity. Upon these, or on the

bushes, which are found higher up, chequering the grey of the cliffs with rich green foliage, in the short summer months, these eagles form their nests ; and as, in that situation, they have both sea and land within easy range of their wing, they appear to be quite in their element.

The breadth of the island in that part is not more than a sea eagle's flight, and thus they are found on the rocky shore of the east, about the end of Caithness, and also along the whole of the north of Sutherland, as well as on the west. The northern shore there, from Cape Wrath, eastward, is as wild as can be well imagined. The current which sweeps through the Pentland Frith, alternately to the east and to the west, in consequence of its being high-water on the one side of the county when it is low-water on the other, sweeps the bases of the cliffs with an ever-rolling flood ; and when the north wind blows in its fury, which it does in the latter part of the season, just before the hills have received their winter covering of snow, the roll of the North Sea comes in mountains and breaks in thunder, so that the whole line of the coast is not only worn to the bone of the mountain, as the Irish say, but it is honeycombed with narrow caves, many of them reaching to a great distance underground, and some of them perforated at their landward extremities by large apertures to the day, up through which the dashing water spouts in splendid jets, sometimes raising large stones to the height of a great many feet, from which they fall with tremendous crashes back again upon the aperture. The resistance of the stone, if a large one, is such, that the cavern becomes charged like an air-gun, from which both the stone and the water, after several successive waves, are literally shot upwards into the air ; and, when fishes are abundant



near the coast, they are apt to lose command of themselves in the turmoil of the waters, and to be flung upon the rocks by these singular jets.

On such a shore as this, Peter Parley has seen the sea-eagles quite in their element; and they have associates of still more aquatic character, to assist them in their pastime. Gannets and shags and cormorants plunging headlong into the waters; divers driving about through the surges; gulls wheeling and wailing on the wing, and ever and anon dipping down to catch those smaller fishes which come near to the surface; and skues driving at the gulls, making them disgorge their booty, and catching it ere it falls into the water. Meanwhile, the sea-eagle sits upon the rock, eyeing the tumult of nature, but every now and then making a clutch at the waters for her share of the bounty.

Nor, in the more tranquil season of the year, is the prey of the eagle less abundant, though she then finds it of different quality. The short summer in these northerly places is as much a time of repose as the changes from summer to winter is one of turbulence; and, as there is little night, and no absolute darkness, the situation is peculiarly favourable for the breeding of those wading and swimming birds which are twilight feeders. Accordingly, the morasses and the grassy and rushy margins of the ponds and lakes are full of the nests of these birds, and during the time that they are there, the sea-eagle fares as well as a fowler, as she does as a fisher at other times of the year.

I have a good deal more to say about eagles, but I shall reserve it for another time.



## Hodge and Margery;

OR, HOEING POTATOES.

A RURAL STORY.

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IN my last, I left Hodge getting out of temper, and now I am about to tell you of what occurred in consequence.

“Dear Hodge, stay one minute,” said the nimble little Margery, “there, I have poked a bit of wood under the kettle—it’s now upon the gallop; and I’ll just turn the bacon, it’s almost done; and, while I put the tea into the pot—”

“The tea ought to have been in the pot—it will take half-an-hour to draw; the bacon ought to have been ready to put into my mouth as

soon as I came in, and the bread-and-butter all cut ready; and hang me if I stand it any longer, for I'll go to the 'Pig and Whistle' and get my meals there; I can always get what I want there—a good fire and plenty of everything."

"There, it's all ready, it's all ready, dear Hodge; do sit down, and make yourself happy. There's the bacon," continued she, setting it before him, "and there is a nice piece of buttered cake for you; and I'll give the tea a mantua-maker's twist, and it will be as strong as you like before you have eaten half your bacon."

"I shan't eat it," replied Hodge, with a look of lightning, a voice of thunder, and a slap of his fist on the table that made the house shake like an earthquake. "You may eat it yourself; if I can't have my breakfast ready at a proper time, I won't eat it at all. You ought to have had it all ready to put into my mouth as soon as I came in at the door. I only wish you had been hoeing of potatoes, as I have, and then you would know what it is to be hungry."

"Dear Hodge," replied the good tempered wife, "I am very sorry; you forget what I have to do; I have had to attend to the dear baby; and as to the shop, I dare say I have been to it seven or eight times this last half-hour; and then there is the washing and baking to be attended to, and altogether it really is as much as one pair of hands can well get through; you should make allowances."

"I shan't make any allowances. When a man's been hoeing of potatoes all the morning he wants his breakfast; it is your place to get it. The baby is nothing to me, it's your baby; and the shop is nothing to me, it's your shop; and the washing is none of mine, it's for your fancy curate; and the baking, what's the baking? the baking will do itself—you have nothing to do but put it into the oven."

"Do eat your breakfast, there's a dear. It shall not happen again, indeed, indeed, it shall not," urged the wife, with the most affectionate look that she could give.

"I won't eat my breakfast, you may eat it yourself," replied the surly Hodge; and, so saying, he gave the bacon a sweep off the table; and bacon, and dish, and grease fell to the floor.



Margery looked most unhappy, and hesitated whether to be in a rage or in grief; but at last grief prevailed, and she burst into tears.

"And it's all very well for you to sit crying there," roared the ill-tempered man. "Why don't you get my breakfast ready then. I

only wish you would go hoeing potatoes, and then you would know what it is; what you have to do is nothing, it's only child's play—getting a bit of breakfast ready, and washing a few bits of clothes, anybody can do that; that's nothing to hoeing potatoes, standing broiling in the sun for three or four hours. See how *you* would like it. Your work is nothing to *mine*. Go and hoe potatoes, and you would soon see what it is. Just take a spell at hoeing o' potatoes, and then come in and find no victuals to eat. But I won't stand it any longer—that I won't—hang me if I do; and you may eat your breakfast yourself, I shall not."

During the time of making this speech, Hodge had, somehow or other, contrived to cram his mouth full of bread and cheese, seemingly without knowing it; and he still continued to talk largely about the hardship, and difficulty, and trouble of "hoeing potatoes," till at last Margery, provoked beyond endurance, was tempted to say, but in very mild accents, "Well, I wish you would do the house work, and mind the shop, and the poor dear child, as you think it nothing, and I should be glad to go and hoe potatoes, and I dare say I should have my meals ready."

"And so you would," replied Hodge, in a growling tone, and with a savage look, "and so you would. Your work is nothing to hoeing potatoes. That's a thing will bring the heart out of you. Why don't you go and try it?"

"And so I will go and try it," replied Margery, tartly. "You mind the shop and the baby."

"I can do all you have got to do in no time," said Hodge.

"Perhaps you'll bake the bread, and finish the washing, too," inquired the wife.

"You go and hoe the potatoes," rejoined the husband, "and see what that is; as to your work, it is nothing, any fool can do that; half your time is spent gossiping over the shop-counter—you know it is."

That was the unkindest cut of all. And Margery was tempted to say, "that's not true. But," she continued, "you shall now have your own way," so slipping on an old jacket over her gown, and putting on a pair of leather gloves, she snatched up the hoe. "Now Hodge, look at me," she said, looking desperate things, "you have dared me to this; you shall now see what a woman's work is. I'll go and hoe potatoes, and you shall be maid-of-all-work. It is agreed."

"You may go—go along—I don't want you here, and I wish you joy of hoeing potatoes."

"And I wish you joy of minding the shop and baby, looking after the bread, and doing the washing."

"Go along, you idle wench."

"Yes, Hodge, I will go; you shall see that I am not to be trifled with, and you shall know, before I return, what a woman's worth is. You men, none of you understand what *we* have to do. Now, one of you, at least, shall try it. So good-bye. I wish you joy with your duties."

"And I wish you joy of yours," said he, as he slammed the door upon his wife. "Go, and I don't care if you never come back; you will soon see what it is, and I shall get along very well here. Go along, never come back, if you don't like; I shan't come and fetch you, if you stop there till Domesday." This said, Hodge returned from the door, scratching his head, and looking half-confused and half-triumphant. He then began to mutter to himself, "a pretty baggage

for a wife I have got, wasting her time away—she'll know what work is, and as the sun gets stronger she will get a pretty good roasting before dinner-time. I dare say she thinks now that she has got me into a fix. She fancies that I can't wash a shirt, nor cook a dinner, but I'll soon let her know I can; I have not been in the West Middlesex Militia for nothing. I have washed shirts, and got up fine linen, and hang me if I don't go through the whole of the mystery, from soakings to rinsings, bluing and starchings; but first, let me finish my breakfast," and he then went to the shop, and cut himself a huge slice of bacon, while he sat down on a little stool to toast it before the fire; but just as he sat thereon, the baby began to cough and squall. Hodge attempted to rise in a hurry, the stool gave way, and Hodge and stool, bacon and gravy, all came together upon the floor. The baby squalled lustily, and Hodge was soon at the bedside. He lifted the child out of bed, and found that its medicine had made the poor creature very ill. Just at the same moment the shop-bell rang, and in bounced Mrs. Tittle Tattle, full of information, as an egg is full of meat. "Good morning, Mr. Hodge, how do you do this morning? How is the baby? How is Mrs. Hodge, poor dear. I dare say she had a very bad night with the dear little innocent, How kind of you, Hodge, to get up and get the poor creature her breakfast. Ah! I wish my husband could see you. I never get any of these delicate attentions, not I. I may drive and bustle as much as I like, Mr. Tittle Tattle never cares anything about me, not he; and, as to getting me a cup of tea in the morning, or a bit of toast, why, you might as well look for milk from a vulture. I only wish I had such a husband as you, dear Mr. Hodge."

"Don't dear me," said Hodge, with a lowering of his beetle brow,

which portended a thunder-storm brewing, "don't dear me, Mother Tittle Tattle. If you want anything out of the shop, why don't you take it, and be off; what do you want, woman?"

"Well, I never," replied the astonished woman, "is this the way regular customers should be treated? I don't owe you anything, Mr. Hodge, and I won't be insulted. I was going to give you an order for a three-farthing herring, and half-a-quartern of sugar, but I will take my custom to another shop."

"Go and be hanged," roared Hodge, "I had sooner have your room than your custom, any day. Nobody wants you here." So saying, Hodge went and laid the baby down again in its cradle, having pacified it with a lollypop.

Mrs. Tittle Tattle went off in a huff, slammed the door after her, opened it again, and put her head between the door and lintel, and exclaimed, with a Medusa expression, "Eugh, you monster!"

Hodge now began to wash up the tea-things, munching a buttered crust at the same time. Putting his hand into the slop basin for a saucer, he scalded his fingers with the hot water, and, in snatching them out, threw the basin, saucer, and water upon the floor, uttering, at the same time, a savage curse upon the basin and the water.

Disgusted with this work, Hodge shovelled up the rest of the tea-things into one corner of the table with the broken pieces, and, pouring the remainder of the water from the tea-kettle into the washing-tub, commenced sluicing and sousing the articles therein, at the same time muttering to himself every description of phrase of anger towards his wife, and of gratulation towards his own proper person. "Aye, she fancies I can't stand at the washing-tub. I will soon show her that I can stand better at the washing-tub than she can hoe



potatoes. I'll let her see I can wash a shirt, and a couple of pairs of stockings, and boil 'em, and rince 'em, too, and hang 'em out to dry, and—"

He would have continued his soliloquy, but just at that moment, little Lizzy, the tinker's daughter, knocked loudly on the counter for



a quarter of an ounce of tea-dust, a half-peck of coals, and a farthing bundle of wood. So Hodge left his tub with wet hands to weigh the tea-dust and measure the coals. Just, however, as he was about to

do so, he heard a great noise in the garden, and, looking out at the little back window, he observed his next-door neighbour's pigs running riot in his garden. There was not only the old sow and her thirteen young ones, but a progeny of six or seven besides, all grown up into sturdy, unringed, unyoked porkers; redolent of garden stuff, and delighted, above all things, to be among young spring onions, peas and beans, with a few rows of dainty cauliflowers. Hodge was furious in a moment, and, uttering a wicked malediction, seized the first thing that came to hand, namely, a warming-pan; flew out of the house into the garden, laying about on all sides of him with an agility and vengeance truly ludicrous. The pigs were not driven off, but scattered by this furious onslaught; they ran hither and thither in all directions, like a covey of partridges just sprung, eating, rooting, trampling and munching on every bed, and in every furrow, while the good-natured Mrs. Tittle Tattle stood laughing at her door, and, clapping her hands, cried out, "Well done Hodge; well done warming-pan; well done pigs."

With the assistance of Little Lizzy, Hodge contrived to drive the intruders from his premises, but not till they had done woeful damage to his vegetables. When he returned to the shop, he found that one of the bad boys of the village, Jack Ragg, had been in and carried off from the shop-window the glassful of bulls'-eyes, barley-sugar, Bonaparte's ribs, and Gibraltar rock; knocking down, in his sudden exit, a pile of crockery-ware, the day before taken out of the crate or hamper, and placed upon the counter for safety by Hodge himself. This sight vexed the poor man more than the garden dilapidation; but, before he could express the vengeance burning within him, he was suddenly called again to the baby, which took

him nearly a quarter of an hour to pacify. He was then called to the shop by the postman, with a letter to be left till called for; then came a soldier for an ounce of tobacco upon credit; the overseer for the poor-rate; and, lastly, Mr. Griskin, the pork butcher, to abuse Mr. Hodge for having broken the legs of three of his pigs. All was, of course, now hurly burly; in the midst of which, Hodge heard the clock strike eleven; and this put him in mind that nothing was prepared for dinner. Hodge looked this way and that way; the fire was out, but he soon made it up. He also contrived to put on the pot without much interruption. He then essayed to the mysteries of making a beef-steak pudding. The meat had been already provided by his good little wife; but there was no suet in the house for the crust. Hodge took a thumping lump of butter, and began to mingle the flour into paste, according to the most approved method. Just, however, as he had got his hand thoroughly in, and while the thick ropey dough was sticking on and around, behind and before, betwixt and between, every one of his ten fingers, the shop-door opened, and Miss Fiddlededee, the mantua-maker, wanted half-a-dozen needles, a skein of silk, and two sheets of silver paper; whereupon, Hodge scratched his head in perplexity, not omitting to powder his pole most grotesquely. He then had to wash his hands to serve his customer; but, just as he was about to do so, the baby, the everlasting baby, again began to scream, and Hodge ran, with his doughy hands, to the dear little creature, to stop whose crying, his nasty fingers were put in requisition, to the no little disfigurement of baby's cap, and other habiliments. The baby squalled, and slipped through the hands of Hodge, falling flat on the floor. Miss Fiddlededee ran and took up the roaring child; Hodge put his fingers into his ears, and ran

about the room, stamping with perplexity. The pot began to boil over, hissing and steaming, into the fire. In the midst of the confusion, the cat ran away with the beef-steak, throwing down, at the same time, the dish that held it, while a lout of a boy, just out of school, with a dozen of his school-fellows behind him, were bawling out over the counter for farthing lollypops, and half-pennyworth's of bulls'-eyes.

At this concatenation of disasters, Mrs. Hodge returned from hoeing potatoes to her dinner. The clock had struck twelve; the fire was out; the water boiled to vapour; the tea-things not washed up; the baby half-killed; the warming-pan broken to pieces; the lollypops stolen; the washing undone; the pudding unmade; the steak on the other side of a high brick wall; and, above all, a lady-like looking creature nursing the baby.

As soon as Hodge saw his wife enter with the hoe upon her shoulder, he fell down on his knees before her: "I am beaten, my dear old girl," said he, "I am beaten. Minding a shop and a baby is worse than hoeing potatoes, or anything else in this world. I'll never scold you any more, dear Margery; do forgive me this once." He observed his wife looking towards the mantua-maker with some displeasure in her looks, and continued, "Oh, never mind her, she is only come in quite by accident; do forgive me, do forgive me; give me the hoe." So saying, he rose from his knees, and snatched the hoe from his wife's hand. "I'll leave everything to you, and never, never scold you any more. None but an angel could do it; you are an angel."

Margery was not without astonishment, for she scarcely thought things would come to such a ridiculous pass. She replied, good

humouredly, "I thought you would find minding the house, and the baby, and doing the washing was worse than hoeing potatoes. As you confess it was so, and repent like a man, I forgive you like a woman."

This said, Hodge rushed towards his wife, and, seizing her in his arms, whirled her round and round in ecstasy, kissing her again and again.

"Nobody knows what woman's work is till they try it," said Hodge. "Nobody knows a good wife till they miss her. Bless you, my own Meg, you looks now in my eyes just like a real living angel, dropped out of a rainbow. 'Tis a pity, no, 'tis not a pity, for had you wings you might fly again to heaven. So, as you have no wings, stay with me, and I will make this confounded shop a little heaven to you, and that plaguesome young Tartar there shall be a real cherub of delight—that is, if you take the charge of him, and I will be—"

"A good and gentle husband, I know, making allowances for your Meggie, and having, for a little, borne her burdens, do all you can, as we jog on through the world, to ease it, to lighten it, and keep it from falling on her shoulders."

"That I will, my Meg. And from this time you shall have everything your own way; keep the pigs out of the parlour with the copper-stick, and the boys out of the shop with the warming-pan. You shall do just as you like, and I—"

"Will hoe the potatoes, and leave off grumbling," added Meg, "and for the future have in your thoughts that the blessing of God will evermore rest on those who strive to 'Bear each other's burdens.'"



## Noble Deeds of Woman.

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ERE Peter Parley to attempt to write all the noble deeds performed by women, he would ask his young readers to subscribe for the work, which would, at least, be in ten thousand volumes in folio, printed in very small type. Before this, however, he must ask a few hundred years more of life ; yet still it would be a pleasant task ; something worth living for. He must, however, be content to recount a few lines of their noble deeds in his own ephemeral pages, for the benefit of his young friends of the feminine gender.

Women, in all ages, have been affectionate, faithful, humane, benevolent, loyal, hospitable as well as patriotic ; and, if there be any virtue which soars beyond all the others, woman is the best representative of that virtue. Peter Parley can say, with truth, that

although he has been deceived by men a great many times, yet he has hardly ever been deceived by a woman.

There are two virtues that stand very high in Peter Parley's estimation ; viz., loyalty and patriotism ; and women have been no less great in these virtues than in others. They have been, in almost all cases, faithful to their king and country.

I once told you the story of Coriolanus and the devotion of the Roman women in that period of the Roman history. I will now tell you of the patriotism of a servant-maid of Rome, who was the means of saving her country from destruction.

After the Gauls had besieged Rome, the Fidenates assembled an army, under the command of Lucius Posthumus, and marched against the capital, demanding all the wives and daughters in the city, as the conditions of peace.

This extraordinary command greatly astonished the senators, and upon their hesitating to comply with it, Philotis, a female domestic slave, advised them to send all her fellow-slaves and domestics, disguised in the attire of Roman matrons ; and offered to march herself at their head to the hostile camp.

This was agreed to ; and the Roman women set off, led by Philotis. The Fidenates received them as the Roman matrons, and invited them to their feasts and entertainments. At last, after much wine and debauchery, the enemies of Rome fell asleep, and when Philotis thought all was secure, she lighted a torch, the signal for her countrymen to attack their foes. The Romans burst into the camp, and, after fighting through the darkness of the night, found themselves completely victorious at daybreak. Philotis had signalised herself greatly, as well as the other female slaves ; and, in

honor of this fidelity and devotion to their country, the Roman senate permitted them from that time to wear the dress of the Roman matrons.

In the year 1716, Charles XII. invaded Norway, and a large body of the army was sent forward to destroy the silver works of Könisberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Havestue Wood, and quartered for the night at Norderhong, in the neighbourhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who had put up at the parsonage, soon after his arrival, received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and quite ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Ann Colbivernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined to her bed at the time, happened to hear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Könisberg. She immediately determined to apprize her countrymen of their danger; and, ill as she was, issued forth in the dead of night to the Norwegian outposts. She had to pass through a wood, which she did with safety, till she reached the extremity; but, just as she had reached the outposts of the Swedish army, she was suddenly confronted by a cavalier on horseback, who commanded her to stand. In no way dismayed, she suddenly seized the trooper's carbine, which hung at the saddle-bow, and defied him to molest her. The man was struck by this heroism, but told her that his duty was imperative, and that he could not let her pass. Then said the lady, "I will pass without your letting, and immediately discharged the carbine at him, when he fell wounded to the





ground. She then leaped on the horse's back, and rode instantly to the Norwegian tent, where she communicated to the commander all that it was necessary for him to know. She then returned to her home.

At daybreak, the Swedish colonel aroused Mrs. Colbivernsen, and inquired of her peremptorily the road to Stein. Of course, she gave him the wrong direction. He ordered his horses to be kept ready at the door; but she intoxicated the grooms, put the horses in the stable, locked the door, and hid the key. She then contrived to set fire to an outbuilding, which served as a beacon to her countrymen, who immediately advanced, fell upon the Swedes, took their colonel prisoner, and put to flight the party, upon which the Norwegians sat down to the entertainment provided for their enemies.

In the year 1547, Charles V., returning with his army, after the battle of Muhlberg, to Swabia, passed through Thuringia. Catherina, Countess of Schwartzburg, obtained from him a letter of safety, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories, at the same time she bound herself to supply it with all necessaries at reasonable prices.

The Spanish general Alva, with prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger, to take their morning's repast with the countess, who immediately prepared a sumptuous entertainment for her self-invited guests. The duke and the general sat down to their repast in high spirits, and Catherina took the opportunity to urge the conscientious observance of the safeguard which had been obtained; but, in the midst of the entertainment, intelligence arrived that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had

driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catherina, full of indignation at this breach of faith, ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle, which done, she returned to the hall, and re-joined the princes, who were still at the table.

Waiting for a favourable opportunity, Catherina complained of the conduct of the Spanish soldiers, at which the general and duke only



laughed, and told her that such things were mere trifles, and only common to the custom of war, and that they could not take cognizance of them. "That we shall presently see," she replied boldly, "my poor subjects must have their own again, or there must be prince's blood for the blood of oxen." She immediately gave a signal, and in

a moment the room was filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, but yet with great reverence, planted themselves behind the chairs of the princes, taking the place of the waiters. Duke Alva was somewhat disconcerted, and the prince and most of the Spaniards felt particularly uneasy. They were cut off from the army, and absolutely at the mercy of the countess. What could they do? just what they were obliged to do; namely, send an order to the army to restore, without delay, the cattle, and to make compensation to the villagers they had ill-used.

On the return of the courtier with a certificate that all had been made good, the countess politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave. Catherina, ever afterwards, was called *the heroic*.

Such are, my young friends, a few of the noble deeds of women. On a future occasion I shall take an opportunity of affording other instances of female virtue, for the edification of those who will, some day or other, reach womanhood.

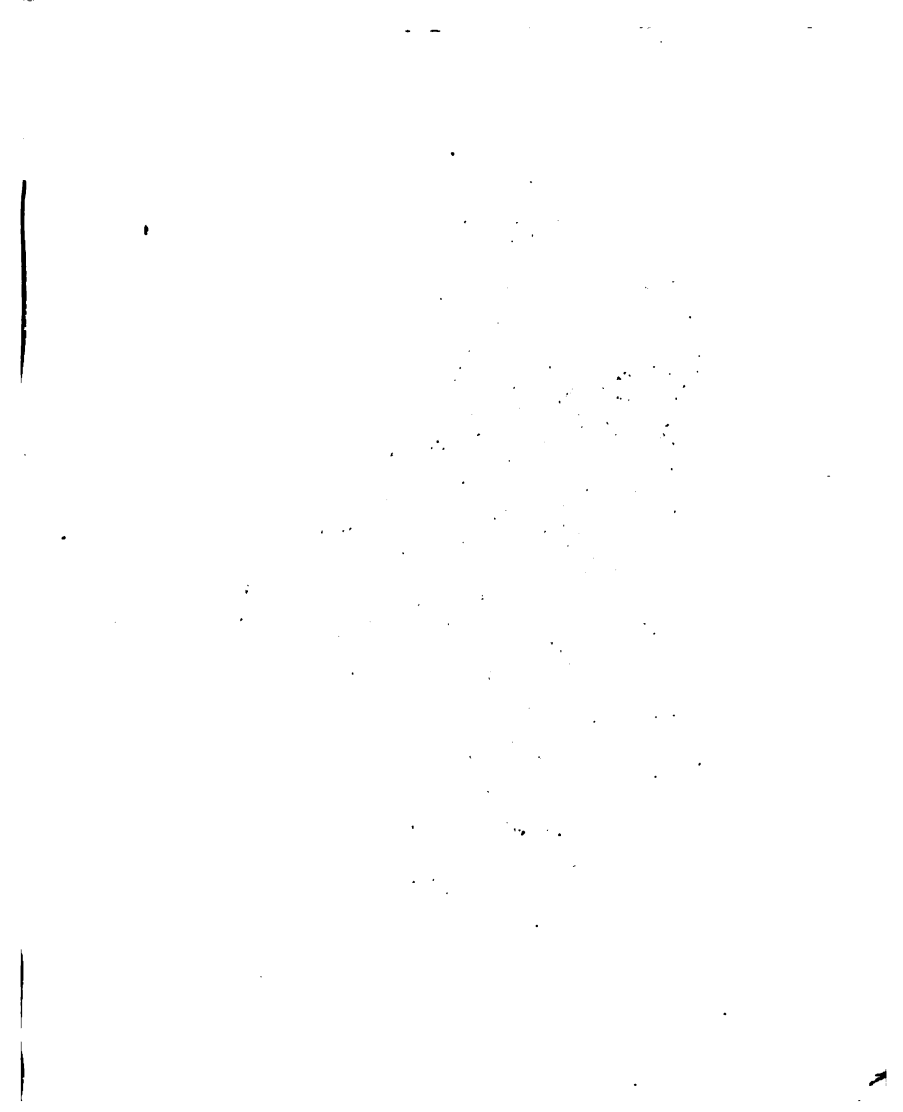


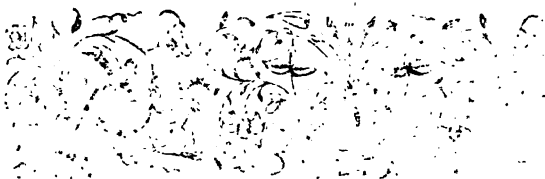


## Discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia.

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**N**INEVEH! the great, the fallen! The city of the Prophet! Who has not read in Peter Parley's Tales of "Ancient and Modern History," of Assyria and Babylon, and Nineveh, and the Tower of Belus, the hanging gardens, and the great canal? Those who have done so will have a great treat in following up these readings in ancient history with Mr. Layard's book, "Nineveh and its Remains." There the palaces of the ancient Assyrian kings are laid open to us. We enter these chambers and behold the very sculptures and paintings on which they looked three thousand years ago. We are startled by winged and human-headed lions; winged and human-headed bulls; winged priests and kings, and gods eagle-headed. Then we are carried on through a series of sculptured tablets, among sieges, battles, religious cere-





# Dictionary of the English Language

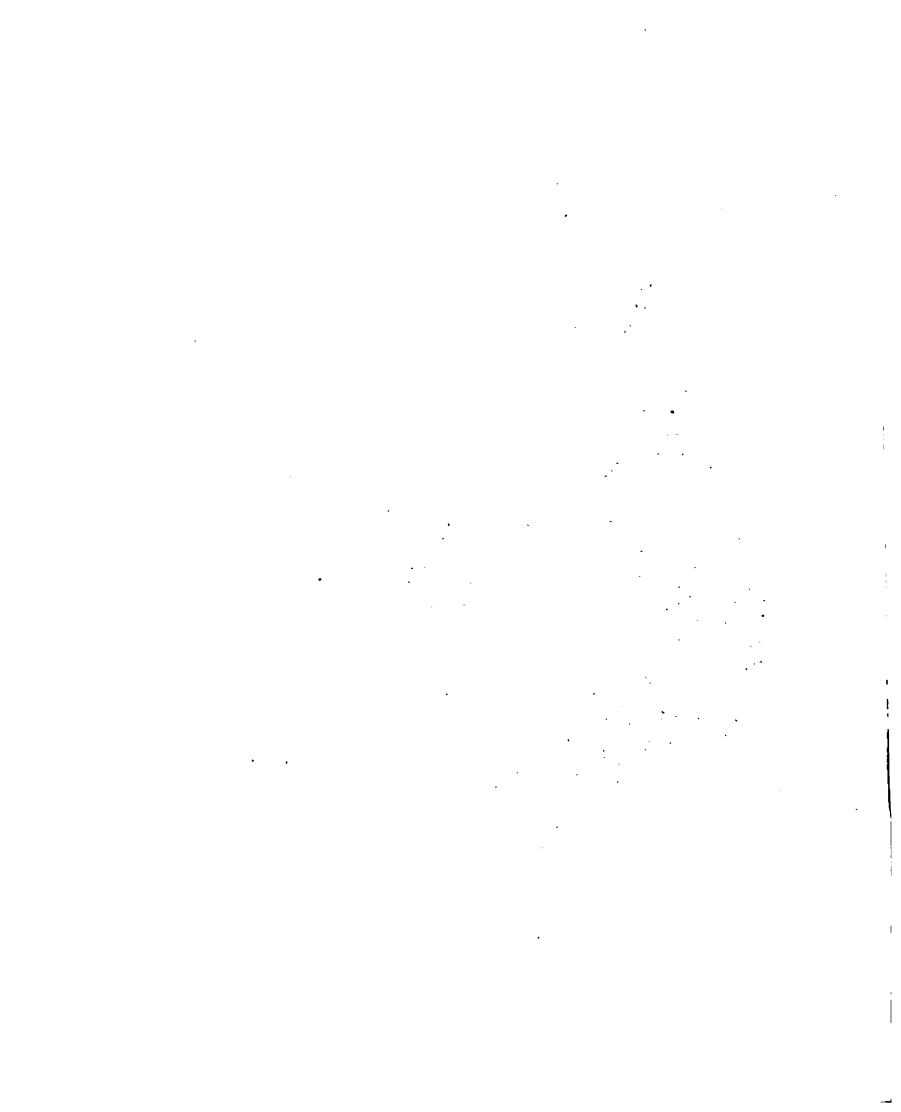


lowing up the ...  
book, "The ...  
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NINEVEH.—BIR'S NIMROUD.





monies, domestic occupations, hunting, &c.; we seem to live again in the days of the prophet Ezekiel, and to be familiar with Pul and Sardanapalus, Queen Semiramis, and almost able to shake hands with Nimrod, "the mighty hunter," himself.

For many years the sites of ancient Babylon and Nineveh had been of exceeding interest to the traveller; and, about thirty years ago, Mr. Rich, whose residence at the Court of Bagdad, and the powerful protection of the Pacha, afforded him every facility for investigation, describes the whole country between Bagdad and Hella, a distance of forty-eight miles, as a perfect flat, and, for the greater part, an uncultivated waste; though it is evident, from the number of canals by which it is traversed, and the immense ruins that cover its surface, that it must formerly have been thickly populated and well cultivated. About two miles above Hella, the more prominent ruins commence; among which were discovered, at that time, in considerable quantities, burnt and unburnt bricks, and bitumen, specimens of which Peter Parley has in his cabinet of curiosities at Holly Lodge. Two vast mounds particularly attracted attention by their size; and these are situated on the eastern banks of the Euphrates.

The first grand mass of ruins, described originally by Mr. Rich, extends one thousand one hundred yards in length, and eight hundred yards in its greatest breadth, its figure nearly resembling that of a quadrant; its height is irregular; but its most elevated part may be about fifty or sixty feet above the level of the plain; and it has been dug into, for the purpose of procuring bricks. On the north is a valley of 550 yards in length, the area of which was covered with tussocks of rank grass, and crossed by a line of ruins

of very little elevation. To this succeeds the second grand heap of ruins, the shape of which is nearly a square of 700 yards in length and breadth, and having its S. W. angle, connected with the N. W. angle of the mounds of Amran, by a somewhat lofty ridge, nearly 100 yards in breadth. This was by far the most interesting part of these remains; and in those parts where the slightest excavations were made were found fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware varnished tiles and marble. In a hollow near the southern part, Mr. Rich found a sepulchral urn of earthenware, which had been broken in digging, and near it some human bones, which pulverised with the touch.

About a hundred yards from the northern extremity of the above mound, is a ravine hollowed out by those who dig for bricks. In this a subterranean passage was found, seven feet in height and winding to the south, floored and walled with large bricks laid in bitumen, the bricks having writing on all of them. The northern end of this ravine was crossed by a very thick wall of yellow brick; and at one corner was discovered a lion of colossal dimensions, standing on a pedestal of a coarse kind of gray granite, and of rude workmanship. In the mouth is a circular aperture, into which a man may introduce his fist.

The kasr, or palace, as it is called by the peasants, is close by; and consists of several walls and piers, which face the cardinal points, built of fine burnt brick. One part of the wall was split into three parts, and overthrown as if by an earthquake. Some other walls of the same kind, standing at various distances, show what remains to have been only a small part of the original fabric.

A mile to the north of the kasr, or full five distant from Hella,

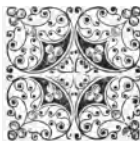
and 950 yards from the river's brink, are the last ruins of the series which has been considered by some as a part of the tower of Babel or Belus. The natives call it Mujelibé, meaning *overturned*. It is of an oblong shape, irregular in height. Its sides face the cardinal points. The northern side is 200 yards in length, and the elevation on the south-east 141 feet. The western face presents slight architectural outlines as to the north side. The south-west angle is crowned by something like a turret. The whole is covered with heaps of rubbish, of broken brick, fragments of pottery, shells, bits of stone, mother-of-pearl, scoria, and shells.

But by far the most stupendous of all the ruins of this locality are those situate in the desert, about six miles to the south-west of Hella. It is called, by the Arabs, Birs Nimroud; by the Jews, Nebuchadnezzar's prison. It is a mound of an oblong figure, the total circumference of which is 762 yards. At its eastern side it is cloven by a deep furrow, and is not more than fifty or sixty feet high; but at the western it rises in a conical figure, to the elevation of 198 feet; and on its summit is a solid pile of brick thirty-seven feet high by twenty-eight in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular, and rent by a large fissure extending through a third of its height. The fire-burnt bricks of which it is made have inscriptions on them, and parts of the summit are converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had undergone the action of the fiercest fire.

Such are the descriptions of the sites of the cities of Babylon and Nineveh, afforded by Mr. Rich, with the addition of the colossal lion, a small stone chair, and a few remains of pottery and of bricks, with inscriptions. He obtained no Assyrian relics; and

our acquaintance with the ruins was limited to a case or two of cylinders and gems, a few bricks, and specimens of pottery, up to within four or five years of the present time.

However, during the autumn of 1839, and winter of 1840, Mr. Layard, a traveller of the most surprising energy and indefatigable perseverance, had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by tradition, or one ruin consecrated by history unvisited, when his thoughts turned towards the banks of the Tigris, and to the sites of the once-renowned cities of the great plain. He reached that river. He descended it on a raft, and saw the ruins of Nimroud, and speculated upon the treasures of antiquity which it might probably contain; but it was not till the summer of 1842, that he formed serious designs of lifting the veil which had for so long a period enveloped the mysteries of that mighty sepulchre of generations of kings. At the close of the same year, through the interest of Sir Stratford Canning, the British ambassador at Constantinople, he procured letters to the governor of the province, together with pecuniary means, and, starting for Nimroud, proposed to dig into those ruins, and see what they contained, of which I shall tell you on a future occasion.



## MARTIN OF MARTINDALE.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD OF 1745.

## PART I.

**G**IVE praise unto the north countrie;  
 For there the mountains rise,  
 With fearless brows and stedfast hearts,  
 Unto the lofty skies.

There soars aloft the eagle, free  
 To all the wide domain,  
 And men, as bold as eagles all,  
 High courage there maintain.

Perch'd up among the mountains high,  
 Above a narrow vale,  
 Dwelt, like an eagle in its nest,  
 The Lord of Martindale.

No high and bastion'd castle wall,  
 No stately court had he,  
 But yet a homestead fair as all  
 Within the north countrie.

There blazed, at frosty Christmas time,  
The yule log, red and bright ;



And good old ale and merry talk  
Made short the winter night.

And there the noisy rustic dance,  
With many a merry strain,  
At wassail time, the old house shook,  
And made it rock again.

And, while the angry thunders roar'd,  
Among the mountains round,  
And tempests all their torrents pour'd,  
Their hearts would "lightly bound."

And many a smacking kiss was heard  
To echo through the hall,  
Almost as loud as Martin's whip,  
When he the hounds would call.

Old Martin he would laugh right out,  
And cry, "lads, kiss away ;  
Make merry while the summer lasts,  
For youth he cannot stay.

"Be merry while you're young, my boys,  
Be merry when you're old ;  
For cheerful brow and merry heart  
Is worth a mine of gold."

And Martin was a merry lad,  
Although just turn'd fourscore,  
And sturdy as the ancient oak  
That grew before his door.



With kestrel on his fist, he oft  
Would o'er the mountains hie,  
And launch her forth in all her spite,  
On tempest clouds to fly.

It gave him joy to see her swoop  
Upon the heron's crown,  
And, like a swift-wing'd thunderbolt,  
In fury bring him down.

But yet to chace the wild red stag,  
And see him proudly flee,  
Fleet as the scudding rack above,  
Was aye his highest glee.

Of gaunt blood-hounds, a gallant pack  
He kept, for sport and pride,  
Whose tongues were known to every hack  
Around the country wide.

Jowler and Ringwood, Lion, Snap,  
He knew them all by name ;  
And his raised hand or rugged voice  
Would make the fiercest tame.

Old Martin loved his dogs as though  
They had his children been ;  
And they loved him, for love can make  
E'en man and beast akin.

Yet fierce as tigers in their rage,  
Their fangēd teeth would tear  
The red stag from his tangled brake,  
Or wild boar from his lair.

And in the chase, with fury blind,  
They made all things their prey;  
And woe to him, of man or beast,  
That cross'd them in their way.


Such was the Lord of Martindale,  
And such his gallant crew,  
Nor man nor beast like them were found,  
The northern country through.





## Discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia.

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FTER many obstacles, which it would be tedious to relate, Mr. Layard reached the great mound of ruins. He dug into the sides of it, and soon came to a wall bearing a vast number of inscriptions in the cuneiform, or arrow-headed characters. He found the *debris* or rubbish around him comprised of broken pottery and fragments of bricks, with characters inscribed on them. He continued his excavations by the aid of numbers of workmen, and at last discovered a large square apartment, built of slabs, about eight feet high, and varying from four to six feet in breadth, placed upright, and closely fitted together. In the rubbish at the bottom of the chamber he found several ivory ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding; among which were a figure of a

man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers of great taste and elegance.

After some interruptions, the excavations were continued, and other slabs were discovered, covered with writing characters; and then came the lower part of several gigantic figures, with a crouching lion, rudely carved in basalt; and near the centre of the mound he uncovered a pair of gigantic winged bulls, the head and half the wings of which had been destroyed; a pair of small winged lions, much mutilated, which appeared to guard the entrance of the chamber; and a human figure, nine feet high, the right hand elevated; and carrying in the left a branch with three flowers, resembling the poppy.

One of the most perfect bas-reliefs discovered at this period represents a king, distinguished by his high conical crown, standing over a prostrate warrior, his right-hand elevated, and the left supported by a bow. The figure at his feet, probably a captive enemy or rebel, wears a pointed cap, something like that of the king. A eunuch holds a fly-flapper or fan over the head of the king, and before him is a personage, probably his vizier or minister. Another slab represents a battle, with horses and horsemen and prostrate foes; and a third a king going forth to battle, with his attendant eunuch, holding his arms, a bow, a mace, and a quiver of arrows. The same wall contains gigantic winged figures with numerous inscriptions; but none of these sculptures are in a state of perfect preservation, all of them being more or less mutilated.

Digging more into the centre of the ruins, the workmen reached the top of a slab, which appeared to be well preserved, and to be still standing in its original position. On the south side he discovered two human figures, above the natural size, back to back,

furnished with wings; they appear to represent divinities presiding over the seasons, or over particular religious ceremonies. The one whose face was turned to the east, carries a fallen deer in his right arm, and in his left-hand a branch, bearing fine flowers around his temples, adorned in front with a rosette. The other holds a square vessel or basket in the left hand, and an object resembling a fir-cone in the right; on his head he wears a round cap, in the base of which is a horn. The garments of both consist of a stole or robe, falling from the shoulders to the ankles, and a short tunic underneath, descending to the knees, and is richly embroidered and decorated with fringes, while the hair and beard are systematically and beautifully arranged.

Still proceeding with the excavations, the indefatigable Layard came upon a figure of singular form—a human being clothed similar to the last mentioned figure, surmounted by the head of an eagle or vulture; the curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow sharp tongue, which was still covered with red paint; on the shoulders fell the curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian images, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head; two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was a square vessel and fir-cone.

Soon after this, Mr. Layard discovered an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country; and about twelve feet, in an opposite direction, a corresponding figure; and, after this, a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from the others. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber previously described; they were about twelve feet high, and had expanded wings over the shoulders and back, and a knotted

girdle, ending in tassels, encircled their loins. It seemed to symbolise the perfection of man;—the head of the human form, as the type of intellect; the body of a lion that of strength; and the wings of the bird typified rapidity: and these figures instructed man in these qualities more than three thousand years ago.

Some time after these discoveries, Mr. Layard commenced excavations on an enlarged scale, and discovered a great number of bas-reliefs of the highest interest, which may now be seen in the British Museum; there we have kings going to battle, followed by their warriors; the siege and attack upon some great city; horses; chariots; groups of men, fighting or slaying the enemy; headless bodies; the return after victory, with slaves throwing heads at the feet of the conqueror. On one slab, an eagle is flying, with a human hand in her talons.

Some of the slabs represent domestic matters. Figures are seen engaged in culinary matters and preparing a feast; one is holding a sheep, which the other is cutting up; another appears to be baking bread. Various bowls and utensils are placed on the stools and tables, all remarkable for the elegance of their forms. In another place, a groom is depicted cleaning a horse; and again we have pictures of sieges and battles; a king on his throne receiving captives; then follow, on another slab, the representation of a *boat* containing a chariot, in which the king is standing. The boat is towed by two naked men, who are walking on dry land; and four men row the vessel with oars; one oar, with a broad flat end, is passed through a rope, hung round a wooden pin at the stern, and serves as a rudder. A charioteer standing in the vessel holds by their halters four horses, who are swimming

over the stream. A naked figure is supporting himself upon an inflated skin.

Making farther researches, Mr. Layard discovered armour, both of iron and copper, and some of iron inlaid with copper; he also found a perfect helmet, several vases, one in alabaster, one in glass, which glowed with all the brilliant tints of the opal; but the most remarkable discovery of all, was that of the obelisk now in the British Museum. It was found lying on its side, ten feet below the surface. It is nearly covered with inscriptions, except where it is sculptured, which it is on each of its four sides. These sculptures form twenty bas-reliefs; and the whole of them are in beautiful preservation. The king is twice represented, followed by his attendants, a prisoner at his feet, and his vizier, and eunuchs carrying vases and other objects of tribute on their shoulders, or in their hands. The animals are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the camel, the lion, the stag and various kinds of monkeys. Amongst the objects carried by the tribute-bearers, are the tusks of elephants, shawls, and bundles of precious wood. It is supposed that this monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some far-eastern country.

Besides these valuable discoveries, Mr. Layard made others, scarcely less important. Winged lions, sphinxes' heads in alabaster, an earthen sarcophagus containing a skeleton, and, among the most important, a colossal head. The ruins in various places indicated that this great city had been a prey to the flames, although in some spots the ravages of fire were not so marked as in others.

I could write a vast deal more on this subject, but must refrain.

In conclusion, I would advise my young friends to proceed to the Museum, and see what I have attempted to give a very slight sketch of; but, above all, would I have their parents read Mr. Layard's book, which is a volume of more interest than any that has been issued from the press during the last half century.









## A Family Lesson;

OR,

A LECTURE ON A SOAP-BUBBLE.

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"The earth has bubbles as the water hath,  
And these are of them."—*Shakspeare.*



TELL you a story, my little dears? Why, I am always telling stories. How is it that you are always so very fond of hearing stories? Because they are interesting? True; they may be so, when they are founded on truth. But nature is wide enough: the earth, the air, the waters are also full of interest—full of instruction;—and we may gather information and knowledge from the atoms of dust that float in the sunbeams—from the snow

flakes, as they fall, in the winter's cold—from a bone, a stone, an oyster-shell, or a soap-bubble."

"A soap-bubble! Well, I have often played with soap-bubbles," said young Arthur. "I have blown them with a tobacco-pipe, and let them fly into the air, and watched them till they burst; and I have felt so very strange in watching them—my heart seemed to throb, and my breath to stand almost still. And yet I laughed so to see them burst. It was an odd kind of feeling."

"You found it very difficult to describe, much less to explain what you felt. There was a degree of pleasure experienced by you in blowing your bubble, no doubt. Then, when you launched it into the air, you felt anxiety; and, as it arose softly in the air, you felt hope, then doubt. Then it oscillated, perhaps, and you had a fear for its safety; then it arose again in a swell of the most beautiful colours imaginable, and—burst!"

"Yes; and then, although we were all vexed to see our beautiful bubble destroyed, we all laughed, and blew another."

"Which shared the same fate."

"Yes; and then we laughed again,—and again."

"True philosophy! Nothing is better calculated to teach us the vanity of all human things than the blowing of soap-bubbles. Every project we undertake is more or less like the soap-bubble; our hopes, our anticipations, our calculations of the future, our expectations, are too often blown bubbles, that explode even with the blowing. Thus we obtain a little dash of moral philosophy from the soap-bubble; and there is a field for the natural philosopher also. And so lend me a pipe, a little soap and water, and then I will blow a soap-bubble."

So Peter Parley began to blow his bubble; and a rare one it was! The children all stared with astonishment; for he began very gently and silently. "Oh! what a large one!" said Arthur. "Oh! what a beauty!" said Lizzey. "It will be as big as a turnip!" said Julia.

Snap—pop—'twas gone!

"Oh dear, what a pity! It was all your fault!" said Arthur to Julia; "you would begin your giggling, and of course it shook the room." "It was much more likely to be you," replied Julia, "when you began to whistle."

"It was neither of you," observed Peter Parley. "The true cause of the bubble's bursting was simply that there was not soap and water enough in its composition to allow for expansion and increased dimension; its parts would no longer cohere; attraction was overcome at one part, to be concentrated at another."

"I should like to understand that; but I don't exactly. I wish Peter Parley would explain himself more easily."

"That is exactly what I intend doing. But tell me of what was this bubble originally composed."

"Soap and water."

"Why not water alone?" "Because it would not do." "A good reason, truly. This you call a reason, I suppose, Master Arthur. The true reason is, that the attraction, or rather the tenacity, of the particles of water is not sufficient of themselves to enable the parts to keep together at the extreme thinness the bubble attains, as it increases in dimensions. But soap can add greatly to the tenacity of water; and, if I wished to obtain a very large bubble, I should add to the soap and water a little isinglass, which would increase its

tenacity still more, and thus I should be able to get bubbles twice the size of that just produced."

"I will soon get some isinglass," said Arthur; and rushed out of the room.

Peter Parley now began to blow another bubble, and the children watched him with the greatest attention; and at last a second large bubble was produced. "Now, tell me the shape of it," said Peter.

"It is round," said Julia.

"It is more of an oval than a round," said Edward, who had not spoken before; "it is something like a balloon."

"It is not at all like a balloon," retorted Julia.

"It is now what you call a 'long globe;' but, to use a more scientific term, it is what is called prolate spheroid. Its conjugate axis, or a line passing from the top to the bottom, would be longer than a line passing from side to side, called its transverse axis. Hence it is called a prolate spheroid."

"Then a gooseberry is a prolate spheroid," shouted Edward.

"And so is a lemon," added Julia.

"These are certainly somewhat of that form," replied Peter Parley," who now gave the bubble a dexterous jerk and twist at the same time, which, without detaching it from the pipe, set it slightly spinning.

"Now observe its form," continued he. "You see it is quite changed, as it revolves; it is now no longer a prolate spheroid, but is what is called an oblate spheroid, having its conjugate axis shorter than its transverse axis. Now, what oblate spheroid can you think of that owes its flattened figure to the very same cause which has changed this bubble from a prolate to an oblate form?"

"The earth," replied Edward, "for I have seen it written in my Geography."

"And what is the cause? No answer? The cause is my twisting it round; and this earth of ours is an oblate spheroid, or we may call it a bubble blown in molten granite. But, see! the bubble is now quite motionless, and the superfluous fluid which had encircled its equatorial region, subsides, and forms a big drop, pendent at the southern pole. Now observe the bubble. There is something more to be said about it. Look at its north and south poles. They do not form arcs of the same sort. The upper is more like the broad end of an egg, and the lower tends to a point, like its narrow end. It is, in fact, more of an egg-like form than a prolate spheroid. But I will detach it from the pipe."

Peter Parley did so with a slight jerk. "Now it ascends like a balloon, kept steady by the pendent drop, which represents the car. Why does it ascend?"

"The bubble is very thin and very light," replied Arthur, who had just entered the room with his isinglass.

"But so is the air thin and light, through which it ascends," added Julia.

"Yes; but the air within the bubble is rather lighter than the external air."

"But I have heard that the air that comes from the lungs," observed Arthur, "contains carbonic-acid gas, and is heavier than common air, and how can that make the bubble lighter?"

"A question well put, my little master. The reason is, because the air we expire is much rarefied by the heat of the body, and this more than compensates for the greater density of the carbonic acid

gas in the air. But see! the bubble is now rising; it goes into a colder region of the atmosphere, through the shade of that high wall, and it bursts!"

"But the last bubble burst when it got into the sunshine," remarked Edward.

"The bubble bursts by pressure, inwards or outwards; outwards, on coming from the shade into the beams of the sun, and inwards, on coming from the sun into the shade. But we will blow another."

"And here is the dissolved isinglass," said Arthur.

Mixing some of this with the lather, Peter Parley now succeeded in blowing a very large bubble, which called forth the most extravagant encomiums of the children, who spoke, however, in a whisper, fearing they should break the spell that seemed to hold it together. Larger and larger was the bubble, till at last it presented a most beautiful appearance, on the surface of which, as in a polished convex mirror, the whole of the little group were strongly reflected.

"I can see you, Edward!" said Julia, in a fit of ecstasy, "and you, sister, and you, and another, all like little tiny boys and girls; and see! there is the whole room—tables, chairs, windows, everything!"

"All reflected from the beautifully-polished surface of the bubble," observed Peter Parley. "But look still farther," continued he, "behold the beautiful colours that now present themselves—blue, green, yellow, orange, red—all of the most gorgeous description, which no art can imitate; for they are painted with the pencil of nature.

“ You observe that the colours are presented on the highest part of the bubble, which is always the thinnest, owing to the fluid running downwards, to form the drop, according to the law of gravitation. Each colour is the result of a peculiar degree of thinness in the bubble. The darker parts are the extreme of thinness, and the others are arrayed in due and regular progression and proportion.

“ Many other transparent bodies can be made so thin as to exhibit the same colours as soap-bubbles, and so may some solid bodies. Glass will do so, when blown exceedingly thin, as will mica, when split into very thin layers.”

“ I have noticed,” observed Arthur, “ that pieces of bottle-glass on our garden-wall presents a great number of colours on their surface ; what is the cause of this, Peter Parley ? ”

“ This, my young friend, is owing to the various metals used in the manufacture of the glass becoming oxidized, and thus a very thin film of oxide, which, when very thin, is transparent, is formed on the surface of the glass, to which it adheres so firmly, that it cannot be scraped off.”

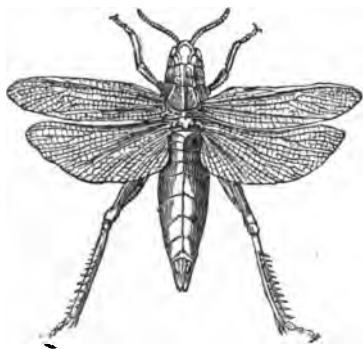
“ And what occasions the beautiful colours seen upon various kinds of metal, such as steel ? Do you recollect the beautiful blue and purple tints of the old watch-spring I had yesterday ? ”

“ Exactly the same cause produces these ; and the colours seen on steel during the tempering guides the workman, who knows what particular tint corresponds with a particular degree of temper. The gradual increase of heat thickens the film of oxide, and thus varies the colour. These colours are numerous and splendid ; the blue colour is one of them.



“ Such, my young friends, are some of the phenomena of the soap-bubble ; such some of its philosophy, both natural and moral.”

I have written this little lesson to teach you that, from the simplest and the commonest things, something is continually to be learned by the attentive and inquiring mind. I will give you a little more philosophy another time. You may hear too much of a good thing, and so I leave the subject for the present.





## Something

### About Moths and Butterflies.

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OTH.—This is the ordinary English name given to what are termed in science lepidopterous insects (a very hard word, you will say, but yet to be mastered), comprised in the genera *sphinx* and *phalæna*. The other genus, *papilio* (Linnæus), being known commonly under the name of butterflies.

Moths are easily distinguished from butterflies, not only by their not being observed on the wing during the day, but also by their antennæ, or feelers, those long hair-like horns proceeding from the head not being terminated by a knob, as in the butterflies. On the next page is represented a moth, differing considerably from one of the family *papilio*, or butterfly. There is a vast diversity in the structure of these insects, of which a great number of species are the inhabitants of moderate climates. In this country we pos-

sess nearly eighteen hundred species, and many more are known on the continent.

It appears at first sight somewhat strange that we should possess



so large a number of these insects; but it arises from the natural peculiarities of our climate. Our vegetation is sufficiently varied and luxuriant to support a great number of species, whilst the great duration of twilight in our latitudes gives room for a greater supply of them, as they appear only during its continuance, than is probably to be found in tropical climates, where the twilight is of very short duration.

In our country the functions of these insects appear to be two-fold; first, as plant-feeders, and, second, as serving for food to the bats and other nocturnal animals; but in the tropical climates, where the butterflies so far exceed both in number and size our butterflies, there exists but little necessity for the former, whilst in the latter respect they are still less needed, because, in tropical climates, bats and similar animals come abroad by day at all hours, their ravages extending to frail flowers and juices of trees, animal substances of

all kinds, and, in short, to everything consumable ; hence it is that the temperate parts of the globe are the great resorts of these kinds of insects.

As anybody may suppose, there is great variety in insects of this kind. They vary, indeed, not more in size than in form and colour. From the gigantic *erebus strix* of South America, which measures very nearly a foot across the wings, and the death's-head moth, capable of instilling terror into the ignorant and superstitious, down to the pigmy gilded creature, which revels upon a rose-leaf, we have every gradation of size.

The structure of many of these insects in the perfect state is very interesting and diversified. In some, formed for rapid and long-continued flight, the body is robust and conical, and the wing-nerves



of great strength, whilst in the feeble *geometrae*, which flit around the hedgerows occasionally by day, the whole structure is light.

Of the habits of these insects I can say but little, they are so exceedingly various ; but it may be as well to remark that, whilst the majority of the moth species fly by twilight, or during the night, there are some which delight in the hottest sunshine, as the hum-

ming-bird hawk-moth, and others. Many species delight to hover, during the twilight, over the long-tubed flowers, from which, whilst on the wing, they extract the nectar with their long spiral tongue ;



whilst others are very sluggish, scarcely showing any animation, except during the short period of their coupling.

I need, I think, scarcely remark that all moths proceed from larvæ hatched from eggs deposited by parent insects. But I may just observe, for the information of some of my youngest readers, who have, perhaps, paid but little attention to the subject, that this is the fact. I had some time ago much difficulty in making a non-natural-history reader believe that the moth had got into my wardrobe at Holly Lodge. He saw no moths flying about, it was true ; but the little woollen cases, formed by the caterpillars of the particular group of moths of which there are many species, and which, as I know from my kind friend Mr. Jesse, are called *Tinea vestian-*

*ella*, *pellionella*, *tapetzella*, were plentiful enough; but my young naturalist, or non-naturalist, could scarcely comprehend how they could possibly be "the moths."

There is a circumstance connected with these insects which every



one must have noticed, namely, their habit of entering lighted apartments during the summer evenings, and flying round the candles, till their wings are burnt, and which has been likened by poets to ambition fluttering round glory, and a thousand other things. We are at a loss how to account for this peculiarity in insects whose ordinary habit is to avoid the light and to remain inactive until the twilight has commenced. Is it an ecstatic kind of bewilderment, which compels the creature, even at the risk of his own life, to whirl round a light at the particular period of time when it ought to be on the wing. It would be a curious experiment, and one I leave to my young naturalists to make, namely, to ascertain whether a *noctua*, for instance, would act thus, if introduced into a darkened

room in the middle of the day, into which a light were afterwards to be brought. This may seem a foolish experiment to some, and hardly worth the trouble; but we have so much to learn of the economy of insect life, that it might possibly lead to other and more advantageous experiments. This habit of flying towards a light is made use of by the collectors of moths, who hang a bull's-eye lantern round their necks, and, with the assistance of a flap-net, are enabled to make very extensive captures during an evening's walk.

The larvæ of lepidopterous insects bear the general name of caterpillar. There is a very great difference in the appearance of these insects in this stage of their existence, so that it is very difficult to lay down any general observations upon them. They are, for the most part, of an elongated and cylindrical form; and the body is fleshy, often entirely naked, but oftener clothed with hairs, spines, tubercles, or warts. They are composed of thirteen rings, of which the first represents the head—the second, third, and fourth, the thorax—and the remainder the abdomen—of the perfect moth or butterfly. The head is generally of a more scaly nature than the remainder of the body, and is furnished on each side with six minute shining tubercles, which appear to be the rudimental eyes of the future insect, as well as with two short conical antennæ, and a mouth furnished with a pair of very robust jaws, with their two palpi, and an under lip. Moreover, on each side of the body, nine breathing holes are observable.

The silken matter which is spun by these insects, and which, in the silk-worm, which is the caterpillar of the *bombyx mori*, constitutes one of the most valuable of insect productions, is elaborated

in several long internal vessels, of which the extremities are narrow, and terminate in a tubular and conical tubercle, situate at the top of the lower lip, which thus acts as a spinneret for the discharge of the silken threads.

Caterpillars are also furnished with six short-pointed scaly legs, attached in pairs to the second, third, and fourth segments, and representing the legs of the future insect. They, moreover, possess from four to ten fleshy legs, armed at the extremity with a circular series of innumerable little bent hooks ; the hind pair of these false legs, as they have been termed, are placed near the end of the body ; and it is by the assistance of these fleshy legs that the insect in general retains its hold upon the substance upon which it is placed.

Caterpillars are, for the most part, vegetable feeders ; some feeding upon leaves, often causing great destruction ; others devour flowers, roots, buds, and seeds ; whilst a few feed on the woody parts of trees, boring, as in the case of the goat-moth (the picture of which has been given), through the stems, and sometimes completely destroying them, when in a young state ; others, again, feed upon cloth, furs, &c., of which the caterpillar of the clothes' moth, one of the most destructive of our domestic enemies, is an example ; whilst a few devour lard, wax, and other animal matters. Some species are confined to a single plant, whilst others, as the garden tiger-moth, will thrive upon many different sorts. Some species are again found in a state of society, as is especially the case with the small ermine moths and their caterpillars.

The habits of caterpillars differ. Some, which are called surveyors, fix themselves to a leaf, with their fore and hind feet close together, and their bodies bent in the form of a loop ; others assemble in great



numbers, and spin themselves a silken tent, under which they live ; and others stretch themselves out like a piece of dead stick, which they very much resemble. Many make themselves cocoons ; but others have no other covering, in the pupa state, than a smooth shining skin, or a dark mummy-like cerement. The chrysalis of a butterfly is generally angular ; and that of a moth cylindrical.

A few more words about butterflies may be necessary ; for Peter Parley would like his young friends to be acquainted with them intimately, as this is the season for their appearance. One of the most common is the cabbage-butterfly, from its caterpillar being fond of cabbages. When the colewort and cauliflower begin to heart, the perfect insect—the butterfly—is found depositing her eggs upon the leaves. The heat of the sun soon vivifies them, and brings forth the caterpillars, which immediately proceed to consume the vegetables on which they received their being. They bear the heat of the sun without inconvenience ; but cannot endure long rains, for in wet weather they soon disappear. There are several species of this butterfly ; but the common white, with a black spot on each of the underwings, is the earliest seen in the gardens. It lays its eggs in May, and its caterpillars, which are soon hatched, feed together till the end of June, when they go into the pupa state, from which the perfect butterfly appears in July. The eggs laid by the second brood of butterflies produce caterpillars, which feed during the remainder of the summer, and remain in the pupa state all the winter, to be hatched in the following spring.

From the astonishing fecundity of these insects, it may be wondered that they do not, in the course of time, completely overspread the face of the earth, and totally consume every green plant. This

would certainly be the case, if Providence had not put a check to their progress. One of the kinds of the ichneumon flies deposits her eggs within the caterpillar of the butterfly, and they are there hatched. In their larvæ state they continue preying on the vitals of the animal; they then pass to the pupa condition, and eventually emerge perfect insects. It is a fact that, out of thirty cabbage caterpillars, placed in a glass to feed, twenty-five were pierced by the ichneumon, which had totally consumed their intestines. So greatly are we indebted to this apparently contemptible little parasite for keeping down the increase of an insect which would otherwise become a serious and alarming evil.

Much more might be said about moths and butterflies, and at some other opportunity Peter Parley will have his say again. Before he does so, however, he hopes to have a little talk about flies and beetles, which will form the subject of another chapter.





## Fall of a Mountain.

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**ONLY** think of a mountain, rising, perhaps, two or three thousand feet in the air, eight or nine miles thick at its base—falling—falling on a village!—the thought is horrible!—crushing men, women, children, horses, cattle—it is almost too dreadful to contemplate; but even this has happened!

The other day, strolling about London, as Peter Parley very often does, when he has nothing better to do, he popped into the Panorama of Switzerland, in Leicester Square—and a very fine painting it is. I thought myself on the top of my old friend the Rigi, chatting in echoes with its mountain brothers around me. The scene was so perfect, I could scarcely believe myself out of Switzerland; and the most interesting portion of it is the view of the falling mountain, the particulars of which I am about to detail.

I visited the spot about a fortnight after the lamentable event, in the month of October, 1806; and never can I forget the melancholy aspect of the place at that period. In the picture, a lonely cross is all that refers to the dreadful catastrophe. But picture to yourselves, my little readers, a rude and mingled mass of earth and stones, with thousands of bearing trees, torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction; ranges of cottages crushed, with their gables peeping out in one place and their chimneys in another, while huge mills were broken to pieces, and dashed high up on the sides of the other mountain by the mighty shock.

In many parts of the ruins large pools of water were seen, and smaller streams bursting up in many places; for the mass of rocks fallen partly into a lake, called the Lake of Lowertz, which was filled up; and, at the time the mountain fell, islands in the lake, at the other end, were laid under water. A large house in this village was carried half a mile beyond the place.

It was about five o'clock, on the evening of the 3rd of September, that the mountain gave way; and in less than four minutes it completely overwhelmed the villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava down a volcano, and its effects as terrible. The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruins was not less than fifteen hundred.

The mountain of Rosenberg, as well as the Rigi, and other mountains in its vicinity, are composed of a brittle earth, and a kind of pudding-stone. The height of the Spitzberg, the name of the projection which fell above the lake and valley, was little less than two

thousand feet. The cause of the fall has not even yet been clearly ascertained. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon, but so large a fall as this has never been recorded.

I met the good curate, who told us that he was a spectator of the dreadful scene. He said, the torrent of earth and rock, rushing towards his village, that of Lowertz, overwhelming half his little flock, stopped just before his door; and that they had been ever since trying to dig out the living and the dead from the ruins. Several poor peasants, with woe in their countenances, begged charity of us. One had lost three children; another, his mother and his wife; a third, his brothers. It was, indeed, a pitiful sight, to see these poor creatures, without house, family, or friends.

Such are the dispensations of Providence. We cannot, in our finite state, at all times, see the good that arises out of apparent evil; but of this we may be sure that, in all the changes and accidents of human life, the good Governor of the universe, and Father of his children, doeth all things well.





## Something about Plains and Deserts.

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**I**N almost every part of the world there are plains, of more or less extent, and in some places deserts of immense magnitude. Some plains are fertile, but by far the larger portion are sterile tracts, which are occupied by stony and sandy spaces; and rendered, by the nature of their soil, their want of water, or other causes, unfit for the settlement of men. Various parts of Europe contain small patches of this kind, but in northern Africa, Arabia, and central Asia they most abound. In some of these tracts the sand is loose and shifting; in others the surface consists of hills of barren rock; others are covered with short and coarse grass; and some contain extensive salt lakes.

Among the fertile plains, that of Lombardy is well known. When

this is first seen from the heights of the Alps, it presents itself to the eye like a boundless garden, and we see in it towns, villages, and well cultivated fields. In the great plain of northern China, the case is the same; but when we come to the deserts of Arabia, the case is very different, for all is arid and barren, vegetation languishes, and animal life pines in the heartless solitude.

The Sahara is a region of immense extent, occupying the central parts of Northern Africa. On the west it reaches the very shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and extends from thence eastward across the whole continent of Africa, being separated from the Red Sea only by the valley of the Nile and the rocky country beyond it. Its length in this direction is not less than 2,650 miles, and its greatest width 1,200 miles. Its area is, therefore, at least 2,500,000 miles.

This desert is divided into two unequal portions; the eastern and smaller is called the Lybian desert, and the western and larger the Sahee. Both are barren, but still there is some difference in soil and climate. The Lybian desert is peculiar in most respects. The surface, in a great many places, is not mere sand, but is formed of hard sandstone rock, which is in some parts as smooth as a bowling green, not exhibiting the least furrow or depression of surface for hundreds of miles. Nothing is to be seen but the hard ground under foot and the cloudless sky over head.

Nearly in the centre of this sandy ocean, and about midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the coast of Guinea, rise the walls of Timbuctoo, which is the great mart for the commerce of all the interior of Africa. To maintain this commerce is the work of the caravans which cross the enormous desert from almost every part of the African coast. The caravans consist of several hundred

loaded camels, accompanied by the Arabs, who let them out to the merchants for the transport of their goods. During their route they are often exposed to the attacks of the roving Arabs of Sahara, who generally commit their depredations on the approach of the confines of the desert. In this tiresome journey, the caravans do not proceed to the place of their destination in a direct line across the trackless desert, but turn occasionally eastward or westward, according to the situation of certain inhabited and fertile spots, called oases, inter-



persed in various parts of Sahara, like islands in the ocean. These serve as watering places to the men, as well as to feed, refresh, and replenish the hardy and patient camel.

At each of these celebrated spots the caravan sojourns for about seven days, and then proceeds on its journey till it reaches another spot of the same description. In the intermediate journeys, the



hot winds, called simooms, are often so violent, as to dry up the water carried in skins by the camels for the use of passengers and drivers.

The oases which lie in the vicinity of Egypt are inhabited by the Arabs, who divide their time between agriculture and the care of their plantations. The southern part of the desert is inhabited by the Tibboos, one of the native nations of Africa. In some of their features they resemble the negroes: their colour is not uniform; in some it is quite black, and in others deep copper colour.

The country which the Tibboos inhabit is the best part of the Lybian desert; for not only is the number of oases greater there than anywhere else, but there are large tracts between them partially clothed with bushes, which afford pasture for camels, and in some places grass springs up abundantly during the rains, affording the inhabitants the means of keeping herds of cattle.

Very serious occurrences sometimes take place in the desert; and nothing is more dreadful to contemplate than a camel and its rider or little party dying with thirst in the desert, which has been well depicted in a popular print. Sometimes whole caravans are afflicted in this manner. In 1805, a caravan proceeding from Timbuctoo to Tafilat was disappointed at not finding water at the usual watering places, when, horrible to relate, the whole of the persons belonging to it, two thousand in number, besides one thousand eight hundred camels, perished of thirst. Accidents of this nature account for the vast quantities of human and other bones which are found heaped together in various parts of the desert.

The caravans that cross the desert may be compared to fleets of merchant vessels under convoy. The convoy are some of the desert tribes through which the caravan is obliged to pass. Various tribes

take the caravans up at different points, and escort it along through the line of their territory. Any assault during the journey is considered as an insult to the whole tribe to which the convoy belongs, and for such an outrage they never fail to take ample revenge.

Sometimes people pass through the desert, however, without the protection of a caravan and its convoy or guard; but this used to be attended with some danger, though, at the present time, Ali Pacha, and his successor, has made travelling pretty secure. In the year 1798, a caravan, consisting of two thousand camels, laden with the produce of the Sahara territory, together with several hundred slaves, was plundered and despoiled, with great slaughter. Attacks of this kind were conducted in the following manner:—the tribe being assembled, the horses were picketed at the entrance of the tents, and scouts sent out to give notice when a caravan was likely to pass. These scouts, being mounted on fleet horses, quickly communicated the intelligence, and the whole tribe mounted their horses, taking with them a sufficient number of female camels, on whose milk they could subsist. Having placed themselves in an ambush near an oasis, they waited there until the arrival of the caravan, which they plundered without mercy, leaving the unfortunate merchants quite destitute.

The habitable portions of the desert are possessed by two nations of different origin. To the west live the Moors, and to the east the Tuaricks. These Moors are different from those who dwell in the towns. They are Arabs, and in person are tall and robust, with fine features and intelligent countenances. Their hair is black and straight, their eyes large, black, and piercing, their noses are greatly arched, their faces long and thin, cheeks hollow, and they have full

and bushy beards. They are more or less swarthy, but sometimes they are entirely black. They do not live in fixed abodes, but in tents. Their dress is in the Arabian costume; and their residences form circular encampments, consisting of from twenty to a hundred tents, which are governed by a sheikh, or ruler of their own body. Each encampment constitutes a particular tribe, and the tribes bordering on each other are frequently at enmity.

But the boldest of these children of the desert are the Tuaricks, who occupy the middle of the wilderness, where it is the widest. The form of their bodies and their language prove that they belong to the aboriginal inhabitants of northern Africa, who are known by the name of Berbers. They are a very fine race of men, tall, straight, and handsome, with an air of independence which is very imposing. The natural colour of their skin is almost white, the dark brown of their complexion being occasioned only by the heat of the climate; for those parts of their bodies which are constantly covered are as white as those of many Europeans.

In those parts of the desert where all is barrenness, high mounds of sand, shifting with every change of wind, surround the traveller on every side, and conceal from his view all objects. There the wind is of surprising force, and the sand is so extremely fine that it forms on the ground waves that resemble those of the sea. These waves rise up so fast that, in a very few hours, a hill, from twenty to thirty feet high, is transported from one place to another.

The immensity, the swiftness, and the everlasting motion of these waves disturb the sight both of men and beasts, so that they sometimes seem to be marching as if in the dark. The camel here gives a proof of his great superiority; his long neck, perpendicularly erected,



removes his head far above the ground, and from the worst of the sand his eyes are well defended by thick eyelids, largely provided with hair, and which he keeps half-shut. The construction of his feet, broad and cushion-like, prevents his treading deep in the sand; his long legs enable him to pass the same space with only half the number of steps of any other animal, and, therefore, with less fatigue. Hence, the camel, intended by nature for these journeys, afford a new motive of praise to the Creator, who, in his wisdom has given the camel to the African, as He has bestowed the reindeer on the Laplander.

Bruce, the traveller, was once surprised by the sand storm of the desert. Having reached a portion of the desert where the sands accumulate, they saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances; at times moving with great celerity, and at others stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals the party thought they should be overwhelmed by these sand pillars, and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach them. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their summits reaching to a great height. Then the tops often separated from the bodies, and these, once disjointed, dispersed in the air, and did not appear again. They were sometimes broken near the middle, as if struck with large cannon shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon the party, the wind being very strong from the north. Eleven of them ranged alongside at about the distance of three miles from them, and at this interval the greatest diameter of the largest of them appeared to be about ten feet. They retired with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on the minds of the beholders to which they could scarcely find a name. It was in



MULE ATTACKED BY HYENAS.





MULE ATTACKED BY HYENAS.





vain to think of flying, the fastest horse or swiftest steam-carriage would scarcely be able to get out of the way, although I hope the day is not far distant when we shall have steam across the desert.

There are many other deserts besides those of Africa. The desert of Mesopotamia, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, is more desolate than those of Africa and Arabia. About three-fourths of Persia is occupied by deserts. The central high land of Asia is also, for a great extent, one vast desert; and the deserts of North America are almost equal in magnitude and sublimity to those of Asia and Africa. South America and the interior of Australia have also their deserts, and of these I may probably say something at another time.



## MARTIN OF MARTINDALE.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD OF 1745.

## PART II.

**T**HE north was up for the true man,  
For England's rightful king,  
And the grey-coats of Westmoreland  
Did early homage bring.

And hands were raised, and brands were drawn  
For Jamie, as he came ;  
And spirits from their bosoms leap'd,  
Like burning swords of flame.

"For Jamie and the ancient laws,"  
The grey-coats they did cry ;  
And Martin, foremost of them all,  
His scabbard first threw by.

And presently a hundred men  
Were marshall'd by his side ;  
Who swore to follow to the wars,  
And by his word abide.

Away they rode, with courage strong,—  
A brave and gallant band,—  
Well horsed and harness'd as the best  
In all the northern land.

And Martin, with a glist'ning eye,  
Rode boldly on before ;  
A captain, brave as any knight  
That fought in days of yore.

His cheeks were red and dimpled as  
Some early morning sea ;  
Or like two rosy apples pluck'd  
Fresh from a maiden tree.

His eyes of blue shone pure and bright  
As some clear summer sky,  
And smiles upon his lips did seem  
All danger to defy.

His silver looks fell down behind  
His bonnet, in full pride,  
Like some white foaming waterfall  
Upon the mountain side.

The coal-black cob that bare him on  
Seem'd of its burden vain,  
And paw'd the ground, and curvetted,  
And snorted in disdain.

## MARTIN OF MARTINDALE.

Such a blythe and brave old man  
The world hath seldom seen,  
With arm so strong, and soul so bold,  
And heart so young and green.

And onwards now, among the hills,  
The gallant troop they come.  
Farewell, awhile, to Martindale,  
Farewell to heath and home.

"The martin is my herald crest,"  
The chieftain now did sing,  
"And, like the martin, we will be  
For ever on the wing.

"For Jamie and our ancient laws  
Our pinions now are spread,  
Never to close, till we shall bleed  
As our forefathers bled.

"Hurrah!" the gallant yeoman cried,  
And all the rocks hurrah'd,  
And flushing torrents glitter'd fresh  
As they unsheath'd the sword.

From Martindale to Patterdale  
The echoes multiplied,  
And the harts'-copes in glee conversed,  
Like soldiers, side by side.

And slowly through each mountain pass  
The gallant troop moved on,  
As brave a band of honest hearts  
As sun ere shone upon.

They had no helm or warlike plume,  
No breast-plate polish'd bright,  
But leathern coat, and ribb'd hose,  
To serve them in the fight.

But yet the heather joy'd to see  
Brave hearts upon the sod,  
Ready to fight and battle for  
Their country and their God.

The eagle on the rugged brow  
Of Kidstey Pike soar'd high,  
And flapp'd a greeting with his wing,  
As onward they pass'd by.

The hare-bell danced in blithesome mood,  
Full loudly sung the bee,  
And every little gushing rill  
Gave out a song of glee.

Onwards towards Carlisle they move,  
Along through Matterdale,  
Now twining round the mountain side,  
Now threading the deep vale.

Soon to the city they drew nigh ;  
And on its castle-wall  
The banner of King George did fly,  
Their courage to appal.

But near at hand Prince Jamie drew  
His army up to fight,  
With many thousand good broad swords,  
To battle for his right.

The prince sat on his milk-white steed,  
With many nobles by,  
And, looking forth beyond the camp,  
Old Martin did espy.

"Is yon an enemy," quoth he, -  
"Advancing in the van ;"  
"Not so," Earl Derwent did reply,  
"He is an honest man.

"I know him by his silver locks,  
And by his eyes of blue ;  
'Tis Martin, sir, of Martindale ;  
A brave man and a true."

"Welcome, old man," Prince Jamie said ;  
And raised him from his knee.  
"Stand up, Sir Knight, before thy prince,  
For knight thou shalt now be.

"Yet martins, they are summer birds,"  
The smiling prince did say.  
"When storms arise, and tempests blow,  
'Tis then they fly away."

"Martins are birds," the knight replied,  
"All constant, every one ;  
And come what will within their way,  
They follow still the sun."

"Across the mountain and the moor,  
The desert plain and sea,  
As I, for thy good father's sake,  
Brave prince, will follow thee."

"Then follow me to Carlisle town,"  
The prince, well pleas'd, cried ;  
Yet follow not but as a friend ;  
Keep close unto my side."

And on they rode to Carlisle town ;  
The gates wide open sprung,  
And soon upon the castle-walls  
Prince Jamie's banner hung.

The cannon roar'd, the drums did beat,  
The merry bells did ring,  
And shouts of greater joy did greet  
The standard of the king.






## Shang-Wang-Kang;

OR,

THE NOBLEST ACTION.

A CHINESE TALE OF THE HI-HO DYNASTY.

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HE Chinese are a great people. They understand ethics according to an original system, in a manner not to be approached by any other nation. Although the female part of the Chinese community are said to have no souls, and very contracted understanding, pinching their feet into very little shoes; yet still the men have enlarged capacities, as we see in the capacious stomachs of nodding mandarins in the tea-shop-windows; and there can be little doubt but that, as the stomach is the

root of the system, so do the energies, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Chinese nation proceed from the well attending to this root. And a people who can renovate nature by birds'-nests and beetles,



fat young puppies and cockroaches, snakes and grasshoppers, must enjoy peculiar advantages for this end.

In illustration of this logic, there is a story on record (in the reign

of the Emperor Ho-Haw, signifying the wise), which deserves to be made popular with the English children—England itself, so young in



years, as to be a mere baby in bandages compared with the Chinese people—a nation which has not yet learned to distinguish *meum*

from *tuum*, and whose children have little respect for their parents. A nation which has no idea whatever of the "right divine" of government, and which, unfortunately for the world, exhibits moral force by bombs and mortars, congreve-rockets, paxian-shells, and percussion-caps. To such a nation, a simple story of Chinese wisdom ought to be, and no doubt will be, acceptable; and should point a moral and adorn a tale as well as the executioner of the law here represented.

In the 2496 year of the Hi-Ho dynasty, after a long war between the Haugh-He and the He-Haw races, which ended by the elevation of the latter to the throne, He-Haw began his reign with the wisdom of a Solon and the justice of an Aristides, who were not born for several thousand years afterwards. He-Haw was the first emperor of his race, and, being desirous of founding his kingdom upon the highest principles of pure ethics, and on the broadest base of practical morality, he called together—not his parliament of lords and commons, to pull different ways, and thus keep things at a stand still—not his ministers, to make great parlarvament, and still stick in the mud—not his lawyers, to puzzle him with the *lex non scripta*—not his priests, to absorb him with the divine essences of the Grand Lama in his transmigrations; but he called together himself, that is, he asked nobody's advice but his own, in the full conviction (and one of the most striking instances of He-Haw's superior wisdom it was) that by so doing he should best please himself and give satisfaction to his people.

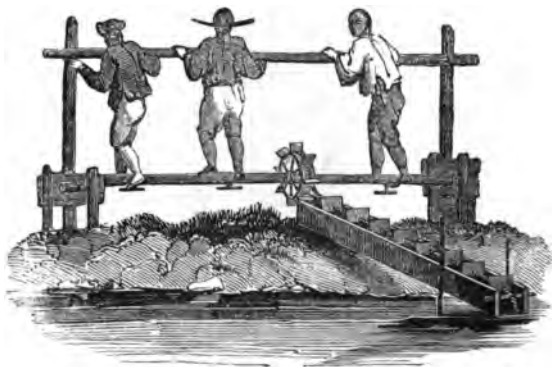
During the civil wars that had devastated the country, in the struggle of the races, morality had grievously suffered; might had woefully usurped the place of right, and disinterestedness was by no means the virtue of the "old soldiers of the empire;" while every

department of trade had more or less partaken of the general depravity. All the quart bottles of the celestial state were calculated to hold exactly a pint and a quarter and half a gill ; wine was made no longer of the juice of the grape, but of logwood chips, elder-berries,



and cream of tartar ; bread was manufactured from bone-dust and chalk ; and beer from *nux vomica* and molasses. And so great was the growing iniquities of the times, that children were daily poisoned for the sake of the burial-fees, and ships sent to sea with crews that could

not work them, that they might be lost, and new ships recovered from the insurance. In this state of things, the Emperor He-Haw thought it incumbent upon him to raise the morality of the nation; and he knew of no means so proper as a system which should be able to *reward virtue* instead of merely *punishing vice*, as seen in the subjoined treadmill.



He-Haw, being a man of extensive observation, had beheld with much sorrow the custom of all other nations of the earth to make provision for the infliction of punishment upon the bad without making any for the reward of the good. This he considered to be a great national blunder; and often he had adopted a new system of prison discipline, called the “mum chance” system, and erected whipping posts in every part of his dominions, together with treadmills for grinding air into equity. He turned his attention to the

establishment of this new system of rewards for the virtuous. He did not think it necessary to give medals to the "poor pauper" who had starved himself half his life upon nine shillings a week, as a reward for patience and poverty; for this simple reason, that the whole of his empire, bad as it was, in its internal condition, did not



present any cases so utterly wretched. But he determined to offer rewards to virtue, to those who acted upon the high idea of Confucius, who concentrated all virtue into the term *disinterestedness*.

In the 7th moon of the 1st year of the dynasty of He-Haw, the

Emperor made a solemn festival, in honour of his ancestors. After visiting their tombs, and depositing upon them the "rarest delicacies of the season," and at the same time offering the "incense of praise," and the "sacrifice of prayer," and rubbing his nose 770 times 70 on



the black basalt of the sarcophagi which contained the sacred ashes, he returned to his palace; and, seating himself upon his throne, surrounded with all the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty, and ordering his priests, judges, lawyers, princes, baillies, beadles,



“special constables,” and “regular police” before him and behind him, he gave orders to the town crier to make solemn and august proclamation:—That it was the Emperor’s will, pleasure and determination that rewards, honours and emoluments, “stars,” “garters,” and “slaps on the back with a sword,” together with fat bacon hogs, rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, should be given to those who should prove, beyond dispute, that they had climbed the highest up



the slippery pole of morality, and had performed the most “noble action.”

This announcement was received by the firing of guns, the ring-

ing of bells, the display of Chinese fireworks, and the shouts of the assembled multitude, who prostrated themselves as before the throne of wisdom and light. A new era had arisen in the history of the empire; and the emperor was saluted by the title of the "Brother of the Sun, Husband of the Moon, and first Cousin to all the Stars;" titles which have ever since been preserved to his remotest successors.

Heralds were forthwith dispatched to all the provinces, who made similar proclamations in the emperor's name; and a day was appointed for hearing the claims of the several candidates for moral honours, at the high court of Peking, at which the emperor had pledged himself to preside, and decide in person, in the presence of the whole world, the several cases brought before him, bestowing, with his own hands, the noble reward due to public or private virtue.

Great was the effect of this proclamation upon the Chinese people. So accustomed had they been to those incentives to morality, decapitation and scourging, and the other various modes of torture religiously invented to ensure the growth of civilisation; so convinced had they become of the necessity of making men do as they would have others do to them, by prison discipline, and the employment of the strangulator-general, that for a long time they would not believe in the proclamation of the emperor. "Rewards for virtue!" said they; "have not our priests and our bonzes ever taught us that virtue was its own reward? and continually preached to us of the felicity of doing good? To offer rewards for virtue seems to be an assumption that the people have no right to be virtuous, any more than they have no right to be vicious!" And, taking up

the question metaphysically, they soon floundered in a labyrinth of difficulty, from which the emperor himself found it no easy matter to relieve them.



And hereupon was brought into action that beautiful principle in government which the moderns have so impiously profaned by their

houses of parliament, chambers of deputies, convocation of states, and all the other ridiculous machinery of what is called the representative systems, which have led to little else but confusion and disaster. The emperor's *will* was *law*; he had the *right divine* to govern wrong, if he liked; in the breath of his nostrils was both the *lex scripta* and the *lex non scripta*; and the nod of his head was the beginner, and the wave of his hand the finisher, of the law. In the very pride of this puissance, He-Haw denounced death upon all those who did not immediately embrace his theory of reward, and threatened with utter extermination those provokers of his wrath who had ever done a great and noble action without making it public property. To do good by stealth was as great an offence, according to the He-Haw principle, as picking a pocket; and to hide one's light under a bushel was as gross an error as sacrilege itself.

The whole population of China were now interested in "noble actions," in feats of disinterestedness, and in the gymnastics of morality. Instead of young men amusing themselves with running for a waistcoat, jumping in sacks for "continuances," grinning through horses' collars for a bottle of gin, eating rolls and treacle for a new hat, twining the Chinese ribbon into ten thousand forms, and climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton, young China was busily employed in the most heroic acts of self-denial, the most gallant deeds of honesty, and the most extraordinary performances of fidelity. Every one seemed redolent with the agility of equity, and could throw a summersett over deceit; leap, clown-like, through intrigue, and vault, clean and high, above the tricks, evasions and subterfuges which are so thickly spread upon the stage of man's mortal existence; in short, every man was now sedulous to become a moral

prodigy—to rival Kellar in the “*poses plastiques*” of purity, and Madame Wharton in the “rarest attitudes” of truth.

As the day approached for the distribution of the rewards and honours, the emperor, fearing the candidates would be too numerous to enable him to bestow the royal favour upon all, determined, in the first instance, to grant the highest rewards to one who should be singled from a number of others—the one who should be able to prove that he had performed

#### THE NOBLEST ACTION.

And to him was to be awarded the great golden chain of the empire, the title of first privy-councillor, and an estate. Heralds proclaimed throughout the whole province of Peking, that whoever should be able to prove before the emperor that he had performed the noblest action should be presented with the highest patent of nobility, be enrolled among the princes, and be allowed to whisper in the ear of the emperor every morning—a situation which was understood to confer also upon the whisperer the very profitable post of “featherer of his own nest.”



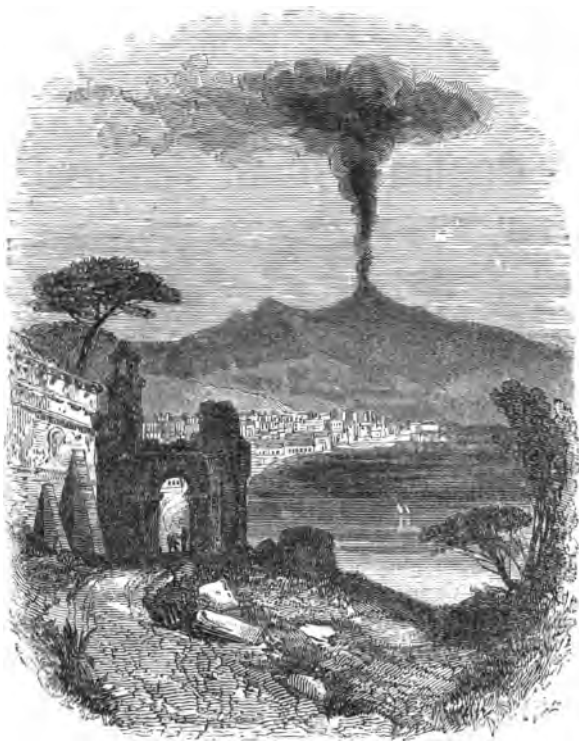


EARLY every little boy and girl knows something about Vesuvius, and of the desolating eruptions which have for so many ages attracted the attention of mankind. The mountain rises, almost insulated, upon a vast and well-cultivated plain, and presents two summits on the same base ; the largest

of these is the mouth of the volcano, which, at the moment Peter Parley writes, is belching forth flame and smoke, and vomiting lava.

The height of Vesuvius is 3,900 feet above the sea ; and it may be ascended by three different roads, which are all very steep and difficult. The circumference of the platform at the top, upon which the crater is situated, is nearly a mile ; and, when on it, the traveller looks down, as I have looked, upon the whole coast of the Gulf of Naples and the adjacent sea, looking as blue as the clear and beautiful sky.

One of the most celebrated of the numerous eruptions which have taken place in the mountain, is that which occurred in the reign of



Titus, seventy-nine years after Christ. The volcano then suddenly

broke out, after a long interval of repose, and buried beneath the stones, ashes, and scorïæ, three towns—Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Pompeii, of which I have before told you.

In 1779 was another great eruption of the mountain; and in this a fountain of liquid fire rose to the height of 10,000 feet from the crater, and the red-hot lava covered the whole cone of the mountain, and ran down its sides in enormous streams, some of which were two miles wide.

In the year 1805 another great eruption took place, on the 11th of August, which continued for several days; and enormous quantities of lava, with flame, smoke, ashes, and pumice were given out. The lava divided into four streams, flowing at the rate of sixty-eight feet an hour; and swept along with it enormous masses of whatever occurred in its course; and, on its reaching the sea, nothing was to be seen or heard, for a great extent along shore, besides the boiling and hissing arising from the conflict of the water and fire. In this eruption the ancient crater entirely disappeared, being entirely filled up by ashes and lava; and a new one appeared in the eastern part of the mountain, about six hundred feet in depth, and about the same width at the opening. This eruption continuing until September, made great ravages, and was considered as one of the most terrible that had occurred in the memory of its inhabitants.

The present eruption commenced on the 5th of February this year, 1850; and it is one of the most devastating of late years. The great stream of lava is at least four miles wide, and the accompanying smaller streams, which straggle from the great vein, are larger than those produced by an ordinary eruption; and, as they advance, in slow and terrible grandeur, they burn everything they



meet. The enormous streams of lava have passed over many miles of cultivated land, a large portion of which was possessed by the Jesuits. The advancing stream, however, gave plenty of time for the peasants to clear away the furniture from their houses, and even the doors and windows were taken away from most of them before the fire came. Several persons, however, have lost their lives in venturing too near the scene of the conflagration.

In the view given here, the mountain is represented throwing up an enormous column of smoke, just before the eruption, which was supposed to be nearly three miles above the summit of the mountain; below is the city of Naples, with part of its beautiful bay. The sunset effect on the grand column of smoke, as seen from any point of the bay, is magnificent. I may have more to say on this subject another time.







FOREST RAMBLE IN JUNE.



## A Forest Ramble in the Month of June.

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**N**ATURE never did betray  
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings."



**T**HE true antidote to the "half-faced fellowship" of the world is a sweet kiss from the fragrant lips of nature in her morning beauty. There is the high joy of her sparkling eyes, that seem to weep with laughter, as she scatters dew-drops about in the glad sunlight ; it is good to disport oneself, to shake the

“clogging mortality” from the spirit’s finer wing, and breathe the air of gratitude and love.

The days are now at the longest. The early morning air is more free from mist and vapour than at any other period of the year. Old Phœbus leaps up from his bed full of vigour, rosy and hearty as a Norfolk farmer, and lords it over the clouds like a true son of Apollo.

The clock had just struck four when the god of day threw his red ray into the little front bedroom of the “Greenman,” at Leytonstone, where we had partaken of the “honey-dew of slumber” during the night; and, before the city smoke was awake, we had risen up and dressed; and, looking forth from the casement in the cool morning air, upon the verge of the forest, with its masses of “yellow blossom” furze, it appeared like a sea of molten gold, flaming out against the pure blue of the horizon. The heart seemed to beat against the casement like a bird against the bars of its cage, and the whole body felt as if it could fly, without the mechanical help of wings, to that wide expanse of heath.

“O! ’twas an unimaginable sight,  
Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul.”

We issued forth from the “Greenman,” by previous arrangements with old Boniface; and felt green as Adam himself in the garden of Eden, that is to say, verdant in heart, in mind, in thought, in feeling. The carking cares of the world seemed for a “brief space” left all behind me, and the harebell, wagging its infant head, seemed to nod a welcome to me; and I felt that, for once again, I wore the heartsease in my bosom.

A long day in the forest, a lovely ramble by "myself alone," was what I had promised myself; and all around me seemed conspiring to favour me with a capacious meal of enjoyment in a walk to High Beach; or rather Beech, for it is as yet uncertain whether the name of this part of the forest is derived from its high shingles, or some lofty beech tree which once crowned this elevated ground. But leaving this to the geologist or botanist to determine, we will proceed with our ramble to High Beach before breakfast.

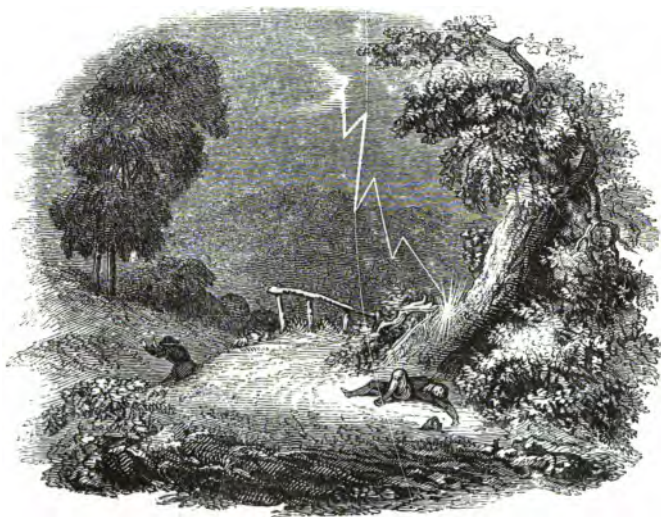
The great charm in pedestrianism, as compared with any other mode of travelling, is the perfect independence of it. You may go where you please, stop where you please, go forward or sideways, "poke your nose into nooks," wade in the pool, or by the osiers of a rivulet,—

"Fall ankle-deep in lilies of the vale;  
Wind through palmy fern and rushes fenny;  
Stop and eat blackberries, or gather nuts;  
Make ducks and drakes upon the placid lake  
With oyster shells or half-pence, and when  
The roads are dusty, you may seek the lanes;  
When heaths are sunny, dive among the groves;  
When meadows are too soft and moist, walk up the hills."

In short, the man who walks is a free man, and can come when he likes, and go as he likes, and he need fear nothing but the storm and the rain, and, even when they assail him, he must be an unlucky man if he cannot find an inn, a barn, a tree, or a cave for shelter.

Epping forest is not what it once was, but it still possesses a vast deal of sylvan beauty. It is not as yet cut up by railway entrenchments, and the smoke of the belching funnel can scarcely be descried

from any part of it, nor its ominous screechings heard. Many of its larger trees have been cut down; and it requires some little local knowledge to point out those spots in which the lover of forest scenery should linger; but there are many of them; and in some the wanderer might imagine himself hundreds of miles away from the marts of civilisation. The spots where the ancient giants of the forest once stood have a peculiarity about them; some that have never known the woodman's stroke, being felled only by the hand of



time or the lightning, stand in solitude and silence, in different stages of decay. Many of the scathed and knotted stumps of others bear a

thin head of wreathed and dwarfish boughs ; in some places, trunks of immense oaks lie like mighty skeletons of the woody waste, covered with moss or lichens ; and their " touch-wood " trunks are in the dry summer season set on fire by the lightning, and thus ends at last the giant tree.

I could not help referring to the passage in Ossian, as I passed one of these prostrate lords of the forest. It is Malvina's lamentation for



Oscar. " I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all thy branches round me ; but thy death came like a blast from the desert,



and laid my green head low ; the spring returned with its flowers, but no green leaf of mine arose." And again, when old, blind and destitute of friends, he compares himself to a tree decayed. " But Ossian is a tree that is wasted ; its branches are blasted and bare ; no green leaf covers its boughs ; from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring ; the breeze whistles in its grey moss, the blast shakes its head of age." Yet, in the words of old Ben Jonson,—

"It is not growing like a tree  
In bulke, doth make man better be ;  
Or standing long as oake, three hundred yeare,  
To fall a logge at last, dry, bald, and seare.  
A lillie of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night ;  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be."

My course was to skirt the little village of Woodford by paths in the forest dingles. And, above all the hedge-flowers with which our English scenery is so profusely adorned, the English rose, the true English rose, the wild-briar rose, the eglantine, the rose of our national heraldry, that, with the shamrock and thistle, stands on our coin, is to me the most beautiful. There is nothing to equal the delicate pink blush of its petals. Were it not something like pedantry to read poetry in the presence of the "sweet-scented eglantine," the "rain-scented eglantine," the "dainty eglantine," the old poets, from Gower to Shakspeare, might bear witness to my love. But the wild rose is the queen of forest-flowers, and that is enough.

"Every man his own poet," I sometimes say ; and poets may exist, and do exist, in infinite variety, among men who never suspect it of themselves. Poetry is in its essence the reflection of never-dying truth, a faithful representation of the thing represented ; and its echo is to be found in almost every mind not debased by the wickedness of this world. And nature never fails to excite that faculty in man, when the heart is untainted by vicious pleasures. The ivy supporting the aged tree, the primrose in its lowly bank, the violet giving forth its scent unseen, the convolvulus gadding abroad on the sunny bank, the quiet wood anemone, the little scarlet pimpernel, and "every little flower that blows," and "everything that lives and moves," have a power to excite the mind and to exalt it. They breathe forth "holy teachings" to the contemplative, holy consolation to the afflicted, and will sometimes even arrest the gay and thoughtless, and touch a secret chord of the heart which had long forgotten to vibrate.

But we are at the "Bald-Faced Stag," a place immortal in cockney story. Who has not heard of, who has not been one of, the Epping hunt? From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. It is impossible to pass by without one thought of that "day of days" to a London equestrian. Like the Richmond steamboats, it is the opening of the year to the Londoners. It is now some years since Peter Parley "sported a horse" in this locality, but once he did, for the fun of the thing, and brought himself into contact with a scene that baffles description. Here was the grand mustering of the "trained bands" of the city, with not a few "city apprentices," and shoals of horsemen of every shape, size, degree, and particular, on every variety of animal, from the little "dog-pony," such as we see at Astley's, up to the

dray-horse of Barclay's brewery. Skeleton Rosinantes, thick chubby cobs, broken-kneed cab-horses, bow-legged "phaeton shovers," coal carters, great nine-hand sky-scrapers, blowing-tailed chargers, and rat-tailed "good-uns;" and these come to the "Bald-Faced Stag" by twos, threes, fours, fives, sixes and sevens; now in running detail, now in clusters; and their riders—a motley set, emulous of white ducks, or of kersey smalls, with white top-boots and spurs—yes, spurs—with every description of hat and cap; coats, from the Doudney to the Moses—particular short coats, frock coats, great coats, and no coats. Then for vehicle accompaniment. There came the cab and the dray, the "one-horse shay," the Tilbury, the Dennet, the drag, the four-in-hand stage, the 'bus; yes, there they were, from Padding-



ton to the Bank, from Islington to the "Elephant and Castle," from "Madame Tussaud's" to Kennington-gate, full of pedestrians; while

donkey-carts, and "sweep-machines," costardmonger's drays, bearing from four to six on the "slanting horizontal," enlivened the scene, and made the merry seem the more merry; all was hilarity, life, joy, determination, vigour. Ham and beef, beer, polonies, and the "Bald-



Faced Stag" himself seemed to enjoy the day's delight—a day never to be forgotten.

And now we are at Fairmead Bottom, the identical spot where the

stag used to be turned out, a fair descent of a quarter of a mile from the brow of the hill, where you may see the country for many miles, and this was alive with human beings; crowds were moving on foot in every direction, and every tree was full of legs and arms, and the stunted pollards were breaking down with the weight of the holiday fruit. But where is the stag? it is now half-past two. He is gone his round, to be shown at the various inns in the neighbourhood at two-pence a-piece to those Londoners who never saw a "stag alive" before, and who have no idea of such a being, except from the two stags erected in honour of Mr. Hudson, at Albert-gate. He is now sojourning at the "Coach and Horses," Woodford Wells; now he has moved from the "Eagle," at Snaresbrook. But hark, hurrah!



hurrah! here comes the cart; a band of music before, a trail of boys behind; a huntsman in a real jockey-cap, large-thonged whip, and

large-pocketed velveteen, and a belt across his breast; he is a huntsman equal to old Herne himself, hurrah!

Hundreds of the crowd rush to meet him. They cluster round the cart; enclosed on all sides—it stops—boys try to peep through the crevices—they hear the beast rustle in the straw—he is there—joy, joy—he sniffs under the door of the cart—he is game—now the whippers-in clear the way by “whipping out.” The cart is turned round, with its tail very properly behind. The cavalcade of horsemen, pony-men, and donkey-men draw up in long lines, and out steps the stag.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! a shout long and loud as that which Rome heard when freedom shook the welkin. There he is, with a chaplet of flowers round his neck, bows of blue and red ribbands appended to his horns. He stands for a moment, as if in doubt whether he should stand at bay or run the gauntlet—he sees the hills afar off—he sniffs up the air in the direction of the water—his instinct guides him—and, seeing nothing in the shape of a bar, he determines on a bolt.

He trots carelessly down the avenue formed for him, but with graceful steps; two or three unruly curs yelp at him, and try to bite his heels; the fierce execrations of the sporting part of the community startle him, and off he bounds—not along the line, but over a ginger-beer, ham-and-beef and soda-water establishment on one side, knocking down and trampling upon men, women, and children. He is gone—no one knows exactly where—many never saw him at all—he is lost among the trees—which way, which way—horses' heads are at “every angle turned,” and everybody is running hither and thither; the trees cast their fruit, when presently a yell is heard

from the pack of hounds below—the dogs have caught the scent—and far away are seen, bobbing up and down among the trees, a mile off, red coats and black coats, white ducks and horses galloping about without riders, and riders without hats—and the stag is seen no more. He is heard of, however, about an hour afterwards, as having been caught in a barn about three miles off, at Woodford.

From Fairmead Bottom the pedestrians should turn sharp westward, crossing the Epping road, and descending the hill on the other side; he will find himself lost among the pollard oaks, thick grass, rushy knolls, mole hills, and creeping woodbines, till he comes to a little rivulet, ambling over its smooth bright pebbles at a quiet pace, whimpering as it goes, yet at every little sedgy nook dimpled into smiles, and sparkling with joy as it bursts from them into the sunlight. The wanderer is far away in this quiet valley from the uproar of the world, and nothing is likely to disturb him except the “take-too-taffy” of the turtle dove, or the “woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.”

“Here thwarted oaks o’er their own age brood,  
And fir-like fern its under forest keeps;  
In a strange stilness, trees so tall and fair,  
That have no visitors but the birds and air;  
And here those leaves a gentle whispering keep,  
Light as young joy, and beautiful as sleep.”

The valley winds gently, till it suddenly opens to the west, and on rising ground a quarter of a mile distant, completely hidden by lofty ashes, sycamores, and oaks, at a place called the Warren, is the remains of an ancient hunting lodge of the by-gone kings of Eng-

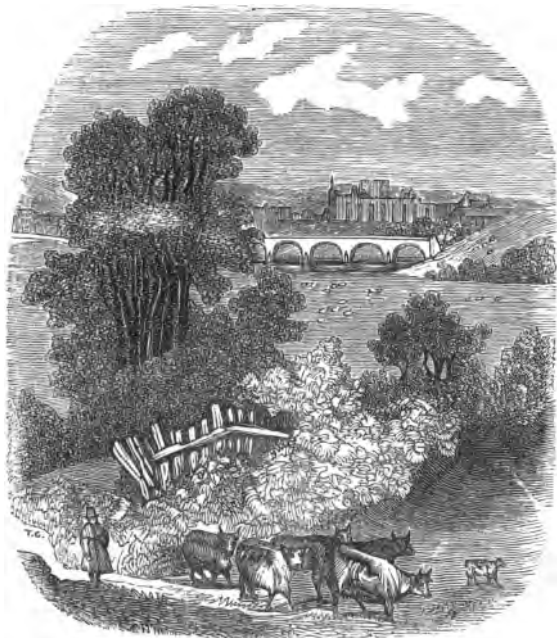
land, and from which it is reported Henry III. confirmed to the citizens of London "free warren," and where, in "other days," the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of the right of chase in solemn guise. The portion of the house still remaining seems not to be of much earlier date than James I. There is a remnant of the once fine old porch. The door of massive oak, studded with enormous octagon-headed nails. Enter, and you are introduced to a spacious and lofty kitchen, which, with its wide and open chimney, supplies you with one of those comfortable, snug and warm chimney corners, the glory of our ancestors, and which are sights for uniting true December to May. Here, too, is many a smoke-stained rafter and dim recess for smoked flitches. An old carved-oak screen with a settle adds to the antique charms of the place, and the oak floor is in a most picturesque state of dis-repair, and as uneven as the mole-hill valley without. Here is, too, the remains of a grand staircase, part of an oriel widow, and a ghost room, closely fastened, in which it is said Anna Boleyn walks frequently, with her head in her hand.

The whole surrounding district is all rabbit warren; and here may be seen feeding, morning and evening, rabbits in thousands; and if the visitor approaches gently he will see them feeding, while the least noise sends them scampering to the holes, which are thick as holes in a cullender. And here, annually, great slaughter is made by London sportsmen, who have leave to shoot as many rabbits as they please at a shilling a head, and who watch for their "coming out" behind the trees with patience truly laudable.

Passing on through a bye-lane, we now come to Chingford Green; an irregular "oblong-square round," as the geometers have it; con-



taining a blacksmith's shop, a chandler's store, half a one-sided street, two donkey establishments, a goose and gander pond, and a cage for "naughty dicky birds," and, perhaps there is no place



within twelve miles of London so utterly unhumanised as this spot. The children run about wild as colts, with their whited-brown hair absolutely burnt by the sun, like grass upon parched commons,

and all look pictures of poverty and wretchedness, strangely contrasting with the natural beauties of the district. A little northward of



the green the wanderer will do well to cross two fields, and ascend a

small conical hill, from which a most extensive and beautiful view may be obtained ; to the east he will survey the extensive forest in all its glory, and to the west the serpentine meanderings of the river Lea and the vale of Edmonton. Behind him, winding round the craggy sides of the hills, is a wood, abounding in every description of woodland charms,—

“ Where upon his dulcet pipe the marle doth play,  
And sing a merry song to jocund May ;  
And in the lower brake the nut-hatch chirps,  
And throstle, with shrill snaps, incessant quirps.”

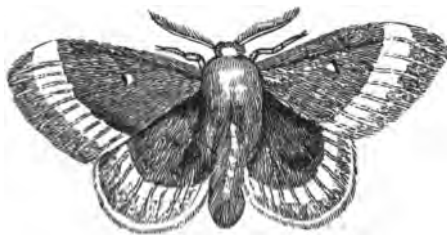
A very short walk now brings us to one of those lovely characteristics of English scenery—the village church ; and Chingford church is next to that of Erith, on our river, the most picturesque of any we know of. It stands on the knoll of a hill, overlooking the vale of Edmonton, which lies under it like a map, with the river Lea and the canal like a couple of silver snakes lying on the grass. The churchyard is entered under the thickly spreading boughs of some beautiful trees, and the road descends through an avenue of them. The church itself is small, but highly picturesque ; its eastern end supported by uncouth buttresses, and covered by ivy, while its tower, bowed by age, and crumbling piece-meal, seems the very personification of the mutability of all human things. The porch is also tottering, and the old seats within it worm-eaten and decayed. Within, the escutcheons are dropping from the walls, the altar rails and the pulpit, the pews and the font all speak of age—but yet possess a charm dear to the contemplative.

Moralising in a churchyard is a trite thing, but yet one can scarcely

refrain from a few sober thoughts in such a scene of quietude. Here drop the links successively of the great chain of human existence. To-day, hope, love, joy, pain, passion, sorrow; to-morrow, dust; our life seems compared with the eternity behind and the eternity before us, mere scintillations of dubious light—an electric spark. Yet these are things to be cherished purely for their own sake, as the only indications we have, independent of revelation, of a “good time coming.”

“The crown of these  
Is made of truth and friendship, and sits high  
Upon the forehead of humanity.

From these there ever issues forth a pure  
And steady splendour; but at the tip top  
There hangs, by unseen film, an orb'd drop  
Of light, and that is *love*.”



## MARTIN OF MARTINDALE.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD OF 1745.

## PART III.



OE! oh woe! to that dark day,  
 When on Culloden's plain  
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland  
 Stood victor o'er the slain.

There, like a half-gorged tiger, he  
 Sent cruel mandate forth,  
 To waste with fire, and sword, and death,  
 The children of the north.

Prince Jamie flew away, away,  
 Among the mountain far,  
 Guided through danger and through death  
 By some protecting star.

And Martin flew, all hack'd and hew'd,  
 Yet knew not where to roam;  
 But, guided by his faithful steed,  
 He sought his ancient home.

The hue and cry on every side  
For rebel heads was raised ;  
And many an ancient hall lay low,  
And many a cottage blazed.

The troopers scour'd the country round,  
Hot from the savage fight,  
Fixing on village and on town  
A bloody curse and blight.

And many a widow rung her hands,  
And many an orphan cried,  
And many a maniac was seen  
Upon the mountain side.

Threshold, and hearth, and couch were smear'd  
With patriotic blood ;  
And fire, and sword, and death pursued  
The noble and the good.

Yea, infant children writhed upon  
The fierce and cruel spears  
Of iron-hearted soldier bands,  
And bloody cavaliers.

Perish thy name, O Cumberland,  
Throughout the royal line ;  
The land that bears it hath a stain,  
A bloody stain, from thine.

Sir Martin still flew homeward, and  
He swam his faithful steed,  
All gallantly, amid a storm,  
Across the border Tweed.

Alas! alas! for many a day,  
For many a day and night,  
Without a single friendly heart  
To cheer him in his fight.

The enemy was at his heels;  
Black horsemen, strong and bold;  
For on the old man's hoary head  
A price was set in gold.

But fleetest than the fleetest barb  
The old horse sped along;  
And snorted through each mountain pass,  
With fetlock sure and strong.

And now the gorse of Martindale,  
With open arms, drew nigh;  
And clasp'd him with a mother's clasp,  
As homewards he did fly.

The ancient homestead opened wide  
Its portals, grey and tall;  
And the old hounds in glee bark'd out  
A welcome from the hall.

The tenants of the wild demesne  
Now round their chieftain throng ;  
And many a long and loud hurrah  
Was heard the hills among.

"Shout not, but wail," sir Martin said ;  
"Prince Jamie now is down,  
And roams an outcast fugitive,  
With kingdom lost, and crown.

"And many of your kinsman, who  
Went forth from Martindale,  
Will never more return to tell  
The battle's dismal tale."

Now, while he spoke, a thrilling blast  
Of bugle pierced the air ;  
And 'mid the heather of the rocks  
The "red coat" troops appear.

Another blast ; on, on they come,  
And soon the house surround ;  
And Martin, now a traitor call'd,  
Is seized, and quickly bound.

"Now bind him well, and guard him strong,"  
The trooper chief did say,  
"For martins, they are nimble birds,  
And prone to fly away."



They bound him on his wearied steed,  
They bound him fast and strong ;  
And, in the middle of the troop,  
They carried him along.

But, ere they pass'd a second mile,  
Sir Martin press'd his knee  
Against the sides of his grey mare,  
Who bore him fleet and free.

Deep into dells of matted gorse,  
That baffled human eyes,  
His red pursuers were at fault,  
And lost their nimble prize.

They sought him round, on every side,  
Through cleft and cranny dark,  
And eyes like hungry swords, pierced through,  
'Mid rocks grotesque and stark.

Then turn'd they back to Martindale.  
And now Sir Martin threw  
Himself from his poor weary steed,  
And gnaw'd his bands in two.

A free man once again, he knelt  
To Him whose providence  
Had guided him through flood and field,  
And brought him safely thence.

The old mare snorted as he rose,  
Though trembling every limb ;  
And toss'd her long tail in the air,  
Rejoicing still with him.

The red coats heard his voice afar  
Upon the mountain side ;  
And turn'd their back upon "Knab-scar,"  
That looks so far and wide.

Below them now the old mare flew,  
With nimble leap and bound,  
While swords flash'd out, and carbines blazed,  
And bullets whistled round.

Sir Martin sped, as he had took  
The pinions of the wind ;  
And the hot, panting soldier troop  
Were soon left far behind.

Away, away, through bush and brake,  
And tangled maze, and wild,  
That were to Martin faithful friends,  
And round him fondly smiled.

Through Langdale, where the fork'd pikes  
The thunderclouds pierce through,  
He took his meteor course, and soon  
Was lost to human view.

Forwards towards Scafell he rode,  
All jaded, bruised, and sore,  
Till, faint and weak, at night he reach'd  
The gorse of Mickledore.

And there, amid the fang'd rocks,  
And giant mountain bones,  
His old and faithful steed fell down  
Among the heartless stones.

The night came on, all grim and dark,  
The thunder roar'd on high,  
The lightning, like roused serpents, hiss'd,  
And skriggled through the sky.

Yet Martin lay him down to sleep,  
Beside his old grey mare,  
Nor thunder-bolt, nor lightning flash  
Could hurt his spirit there.

For, as he lay in silent prayer  
Upon the mountain sod,  
He felt as one that rested well  
Upon the arm of God.





OR,

## FOREST DESERTS OF THE AMAZONS.

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THE largest forest desert I know of is that watered by the gigantic river the Amazons, in South America. It extends from the mouth of that river, westward, to the base of the immense rocky masses of the Andes, for at least fifteen hundred miles. At the point where the Amazons is joined by the Maderia, the plain is at least 800 miles wide. Its whole surface comprehends upwards of a million of square miles.

In the regions of this river and its tributaries, an immense network of forest, of almost impenetrable complexity, presents itself; and the whole of the region is covered with a thick foliage and

immense grasses, rising above the height of a man. Large trees, of various sizes, heights, and species, are found. The spaces between them are filled up with grass, trees, and bushes, of different kinds and sizes, standing close together; and the whole is united into



one mass by numerous climbing plants and creepers, which, as it were, constitutes the web of the tissue.

Thus, in these regions, a woody fabric is raised almost as im-

penetrable as a wall of stone, and more difficult to be removed. Near the ground only, is found here and there a small and low opening, by which the jaggur and other wild beasts find access to the beds of the rivers. These woods can only be entered when they are traversed by water-courses deep enough to be navigated by canoes; but such attempts are usually very laborious; for the branches of the trees overhead the channels from each bank, and, as they are also entwined by creeping plants and climbers, the progress of the canoe can only be effected by cutting the branches. At some distance from the banks of the Amazons, are savannahs, or woodless grassy plains, of which I shall say something at some other time.

The extraordinary luxuriance of the thickly-wooded spots arises from excessive heat and excessive moisture acting upon a fertile soil; and so fertile is this soil, that, when once cleared, it produces in the richest abundance. When cultivated, it requires continual occupation to keep it clear, otherwise it will be soon covered with trees and bushes. Travellers who have visited the spots where Europeans had formed settlements, which, for some reason had been abandoned, have, in ten years, found them all overgrown; and, in twenty years, lofty trees had destroyed all the traces of the industry of man.

A space of an acre or two, cultivated with bananas or mandioca, yields produce sufficient to afford subsistence to the largest family; but there are only a few isolated and small tracks, which are besides favourably situated, that have been as yet brought under cultivation. The natives, here and there, cultivate some small spots in the most slovenly way. Near the settlements of the whites, the cultivated spots are more extensive, but still not on a large scale, and the number is small.

The produce of these immense woods are very valuable to man. They yield a great variety of fruits that are eatable, and, besides, yield most other objects required in their domestic economy. They afford, also, articles for exportation which are in general request; as vanilla, sarsaparilla, caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, Brazil-nuts, tamarinds, and the clove, cinnamon, besides different kinds of balsams and gums, and several species of wood used as dyes or for cabinet work. And there can be no doubt, that when these forests are better known, their vegetable riches will be found more numerous and abundant than those of any part of the globe.



Nor are they less thickly peopled with animals. Fish is plentiful in all the rivers, great and small, which absolutely swarm with them. The natives here, too, discovered different kinds of plants by which they are enabled to stupify or kill the fish in the water. Next to fish, the river-turtles are abundant, and supply the place of butchers' meat. The largest animal of the rivers is the manteca, or sea-cow, which is eagerly sought after by the natives, and the alligator, which

is a formidable enemy. Among the land animals, there are no ruminants ; such as the deer, goat, ox, &c., but the jaggur is here of an enormous size, and approaches in ferocity and strength to the tiger of Asia. It lives on fish and turtles, and now and then gets a delicate tit-bit in the shape of a monkey, which are found in incredible numbers, and which the natives also eat. Birds are also exceedingly numerous, and some of them have been partially reduced to a domestic state. Serpents, and even venomous ones, are frequent, but not half so much dreaded as the mosquitoes, which torment the inhabitants so as to render their lives miserable.

The population of these solitudes consists of a number of savage tribes, all of whom are composed of a comparative small number of families ; some only three or four. These tribes speak different languages, and have no intercourse with each other, so that they are not acquainted with the language of their neighbours. When the individuals of one tribe visit another, it is only for the purpose of making prisoners, whom they fatten, to be eaten at a national festival. They are without government, without any social ties, without religion ; they seem, indeed, little above the brute creation, if the accounts given of them by travellers be true.

These tribes are not entirely unacquainted with the cultivation of the soil, but it is limited to very small spots ; but the men make the women do all the work, and live in idleness at home, eating, drinking, and sleeping. Sometimes they go out hunting monkeys, or fishing in the rivers. Truly gentlemanly amusement ; they are, however, without steeple-chases, cock-fighting, and battles ; but they have an idea of the art of war, for when one of them makes an attack on a weaker tribe, he soon finds plenty to help him, for the



sake of the plunder. The men wear a strip of the inner bark of a tree covered round their loins, and another piece between their legs. The women go quite naked, but they paint their whole body; and this, it seems, they consider as a dress. Both sexes perforate the sides of their noses, and place in these holes short, thick sticks, by which the parts are so thrust out, that they can put them over their ears. This is considered a beauty. In their food, they are far from being delicate; but except some seed-cakes, made of Canada flour, and a few bananas, they do not taste vegetable food. When they have monkey, meal, or fish, they live on them; but as that sometimes is not at hand, on account of their want of providence and inclination to idleness, they eat alligators, serpents, toads, frogs, ants, grubs, and caterpillars. Their huts consist of a few pieces of wood stuck into the ground, covered on the sides and at the top with palm-leaves. They are rather spacious, and are commonly inhabited by several families. They have a few cooking utensils, made in the rudest manner. The rest of the furniture is limited to hammocks, made by the women, from the internal bark of the tirivi-tree.

These people are sunk in ignorance. They have no idea of God, but imagine that their fate is dependent on the caprice of a bad demon, whose favour cannot be acquired by any action, good or bad. They live only for the present moment, and do not trouble themselves with futurity; they have not the least conception of the immortality of the soul, or of future rewards and punishment. Life is considered as being of little value, and death as quite indifferent. Everything is terminated by death, except hatred and the desire of revenge. The children grow up, spoiled by the mother, who treats them as playthings, and neglected by the father, without affection

for the one, without respect for the other. As soon as a boy thinks himself able to get his subsistence, he emancipates himself from the authority of his parents. Every one is his own master, and does as he pleases ; and, as long as he does nothing to offend any one, he has nothing to fear.

These people have no chiefs, and do not obey any orders, except in war, when they subject themselves to the command of him who has projected the enterprise, or who has acquired a name by his valour. In these expeditions they show that there is not a germ of human feeling in their minds, and display the ferocity of beasts. They do not act as open enemies, but imitate all the habits of the jaggur. When, after a march of many days, they approach a settlement belonging to a tribe at enmity with them, they conceal themselves in the woods and bushes, and, when satisfied that they are not observed, they fall suddenly on the unsuspecting inhabitants, kill all who make the least resistance, take the others prisoners, and oblige them to carry to their own homes the provisions, arms, &c., which they find in the place. When they return to their own settlements, they abandon themselves to every excess in eating and drinking, and accompany their feasts with frantic noises and hideous dances and sports, and not unfrequently eat their prisoners. When a German naturalist visited them some years since, he questioned their chief respecting this fact ; he did not deny it, but defended the practice by saying, " You whites do not eat monkeys and alligators, though their flesh is well tasted ; but if you could not get hogs and sheep, you would be glad to eat anything. When I have killed an enemy, I think it much better to eat him directly, than to bury him. There is no misfortune in being eaten ; the only misfortune is to die. If you had ever tasted of a fat prisoner, you would never

desire better food. And, as to any dislike to our friends, as well as our enemies, we have none; and there is a chief living on the banks of the Rio Negro who used to eat his own wives."

Three centuries have elapsed since the Amazons was first navigated by Europeans, and during these last two the Portuguese have frequently ascended and settled there; but the number of settlements is at the present moment very few, and the population scanty, commonly consisting of a few families, in which the number of negroes and other slaves is much greater than that of the whites. Every part of the Brazilian empire has increased in population, industry, and the arts of civilised life during these last forty years; but the plain of the Amazons has remained the same; my young readers may perhaps wish to know why this is—I will tell them.

If you look, my young friends, at the histories of nations, you will find that, in most countries, the industry of man has subjected the productive powers of nature to his sway, and to direct its operations to his use and benefit. In all cold countries and in many hot ones, the spirit of industry has done wonders. In some countries, even situated far as the polar snows, progress is made, and, although slow, it is certain; but in such lands, where nature does little, man does more, and turns that little to account. But in these woody plains, the powers of nature are too great and too active to be subdued. Nature does too much; the soil is too fertile, the produce too luxuriant, vegetation too vigorous. All the efforts of industry are overwhelmed by the bounties of nature, and the colonist is compelled to abandon his plans, and to leave to nature that portion of the globe which she seems to have reserved for her own exclusive unfettered operations, and, perhaps, the plains of the Amazons is destined for many ages to remain, what it is now, a *wilderness*.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text suggests that organizations should implement robust systems to track every detail, from small expenses to major investments.

2. The second section addresses the challenges of data management in a rapidly changing environment. It notes that as the volume of data increases, the complexity of managing it also grows. The author argues that organizations must invest in advanced technologies and skilled personnel to effectively handle this information. This includes not only storage but also the ability to analyze and interpret the data for strategic decision-making.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the role of leadership in fostering a culture of innovation and risk-taking. It states that leaders must encourage their teams to think creatively and explore new possibilities, even if it means taking calculated risks. The text provides several examples of successful companies that have thrived by embracing a growth mindset and supporting their employees' ideas.

4. The final section discusses the importance of continuous learning and development for all employees. It suggests that organizations should provide regular training and professional development opportunities to ensure that their workforce remains up-to-date with the latest industry trends and technologies. This not only helps in retaining top talent but also in building a more resilient and adaptable organization.

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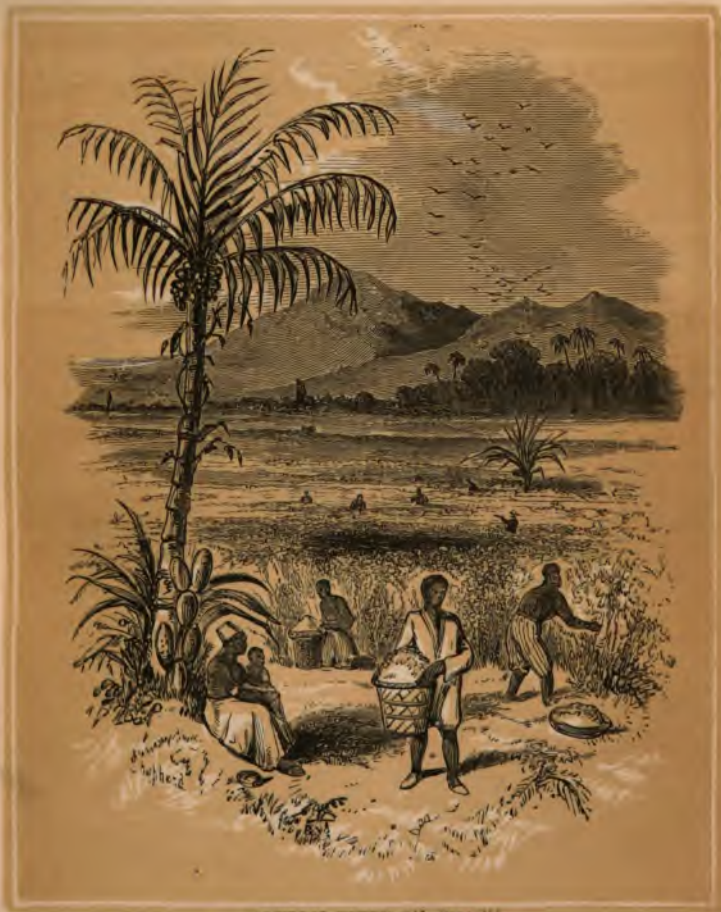
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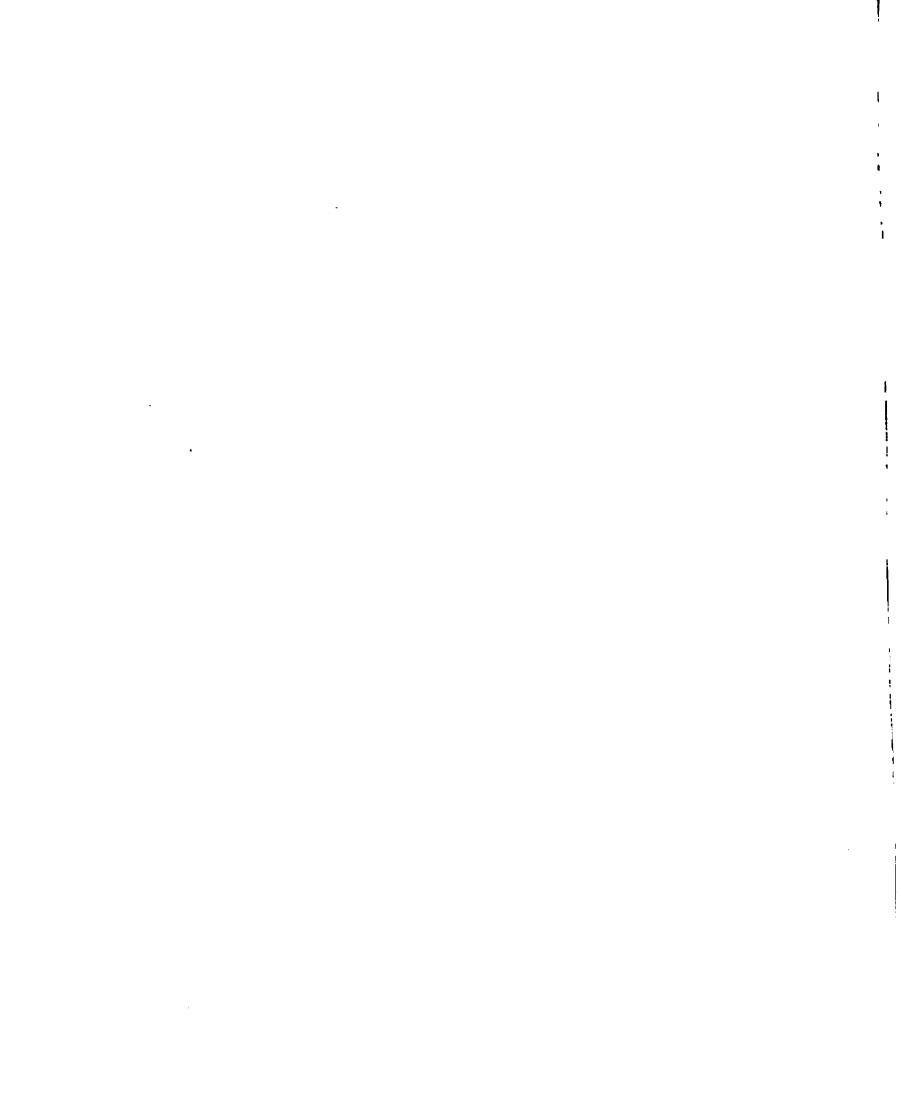
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COTTON FIELD IN BRAZIL.





## Shang-Wang-Kang ;

OR,

### THE NOBLEST ACTION.

A CHINESE TALE OF THE HI-HO DYNASTY.

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**T**HE grand day of judgment at last arrived. It was ushered in by the "beating of gongs,"—a music well calculated to make a great noise in the world, but by no means so ear-splitting as concerts *à la Jullien*. This was followed by the offering of sacrifice, and, in accordance with the sacred rites of the He-Haw family, the immolation of a Neddy-bray was made the most important feature of the ceremony; and it was truly imposing and sublime to see an ass—the despised of animals, the belaboured



and the thistle-fed,—ornamented with chains of roses, with gilded hoofs, a shaved tail, and painted ears, walking amid the conclave of princes and potentates, bonzes, mandarins and eunuchs, to be knocked on the head ; for the Chinese, who do everything by



symbols, taught a great moral lesson by this exhibition, namely, that empty honours and the paraphernalia of etiquette are the best preludes to a loss of brains. After the sacrifice of his asinine majesty, the whole of the august assemblage returned to the palace ;

and, having partaken of a feast of an hour's duration, in which the wisdom of the emperor was duly lauded in deep potations of "Irish claret," the emperor, rising, took his seat on the imperial throne in the hall of virtue and justice, especially prepared for the occasion,



while, on either side, around him, behind him, and everywhere but before him, thronged the great captains, princes, nobles, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and legal functionaries, together with all the "fashionables" of the city, and a vast host of the meaner sort of people, who obtained "filthy lucre" from "dirty merchandise."

Having taken his seat on the throne, above which the great dragon of China grinned in hideous ferocity, the emperor, with the golden bracelet on his arm, the golden crown on his head, and bear-



ing in his right hand the “rod” of power and in his left the “scales of equity,” ordered the “crier” to give notice that He-Haw, brother of the sun, husband of the moon, first cousin to all the stars, and

intimately related to the comets, had taken his station on the throne of justice, and was ready to hear the claims of the several candidates for the honours, rewards, and emoluments to be bestowed upon him who could prove to the satisfaction of the emperor the fact of having performed the

## MOST NOBLE ACTION.

The crier then rang his bell (the golden gong) three several times, and as many times cried with a loud voice for the moral knight to



enter the tilt-yard of "act-of-parliament ethics," and to show their prowess in the tournament of truth.

The first candidate that presented himself was an old man of nearly fourscore years; his head was white as the snows of the Himalaya mountains. He groaned not more under the weight of

years than under the weight of honours which dangled at every button-hole. This ancient candidate was the renowned field-marshal, general, most noble, most powerful, most admirable Prince Stormandtakebatterdownkill'emall, knight of the most glorious order of the "Hat-band," duke of "Fiddlestick," marquis of "Fudge,"



earl of "Fal lal," knight "cross-stick" of the honourable order of the "Fungus," hereditary grand-master of the "Knights of the Thimble," warden of the "Sink-holes," and high commissioner of the IOUnian Islands.

The noble candidate made his claim in the following terms:—  
“Emperor of the universe, king of kings, glory of the glorious, eye of the day, and *nunquam dormio* of the night, there is nothing so great as military glory, there is nothing so glorious as military discipline. The noblest action in the world is obedience, the noblest deed is to “obey orders.” For sixty years I fought the battles of my country, and my great glory was to “observe instructions.” When I was written to by the minister to destroy a city, my orders of the day began. The city of London will be destroyed at eight o'clock to-morrow night, and it was destroyed. There is nothing so great, nothing so noble on record as the blowing up of the fort of Slaggerblagger, in ‘obedience to orders.’ The emperor wrote word that the fort of Slaggerblagger must be blown up, and it was blown up immediately. Certainly, after I was in possession of it, it seemed odd to me to blow it up, but orders were peremptory. I sacrificed my legions, and up they went, myself at the head of them.”

The emperor rose to explain. His serenity seemed rather in a passion. He said, “Sir Knight, that was an untoward event. The instructions were sent to blow up the fort of Slaggerblagger while it was being besieged, but you blew it up with your own garrison after you had obtained possession by capitulation.”

“It was in ‘obedience to orders,’” replied the general. “The highest virtue of a soldier is obedience. The soldier should know nothing but to ‘obey orders.’”

The emperor had been deeply mortified at the military blunder of his general, and was now determined to revenge himself in a legitimate manner. He therefore extended his sceptre horizontally towards him, and with a voice of great dignity exclaimed, “knight of

the most glorious order of the 'Hat-band,' it is the command of the empire that you take 'close order,' 'double quick time,' and 'march' to the bottom of the river Chi-Ki, and there await further 'orders.'"

The general immediately, and without reply, put his hands close to his side, squared his toes, wheeled round into position, and with a "quick-march" movement walked straightway into the river, running beneath the palace-windows, till he sunk to rise no more, while the wisdom of the emperor was loudly applauded.

The next candidate was an odd-looking little cripple, with a vinegar-cruet kind of aspect. He hustled up in a great hurry, and ascended the tribune to make his "case" in a voluble speech. "Obedience," said he, "is the greatest virtue in China. The noble Storm-and-take-batter-down-kill'em-all is right in his estimation of the noblest action, but in his 'case' he did not sacrifice himself in obedience to orders—I did—I am a printer—a compositor; the orders of the trade are peremptory, '*follow your copy*.' The copy blew out of the window; with a noble sacrifice of myself, I leaped after it, fell from a height of four stories upon a heap of paving stones, fractured my skull, broke my back, dislocated the hip-joint, wrenched my ankle; here I am, a cripple for life, a martyr to *duty*. Great sun of honour, think me worthy of thy favour," and here he bowed himself till his forehead touched the ground, his face at the same time making the most horrid grimaces, in consequence of the pain he suffered.

"This is a great deed, a 'most noble action,'" said the emperor, "but whether *the* most noble action, remains to be proved. Who is the next candidate?"

Whereupon immediately rose, from an obscure corner of the court,

a tall thin man, clothed in white, having on his head a white regal cap, and having in his hand a ladle, with a profusion of flour on his face, and a most unctuous beard. "I am," said he, "the 'grand cook' of the Imperial Club. I make ragouts, but am never 'in a stew;' I roast everything, from a 'blind puppy' to a 'wide-awake,' yet I am



never myself 'done brown;' I make upper crust and lower crust, but am myself never 'crusty;' I make pies without piety, tarts without being a Tartar; do puffs without puffing; make custards, yet was never in custody; yes, most noble, most glorious, most transcendent emperor, I have cooked for fifty long years for the Imperial Club; I have



cooked every known species of animal or vegetable production, cooked from morning till night; the affairs of the club were all in my hands, and the great glory of my career is that I never *cooked the accounts*."

"Thine is more of a negative than a positive virtue," replied the



emperor, with well sustained dignity. "The rewards and honours to be bestowed are due to those who have performed some great and glorious deed, which ought to stand, like the sun in the firmament, alone, clear, bright, and unapproachable. I own that, to a 'gent'

engaged in cooking, a great temptation occurs to cook the accounts of an establishment such as the Imperial Club. I grant thy virtues to be great, but not so great as they would have been hadst thou been a railway director; thy greatness is a negation."

Several of the candidates from various parts of the capacious court now held up their heads to catch the emperor's eye, with all the feverish impatience of a batch of the pauper-school boys, under the "constructive system." Each had a deed of noble virtue to recount, or some transcendent action to enumerate, some great moral achievement to advance. A lawyer stood forth, with a long tale of honest advice, given to a rich client, which saved him from going to law. A king put in his claim, on the score of having given up his prerogative for the sake of his people. A sinecunist, on the ground of giving up place and pension for the public good. A cabman, who voluntarily gave fourpence out of a shilling to an eightpenny fare, came forward with great confidence; and a Jew orange-merchant was equally clamorous for the prize, from having on one sublime occasion heroically put into the paper-bag the exact number of oranges bargained for. A horse-dealer, who had "returned the money" for an unsound horse; a soldier, who had "stood Sam" to a sailor; a schoolmaster, who had forgiven a pupil for "kicking his shins,"—put forward their pretensions with much force and dignity. There were also a great number of insolvents who had taken the "benefit of the act," yet paid their creditors afterwards in full. Bonzes, who had given their fees to the poor, and a tradesman, who had, as the very *acmé* of generosity, given the tax-gatherer a Christmas-box. All were loud in the prosecution of their claims, all equally confident in the result; the emperor was puzzled; he could scarcely believe that the empire could produce

so many instances of moral grandeur ; he heard their stories, sometimes in detail. At length, after weighing within his mind the very many instances his subjects afforded him of the prevalence of principle over interest, and congratulating himself thereon, as also his



people, he rose up for the purpose of pronouncing judgment, when, just as he commenced speaking, a little man at the further end of the court cried out with a loud voice, and nearly out of breath, for he had that moment entered the court, " Stop, stop, you hav'n't heard me."

“What hath such an insignificant individual to advance,” inquired the emperor.

“I borrowed an umbrella, *and I returned it.*”

The emperor for a moment seemed almost suffocated with the sub-



lime glory of this heroically moral deed. A burst of admiration arose from the thronged court, whose walls rang with plaudits, long and loud. After these had subsided, the emperor, irradiant with a new sense of transcendental morality, thus addressed the successful candidate:—“Great, and worthy to be praised, rewarded, and ennobled

individual. Thou, indeed, standest like the sun in the heavens, clear, pure, and unapproachable, while all these minor lights twinkle but as stars in the universe of things. Thou art the paramount, the highest, the noblest, the greatest and the first. As the great mountain of Ting-Shing is in the physical, as the steam-engine in the intellectual, so art thou in the moral universe. Worlds cannot present, time cannot advance a deed more purely disinterested than thine. Words cannot express the sense I feel of this heroic achievement, therefore shall expressive silence make thy praise; but come, receive the garland of laurel, the robe of honour, the high place of ear-whisperer to the empire, and from this time henceforth let the '*returning of umbrellas*' be the vital, and the beacon-light, the watchword, the rallying cry of China."

A celestial mandate was soon after issued, commanding a statue to be erected to Bone-Stick, the hero of a hundred wets; and a festival was appointed, which commenced on the fifteenth day of the month Jui-cy, corresponding with our St. Swithin's, during which time all dry jokes were forbidden, and mackintoshes and *gutter perchers* prohibited.





## Mumbo Jumbo.



UMBO JUMBO is the African god of the woods; and shows to what extent superstition and fear can paralyse the human mind. As little children are frightened by Bogie and the coal-cellar, so are grown-up men and women frightened by many a Mumbo Jumbo.

The blacks of Africa are, like all ignorant and benighted races, exceedingly superstitious; and many of them, although they have cast off the fetters of their heathenism, and, by means of pious missionaries, been brought to something like a belief in the gospel, yet cannot entirely give up Mumbo Jumbo; while vast numbers of negroes, particularly on the coast of Gambia, patronise Mumbo

Jumbo, and they find it to their exceeding use and convenience to patronise such a character.

It is a received opinion among these poor people that this extraordinary character is a being of great power and influence; that he has the thunder at his command, and the lightning at his finger ends; and that he also has a very considerable acquaintance with all the



other phenomena of nature, especially for evil. Besides this, he is supposed to exercise very great power in tribes and families. But he is not, as many such personages are, a mere imaginary being, never seen, and only heard of, for he very frequently appears *in propria persona*, and inflicts his judgments upon his victims without mercy.

I was once on the part of the African coast where Mumbo Jumbo is well appreciated, and being then a mad-cap midshipman in a king's ship, stationed off the coast, some of us "officers" volunteered to go to an African village, about eight miles from the sea-coast, where a festival was about to be given. So away we went, and hot enough it was. We passed for some miles over a burning plain, then into a thick wood, and just beyond that we found the African village, consisting of about sixty or seventy huts or houses, formed in a circle, with an open space in the centre, and congregated in this were four or five hundred persons, of both sexes, all blacks, dressed very fine, in their manner, with feathers, trinkets, and handkerchief finery, for some would not only have handkerchiefs red, white and blue tied upon their heads, but also over their shoulders behind, and on the breast before, like a herald's coat, without sleeves, while their legs and feet were ornamented with twisted yarn, bugles and feathers. The whole of those assembled stood in a circle, in the midst of which was a pole, with a huge bunch of feathers on it. The whole joined hands and began a dance round the pole; they then separated, and ran one within the other; then joined hands again, stooped down and rose up several times. Then one of the young girls went round with a handkerchief, tripping and flourishing in her hand; at last she struck one of the young blacks with it, and immediately gave chase. The girl ran through the crowd with a great variety of turning and dodging, and every one seemed delighted as to who should show the most agility, whether the runner or follower, when all at once a most hideous noise was heard from a small clump of trees within a stone's cast of the spot, a noise like the roaring of some wild bull; and in a few seconds came forth, with grotesque and rapid strides, a monster,



more than seven feet in height, of a most frightful aspect; he was dressed in a long loose coat, a huge cap, with enormous feathers,



which fell partly over his face, and his legs and feet were bare. He

leaped into the circle, and the whole of those present fell upon their knees, and most of them trembled. "Mumbo Jumbo!" ejaculated several, with looks of terror.

This figure was Mumbo Jumbo himself. He leaped into the circle, looked round him on every side, and, drawing forth a long sword, whirled it in the air, and made a most hideous scream. He then pulled off his straw cap, which much resembled a bee-hive in shape, and, shaking his head, went round to the company for their contributions, and every one seemed constrained to give; some threw into his hat their rings or bracelets, some their handkerchiefs, some small



shells-(cowries), which pass for money, and some articles of wearing apparel; but all gave something, except one fine-looking girl, who seemed paralysed at the sight of this monster. Mumbo Jumbo looked at her for a moment, and then, with a loud yell, rushed upon her, threw her down, and I really thought he was going to cut her head off, for he took his sword in his hand as if he intended it; but, instead of doing this, he placed the blade of the weapon between his teeth, and, binding the poor girl with a cord, threw her over his shoulders as he would a young sheep, and went off with her into the woods.

I and my companions were for going after the monster, and drew our swords for the purpose of doing so; but the blacks all pressed round us, and those that knew enough English to make us understand them, told us that if we were a thousand in number, Mumbo Jumbo would destroy us all, and that he had hundreds at his beck, who would fall upon us if we moved a foot after him. We thought, therefore, when we heard this, that discretion was the better part of valour, and remained where we were. The festival soon broke up, and we came away.

As we returned to the ship, two old blacks accompanied us, and from them we learned several particulars concerning Mumbo Jumbo. First we learned that nobody ever knew who he was, except those who had entered into his society or club. When any one enters it, he swears on the bones of old Jumbo, and, in the midst of some strange incantations, makes a vow never to divulge any secret of it to any person not a member. No women are admitted into the society, and thus the women are kept in the greatest fear and subjection, for upon every dispute between man and woman, Mumbo Jumbo is sent for, as he always takes the part of the man. When a young girl refuses to take a certain person for a husband her friends think she ought to have, Mumbo Jumbo is sent for, and soon makes her submit; and such was the case we had just seen. The young negress had refused to take an old rich chieftain for a husband, and Mumbo Jumbo had carried her off to his tribe.

No man is allowed to come armed before Mumbo Jumbo, and he is thus absolute ruler over the men. He has, too, always a strong party with him, beside which, every one he calls upon to help him is obliged to do so, under pain of death. It not unfrequently happens that

Mumbo Jumbo will stab a person who resists him, to the heart. On some occasions the chiefs themselves have been so served by Mumbo Jumbo.

Such is a brief account of this strange person, of whom there is one in every African village.





## The Hippopotamus.

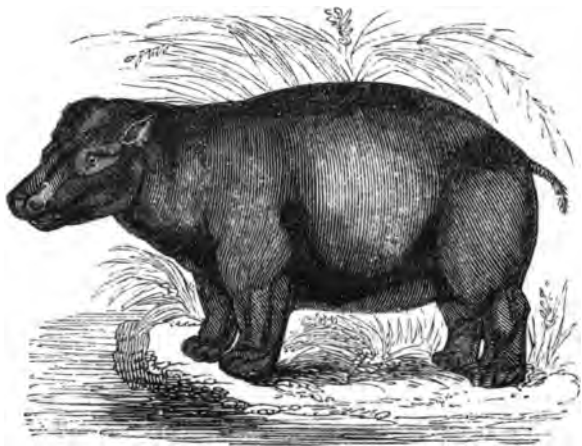
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**T**HERE he is!—all the way from the island of Obaysch, 1800 miles above Cairo—come to see old England, Peter Parley, and all his young friends! We first saw him yesterday; and we have an especial regard for him, as we can number him among our juveniles. We saw him for the first time when he arose out of the water, after he had been at the bottom of the tank for a considerable time; and here he beats any of the inmates of Sudbrook Park.

The introduction of this animal to our shores may be called an event in natural history, and, therefore, it is necessary to say not a mere “something” about him, but, rather, to give a more particular account of the animals of which he is so celebrated an individual; for an animal may justly be called celebrated when he enjoys public

notoriety with statesmen, legislators, poets and philosophers. It is difficult to tell which is the greater of the two, Albert Smith or "Master Podgy," as I shall call him.

The name Hippopotamus, or river-horse, has, from the earliest times, been given to this animal; a name by no means expressive of the peculiar nature of the animal. There is a remarkable genus of what are called *pachydermatous mammalia*, or thick-skinned, sucking



animals, of which there is one living species known inhabiting the larger rivers of Africa and their margins, and feeding on the coarse aquatic plants. The elephant and the rhinoceros, among this class, bring us to the margin of the water; the hippopotamus brings us actually into the water, in which he chiefly resides during the day,

often with nothing but his nostrils above the water ;—a state of being quite inviting in this hot weather, and as delicious as the depths of the Deben, under Sutton banks, at the stern of the Minerva.

But let us describe this hydropathist. His body is heavy and massive ; his legs very short, and his belly almost in contact with the ground ; the head very large, and not unlike Louis Napoleon, except in the want of mustachios ; the muzzle is large and thick, so as to cover the aperture of the mouth ; the tail is a mere pig-tail ; the eyes and ears small ; the coat without fur, and of that fashionable colour called an invisible smoke ; his mouth is not remarkable for its beauty ; its expression is a stupid one, but there is, notwithstanding, a sedate quietude, which may be considered indicative of wisdom.

Would you like to look within that mouth of mouths ;—six cheek teeth on each side of both jaws, the first three of which, towards the front, are conical, and the three behind are furnished with two rows of points, on the crowns, which will, when the animal is as old as Peter Parley, wear down into a sort of trefoil form ; there are four incisors in each jaw, the upper ones short and conical, bent inwards, towards the mouth ; the under ones, long, cylindrical, and pointing forwards ; canines in *both* jaws, the upper ones nearly straight, and the lower crooked, the two acting strongly against each other ;—in short, such a mouth for asparagus as I have never seen before.

The animal looks by no means as if made for the land ; he is, indeed, a very awkward walker, not only on account of the shortness of his legs, but because his body is not one of the “light weights,” being specifically heavier than that of other animals, by which he is enabled to take a quiet ramble at the bottom of a river ; he does not, however, take his food there, but rather on the edges, where the





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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



vegetation is rich and succulent; and here he luxuriates in roots and grasses, and enjoys himself quite as much as an alderman in Guildhall on feast days,—having no speeches to make, and no politics to think of, which is a great advantage to him. When he plunges into the water, a vast deal of froth is seen on the surface; just as it is in speech-making, when a speaker is said to dive into his subject.

It is probable that, in the days of Moses, these animals abounded in the Nile, throughout Egypt, for mention is made of them in the streams of the Delta, at a more recent period of history. Now, however, they are not found in Lower Egypt at all, nor in any part of the Nile below the Cataracts. Burkhardt says that they are very common in Dongola, where they are looked upon as a great plague, on account of their voracity. Such an animal must play Mag's diversion with a plantation of water-melons. Above the Cataracts of the Nile, where the country is broader and more fertile, these animals are more common. In Senaar they inhabit both branches of the river, and in their nightly excursions on shore they are very destructive to the crops, not only eating great quantities, but trampling down the rest with their large and not very elegant feet. The quantity they eat is enormous, much greater than that eaten by any other animal. The stomach of a full-grown one can contain at least five or six bushels; and would, no doubt, like that of the school-boy, which, when quite full, always find room for a pound or two of plum-cake.

When only the face of this animal is seen above the water, the straight outline of it, and its erect ears, give it some resemblance to the face of a horse. This may have been the reason why it first got the name of the river-horse, but a very small portion of the animal appearing, destroys all resemblance. The "sea-cow," as it is called

by the Dutch Boors of South Africa, is a still worse name. The name "sea-hog," which has also been proposed for it, is a misnomer, for it has none of the habits, and little of the appearance of the "filthy animal."

Wherever the hippopotamus is seen, attempts are made to kill it, if the people are in possession of arms made for the purpose. In the stuffed specimens of these full-grown beasts, in the British Museum, several holes, "to let daylight upon life" is seen,—the least a death to nature in other animals, but in this, perhaps, little more than "gentle suggestions" of the "good time coming." Folks are glad to get a hippopotamus, for the sake of its teeth and its skin, which makes a very durable leather; as to its teeth, many a fine old gentleman, and many a fine, middle-aged, or even young lady, too, go about with a fine row of teeth, for which they are indebted to the hippopotamus.

The hippopotamus may be considered as the lord of the quagmire, the marsh, and what the Americans call the "slosh gigantic." Neither lion nor any other wild beast makes free with it, and it may be said to wander an "unappropriated sweet" among the tall sedges and grenadier reeds of the marshes. The hippopotamus might venture into the House of Parliament, for his skin is so thick, that even Lord Brougham could make no impression on it. The crocodile of the Nile has no chance with it, it is too tough a bit for his capacious jaws; while the jaws of the hippopotamus, could it get a fair grab at the crocodile, would give it an ugly nip. Such fights are said to occur occasionally, but always to the advantage of our friend. As to carrying off a hippopotamus by any other animal, that must be a species of abduction exceedingly singular and uncommon.

So much for the present species of this singular animal; and now

for a few words upon the extinct species of the same brute. Though this singular genus of animals is reduced to one species, and that existing merely as a fragment in one part of the world, and obviously upon the decline, yet the remains which are met with in the earth show that it has once been a general and characteristic inhabitant of at least all the temperate parts of the eastern continent. In Europe there are the remains of not fewer than four distinct species, varying so much in size, that we may suppose them to have been adapted for rivers of all magnitudes, from the wide-sweeping flood to the small rivulet; and these are not confined to one locality, but are found in Italy, in Germany, in France, and in England.

The great fossil hippopotamus has been found in the clay deposits of the countries above mentioned. What the state of the earth was when it flourished, we may imagine, namely, a wide, watery waste, or extended surface, full of lakes and waters, where vegetation was rank and luxuriant, and where, perhaps, the waters were in no place of very great depth. The middle-sized hippopotamus seems to have been not much bigger than the common hog; and its remains have been found in France. The small fossil hippopotamus has been found in larger numbers than the above species, and has been dug up in the valley of the Garonne, and in the flats between the estuary of that river and the Pyrenees; in accumulations of bones at Gibraltar,—the whole rock there is, in fact, curious in that respect. It is less than the common hog, with crooked tusks. There is another species, called the smallest, the remains indicating an animal about the size of one of our small porkers, of what is called the "Chinese breed." While these animals roamed about in quiet security, man seems not to have been an inhabitant of this earth, which some people would

think a great mistake on the part of nature; I mean those people who fancy they could do better if they had to make the world—embodied self-sufficiency.

Such, my young friends. is a slight notice of all the leading points that are known respecting one of the most singular genera in the whole class of mammalia. They are animals highly interesting in themselves, from their very singular mode of life, the powerful manner in which they are armed for defence, and the labours which they perform in the general economy of nature. As a closer to this article, I should advise all to take a trip to the "Gardens," and pay their respects to "Podgy." He may be at his bath,—an ancient mode of reception,—so much the better; and he may receive them with a grunt, which is, doubtless, much better, in such a case, than a *squeeze*. "Podgy" is still a baby; he is cutting his teeth, not being quite a twelvemonth old; but he is really *alive*, and not entirely destitute of English manners.





## Carpets.

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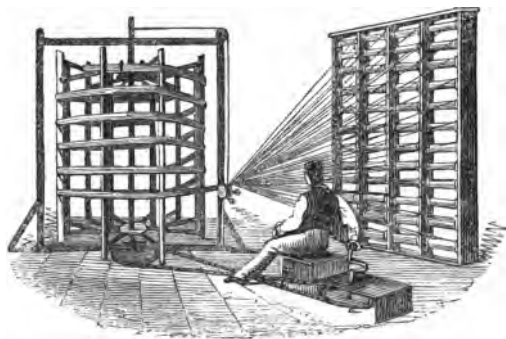
ETER PARLEY thinks that every little child should know something about everything around him, and there is, therefore, no reason why he should not say a few words upon carpets. How many are there, especially little folks, who romp and play upon carpets, and never for a moment inquire how they are made, or from what materials !

Carpets are thick textures (I make use of the word texture, because it is the proper word to use), composed of various materials and wrought by various methods ; some are of silk, some of linen cord, some of cotton and some of hair, and they are woven by a kind of loom, such as that shown in the engraving.

In former days, the English people, even the kings and nobles, were content with strewing rushes upon the floors of their rooms, in-



stead of carpets; and in the country, especially in the eastern districts of England, a "cleanly-sanded floor" is one of the principal ornaments of the farmer's and the yeoman's house. But carpets are moving in every direction, and, after a few years, even sanded floors and cold bricks must give way for oaken boards and woollen carpets.



Those carpets the most esteemed come from Persia and Turkey; and at the Exhibition of 1851—that is, Prince Albert's own exhibition—I dare say we shall have some of the richest fabrics from those countries. They are woven in looms, of a very simple construction. The pattern to be wrought is drawn and painted on a designing-paper, and placed before the weaver, who works the figure into the warp, with dyed worsted yarn, cut into proper lengths; he then passes a woof shot through the web, to bind the worsted yarn. When the carpet is made to the dimensions required, it is then taken out of the loom and dressed with shears made for the purpose.

Brussels, Wilton, imperial Brussels, and royal Wilton carpets, are all woven in looms, and derive their names from the places where they are constructed. The difference of the fabric consists as follows, viz. :—in the Brussels the worsted yarn raised to form the figure is not cut; in the Wilton the pile is cut, and has the appearance of velvet; in the imperial Brussels, the figure is raised above the ground, and the pile cut, the ground uncut; and in the royal Wilton the pile is raised higher than in the Wilton, and cut, which makes it a thicker and softer carpet. The cloth of these carpets is composed of linen and worsted, and the loom for weaving them is very ingeniously constructed; the linen is put on a beam, and brought through treadles and a reed. It is only used to bind the worsted yarn, and should not appear on the right side.

Double, or Kidderminster carpeting, is composed of two piles of cloth, and having what is called a right and a wrong side, the colours being reversed. In this kind of carpet, both warp and weft appear on the surface of the cloth, whereas, in the Brussels, only the warp is seen. French, or tapestry carpeting, differs from the Kidderminster, inasmuch as it is the warp of the web, which is made of the worsted, that shows the pattern.

Venetian carpeting is made both plain and figured, and is generally used for stairs. The patterns are generally in stripes, and sometimes shaded, like the rainbow, and the great effort of the manufacturer is to bring off the shades, from light to dark, almost imperceptibly; sometimes these carpets are made checked, and in squares, like a draught-board.

Scotch carpeting is at the present time coming very much into vogue; it is called the three-piled imperial, and is reckoned to be but

little inferior in texture, look and wear, to Brussels. Besides the carpets already mentioned, there is, also, Dutch carpeting, woven much in the same way as the plain Venetian, some of them being made with cow-hair.

The making of carpets comprise many other branches of the arts and manufactures besides weaving. There is the spinning and dying of the yarn, and the proper method of preparing numerous articles used in the work ; above all, there is the skill of the designer ; but in this particular English and Scotch taste are sadly deficient, and Peter Parley would like to see his young friends try their hands at making a few patterns for carpets, which will be an exercise of taste, and do them no harm. Some years ago, the kaleidoscope was extensively employed in the art of designing carpet-patterns, and those of my readers who should happen to have an instrument of this kind will do well to obtain a few hints from it.





AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

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"And when I was fifteen yeare old,  
Then was he crowned king ;  
All Brittaine that was at an uprore,  
He did to quiett bring."

**S**UCH is the seventh stanza of the old ballad of "Prince," or, rather, the legend of "King Arthur." The present year being celebrated for the baptism of an infant prince with the good old name of "Arthur," in honour of one of the very bravest of our countrymen, a few words upon King Arthur will not be amiss, Peter Parley thinks, at the present time.

The old metrical romances give us most extraordinary accounts of King Arthur; but I am sorry to say that many of the popular legends are not founded on facts, and may be considered little more than

examples of the art of fiction—an art by no means despised by romance readers of the present day; but Peter Parley imagines history to be profaned by falsehoods, and he likes to expose them where he can. Much wrong has, in this way, been done to the fame of this prince; for he is said to have vanquished a king of the Franks, whose very name, Frollo, is not to be found in their annals; and to have slain the emperor's governor, in Italy, one Lucius, of whom no historian, Roman, Frank, or Saxon, makes any mention whatever; next it is asserted that he not only conquered all Ireland, taking Gillemir, the king, and all his nobles, prisoners, but passed over to Holland, Gothland, Sweden and the Orkney Islands, and made them all tributary, and that, besides, he overran all Europe, and was at last proclaimed emperor; and, as sayeth the old ballad—

“ I drove the Saxons from the realme,  
Who had oppressed this land;  
All Scotland, then, through manly feats,  
I conquered with my hand.

“ Ireland, Denmark, Norway,  
Those countryes won I all,  
Iceland, Gotheland, and Swethland,  
And made their kings my call.

“ I conquered all Gallya,  
That now is called France,  
And slew the hardye Froll, in field,  
My honour to advance.

“ And the ugly giant, Dynobus,  
So terrible to view,  
That in Saint Bernard's Mount did lye,  
By force of armes I slew.

“ And Lucius, Emperour of Rome,  
I brought to deadly wracke ;  
And a thousand more of noble knyghtes  
For feare did turn their backe.

“ Then I came to Rome, where I was mette  
Right as a conquerour,  
And, by the Cardinall's solempnelye  
I was crowned an emperour.”

These are the veritable, if veritable, words of the legend. How much truth may be squeezed out of the stanzas it is difficult to say; but we have some evidence that King Arthur was a prince of a gallant and magnanimous spirit, and appears, from the report of impartial history, to have been the means, in the hands of Providence, of rescuing the remnant of the British people, and sheltering them among the Welsh mountains, from the grasp of the fierce Saxons, who had overrun the largest and most fertile parts of Britain.

According to the most credible historic records, Arthur was the son of Uter Pendragon, king of the Britons, and his mother's name was Ingema; he was born at Tentagell, a castle of Cornwall; began to rule the Britons at *fifteen years of age*; and was crowned by St. Dubrisius, either at Winchester, according to Leland, or, as is more likely, at Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, where the ceremony was performed with great splendour, in a general assembly of the prelates and nobility, in 516.

Arthur's succession to the crown was opposed by the Scots and Picts; the kings of these people being married to two of Arthur's aunts, who wished to deprive him of royal power; but, young as was the king, he was a stranger to fear, and, although the Saxons had

taken part with his enemies, he marched against them into Northumberland, and, driving them before him into York, besieged them in that city. Their leader, Colgame, finding the young king more than a match for him, fled into Germany, and, joining with him Chedric, a prince of that country, they soon returned to Scotland, with a force of seven hundred ships. Arthur then wisely retired to



the south, and, having made a treaty with Hoel, King of Armorica, the two joined their forces, and marched towards Lincoln, to which place Chedric had laid seige. Arthur attacked them with great

vigour, drove them into a wood, where he surrounded them, and obliged them to give up all the wealth they had plundered from the inhabitants. He afterwards fought twelve battles with the Saxons, in all of which he came off conqueror.



Arthur having thus established peace in his dominions, went into France, entrusting Mordred, the son of his uncle Lotho, King of the Picts, who had solemnly vowed fidelity to him, with the care of his queen, his son, and his kingdom, during his absence. The base Mordred, however, usurped the kingdom for himself, and delivered up several provinces to the King of the West Saxons, at the same time forcing Arthur's wife to a matrimonial alliance. The king,



burning with wrath and vengeance, immediately returned to England, while Mordred stoutly opposed his landing at Richborough, near Sandwich (as Stowe affirms in his chronicle), and fought a furious battle; but Arthur, at last, put him to flight. The traitor fled into Cornwall; Arthur followed him, and overtook him at a spot where the town of Camelford now stands. Mordred, having drawn up his army in battle array, vowed to die rather than again show his back to his pursuer, and, when the battle began, heading a body of his choicest troops, dashed boldly into the middle of Arthur's army, with the intention of striking directly for the king. In this attempt however, he was foiled; the battle raged the whole day, and, after terrible bloodshed on both sides, was put an end to by Arthur himself, who rushed among the troops surrounding Mordred's person, and, cutting a passage through them, slew him on the spot, but not without falling himself, pierced with wounds.

The old ballad says—

“Thence chased Mordred away,  
Who fled to London right,  
From London to Winchester, and  
To Cornewalle tooke his flight.

“And still he him pursued with speed,  
Till at the last we mett,  
Whereby an appointed day of fight  
Was there agreed and sett.

“Where we did fight, of mortal life  
Each other to deprive,  
Till, of a hundred thousand men,  
Scarce one was left alive.

“There all the noble chevalrye  
Of Brittain tooke their end.  
O, see how fickle is their state  
That doe on feates depend!”

The king was conveyed from the field of triumph to the Abbey of Avalon, now Glastonbury, through the charitable offices of Morgains, a noble kinswoman of his, and there died of his wounds, on the 21st of May, in the year of the Lord 542.

There is, however, a somewhat different termination to this noble king's life, in another old ballad, in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh bards, who believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed away by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remain for a time, and then return again and reign in as great authority as ever,

Towards the close of the battle, according to the legend—

“Upon King Arthur's own partye  
Only himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn, Duke of Glo'ster, free,  
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

“And when the king beheld his knights  
All dead and scattered on the molde,  
The tears fast trickled down his face,  
That manlye face, in fight so bolde.

“‘Now rest ye all, brave knights,’ he said,  
‘Soe true and faithful to your truste ;  
And must ye, then, ye valiant hearts,  
Be left to moulder into dust ?

“‘Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe;  
And oh, to raise yee up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

“‘But see, the traitor’s yet alive;  
Lo, where he stalks among the dead!  
Now bitterlye he shall abyee,  
And vengeance fall upon his head!’

“‘O staye, my liege!’ then sayd the duke,  
‘O staye, for love and charitie;  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may be!’

“‘O staye mee not, thou worthy wight,—  
This debt my loyal knights I owe,  
Betide mee life, betide mee deathe,  
I will avenge mee of their foe!’

“Then strait he grasped his trusty speare,  
And on his horse then mounted he;  
As his butler holpe him to his horse,  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

“‘Alas!’ then said the noble king,  
‘That I should live this sight to see—  
To see this good knight here be slain  
All for his love in helping mee.’

“He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordered loud ’gan crye,  
‘Now sette thyselfe upon thy garde,  
For, traitor, now thy death is nye!’

"Sir Mordered lifted up his sworde,  
And fierce to meet the king ran he ;  
The king his speare he through him thrust  
A fathom thorow his bodie.

"When Mordered felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe,  
He thrust himselfe upon the speare  
And struck the king a deadlye blowe.

"Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,  
Presentlye, beneath that tree ;  
And bloody streams ranne from the kinge,  
Ere to the duke returned he.



"Sir Lukyn, then, he thus bespake :  
'Sir knighte, thou hast been faithfulle tryde ;  
Now, take my sword, Excalibar,  
That hangs so feebly by my side.

"O take my sword, Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe ;  
For, here, henceforth, beneath this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe !'

"The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his own sworde in threwe he ;  
But he kept back Excalibar,  
He kept it back in privatie.

"For all of Cologne was the blade,  
And all the hilde of precious stone ;  
'And ever, alacke,' then said the knyghte,  
'Must such a sworde away be throwne !'

"Then back he came unto the kinge,  
Who said, 'Sir Lukyn, what did you see ?'  
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind  
Blewe o'er the waters faire and free !'

"O goe, againe !' then said the kinge,  
'O goe, Sir Lukyn, goe againe,  
Into the river throw my sword  
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine !'

The duke then to the river went,  
And the king's scabbard in threw he ;  
But he kept back Excalibar  
And hid it underneathe a tree.

"Then back he came to tell the king,  
Who sayde, 'Sir Lukyn saw ye oughte ?'  
'Nothinge, my liege, save that the winds  
Now with the angry waters fought !'

“‘O Lukyn, Lukyn!’ said the kinge,  
‘Twice hast thou dealt deceitfullye,  
Alacke, whom may we ever truste,  
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee.

“‘Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
All for a sword that wins thine eye!  
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the one of us shall dye!’

“The duke, all shent with this rebuke,  
No answer made unto the kinge,  
But to the river tooke his sworde,  
And throwe it far as he coulde flinge.

“A hande and arme did meete the sworde,  
And flourish’d three times in the air,  
Then sunke beneath the runninge streame,  
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

“All sore astonied stood the duke ;  
He stood as still as still mote bee ;  
Then hasten’d back to telle the kinge,  
But he was gone from under the tree.

“But to what place he could not tell,  
For never after he did him spye ;  
But he saw a barge goe from the land,  
And he heard ladyes howle and crye.

“But whether the kinge was there or not,  
He never knew, nor ever tolde,  
For, from that sad and direful day,  
He never more was seen on molde.”

agreeable men, called antiquaries, will have that the *tabula rotunda* was introduced into this country by King Stephen, who was a great restorer of Winchester Castle, if not the founder of it. At all events, the table is seven hundred years old ; it still hangs up in the east end of the ancient chapel of St. Stephen, now called the "County Hall. Upon it may be seen the figure of the king, and the names of the knights, such as Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot of the Lake, St. Phillippartus, and others. The table is made of heart of oak, as, no doubt, the knights were, and is of very capacious dimensions, as, no doubt, the stomachs of many of the knights were, who seemed very fond of a good dinner, as most people are, when they can get it.

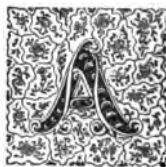
So much for King Arthur ; and as for little Prince Arthur, may he be as celebrated in these days of peace as his great kingly and warrior namesake was in war ; and may he be as renowned for his good qualities as he was for his valiant deeds ; and, may he be enshrined in the prayers and affections of the English people.





## Something about Old Castles.

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ACCORDING to Dr. Johnson, a castle is a strong house fortified. The ruins of them are to be seen in all parts of Europe, in parts of Asia, and some few in Africa; those in the two latter portions of the globe, are the remains of ancient Roman fortifications. Few castles are to be met with in our country of older date than the conquest; the Saxons neglected greatly this kind of defence, and the neglect was fatal to them. As soon as William the Norman, called the "Conqueror," came over, he lost no time in building castles throughout England, and in repairing and enlarging the few that he found here; for this he had two reasons, *i.e.*, to guard against foreign invasion, and to protect his Norman followers, to whom he had allotted estates. These castles became the residences of the great barons, and were the heads of baronies; each castle was the centre of a manor, and each governor the lord

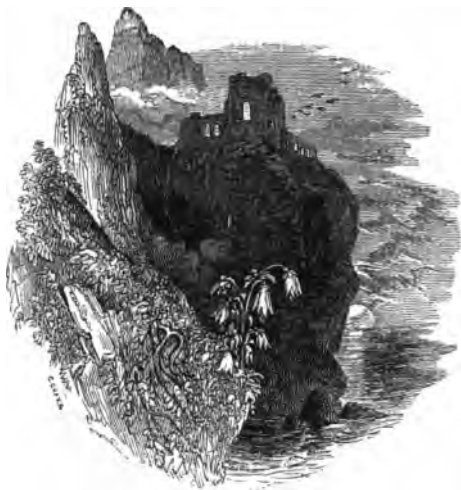


of the manor. The number of castles, towards the end of King Stephen's reign, amounted to no less than eleven hundred and fifteen.



The great Norman barons, who held their lands from the crown,

had their vassals, many of them English, under them ; and, to tyrannise with impunity, it was necessary that they should fortify themselves by means of stone walls. The lords of these castles had, in process of time, assumed such a degree of power, not only oppressing and despoiling their weaker neighbours, but exercising even royal privileges, that Henry the Second stipulated for the destruction of many of the castles, and prevented the erection of others, except by the



king's special license. Royal castles, for the defence of the country, were, however, erected, when judged necessary, at the public expense. These were usually placed in the custody of some trusty persons, called governors, or constables.

The materials of which castles were built varied according to the places of their erection, but the manner of building seems to have been pretty uniform. The outside of the walls generally consisted of stones nearest at hand, the inside being filled up with fragments of stone, or sometimes chalk and a large supply of fluid mortar; the general shape and plan of the edifice depended upon the form of the ground occupied; the favourite situation was, for the sake of security, an eminence, or the bank of a river. The various parts of it were 1, the barbican; 2, the ditch, or moat; 3, the wall of the outer ballium; 4, the outer ballium; 5, the artificial mound; 6, wall of the inner ballium; 7, inner ballium; 8, keep, or dungeon.

The barbican was a watch tower, for the purpose of descriing a distant enemy; it seems to have had no positive place, except that it was always an outwork, and frequently advanced beyond the ditch, to which it was joined by a drawbridge. 2, the ditch or moat (*fosse*) was either wet or dry, according to the circumstances of the place; when dry, there were sometimes subterraneous passages through which the cavalry could pass. 3, the wall of the outer ballium was within the ditch, on the castle side; this was usually high flanked with towers, and had a parapet, embattled; the way to it was over the moat, by a drawbridge, through a strong gate, between two towers, supported by a portcullis, or falling door, armed with iron spikes, like a harrow, which could be let fall at pleasure. Over the gate were rooms for the porter of the castle; the towers served for soldiers on guard. The inner ballium was a second enclosed space, or yard. When a castle had an inner ballium, which was not always the case, it contained the buildings, &c., as being within the ballium. The outer ballium was the space or yard within the outer wall. In this

ballium were lodgings, or barracks for the soldiers and artificers, wells for water, and sometimes a monastery ; within this, or the inner ballium, was often thrown up an artificial mound, to command the neighbouring country.



On a height, and generally in the centre, stood the keep, or dungeon, sometimes called the tower ; this was the citadel, or last retreat of the garrison, and was often surrounded with a ditch and draw-bridge, similar to those of the outworks, and with additional walls and towers. In large castles it was usually a high, square tower, of four or five stories, having turrets at each corner ; in these turrets were the staircases, and frequently, as in Dover and Rochester Castles, a well. The walls of the keep were always of a great thickness, which has enabled them to withstand the attacks of time and weather, the keep, or donjon, being the only part now surviving of many an

ancient castle; here were gloomy cells, appropriated to the governor's state rooms—the inmates, for the sake of additional strength,



denying themselves the luxury of windows, although there were no window taxes in those days, preferring security to the exercise of

vision. Small openings in the wall served the double purpose of admitting a little light, and enabling those within to discharge their arrows at the enemy; some keeps, especially those of smaller castles, had not even these conveniences, but were solely lighted by a small perforation in the top. On the top of the keep was usually a platform, with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see and command the exterior works.

When an attack was made upon a castle, a good deal depended upon the nature of the defence made by those within it. In Camden's "*Britannia*," there is an account given of the siege of Bedford Castle, in the reign of Henry the Third, which will give a general idea of the plans often pursued:—"The castle," he says, "was taken by four assaults; in the first, was taken the barbican; in the second, the outer bail (ballium); in the third attack, the wall was thrown down by the miners, where, with great danger, they possessed themselves of an inner bail, through a chink; at the fourth assault, the miners set fire to the tower, so that the smoke burst out, and the tower itself was cloven to that degree, as to show visibly some broad chinks, where-upon the enemy surrendered."

Castles, in process of time, soon became of little use as fortresses, through the change in the art of war, brought about by the invention of gunpowder and the more settled state of the nation; Scotland having become a part of the dominions of the king of England, the influence of our navy, and the abolition of the feudal system—all tended to diminish the importance of castles, and they gradually lost their enormous strength, and, in many cases, fell into decay and ruin. But shortly before the civil war, at the time of Charles the First, and probably with the prospect of what was about to happen, as "coming

events cast their shadows before"—a commission was appointed to inquire into the state of ancient castles. Many of these, during the subsequent troubles, were garrisoned and defended; not a few were afterwards destroyed, by the order of the parliament; and others were left to the ravages of time and weather. Some of these monuments of former grandeur have been torn down for the sake of the materials, or for the purpose of building houses on the same site.

There is nothing that adds more to the picturesque in England than castles; associated with the times that have been, they suggest to the mind scenes of the olden time, of the days of chivalry, of noble knights, of fair ladies, of love and honour, of tilts and tournaments, jousts and feats of battle-axe and lance; and old Peter Parley is sometimes tempted to sigh over the past, for, after all, although our gas and our steam, our patent corkscrews and baby-jumpers may be vast improvements, yet still we lack much of the solid and substantial fare, as well as the solid and substantial virtues of our forefathers. Let us hope that we may improve under our new lights, and that, while every man's house is his castle, every man may be the lord of all that is good and holy in it, and keep steadfast in his love for his native country, and for her hearths and altars; and, whatever troubles or vicissitudes may come, may he make for his motto:—

"Pro aris et focis."

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## Something About the Pampas of Patagonia.

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FROM the forest plains of the Amazons, an immense valley is found running between the Andes and the western branches of the Brazilian mountains, for nearly 700 miles, presenting a variety of swampy tracts, overgrown with bushes, and partly clad with grass. This valley leads to the Pampas—treeless plains—which, from latitude 22° south, extend to the most southern limits of the American continent, and terminate in the straits of Magelhaens, near 52° south latitude; so that they occupy, from north to south, a length of 2000 miles. Its width is various, from 250 to 450 miles, and its area is computed to be at least 750,000 square miles.



The most northerly of these immense districts bear the name of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, which extend from 40° to 34° 30' south latitude, and reach from the shores of the Atlantic to the foot of the Andes. It is not absolutely a level plain, but the hills are of very small elevation, and have flat tops. A great portion of the country lying between two lines of hilly ridges, as also a very large tract north of the northern line, are covered with swamps, thickly set with canes and reeds, and interspersed with numerous, but shallow lakes and ponds, and very much resemble the fens of Lincolnshire. North of the river Salado the plain is only broken by ascents and descents, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, and its whole surface is covered with a luxuriant coarse grass, growing in tufts, and partially mixed with wild oats and trefoil. Extensive tracts are entirely overgrown with thistles, from six to eight feet high, which are used for fuel, as the country is entirely devoid of trees and shrubs. The depressions in the surface are numerous and shallow, and in them, during the wet weather, the rains collect, and form pools. The water of these being evaporated during the dry weather by the heat of the sun, the hollows are occupied with rich grass, which supplies pasture in the hot season, when the higher grounds are parched and arid. Thus the country is enriched to maintain immense herds of cattle and horses. When these are pastured, the coarse grass and thistles gradually disappear, and are replaced by a fine and thick turf.

The western portion of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres is divided into a pastoral and an agricultural district, separated from each other by a line not much differing from the meridian of 66° west longitude. The pastoral district is east, and the agricultural west, of that line.

In the country which surrounds the sources of the Rio Salado, the soil of the plain begins to be impregnated with saline matter, and continues more or less to the base of the Andes. Its surface is almost a dead level, with very slight elevations and depressions; yet they are sufficient to give variety to the vegetation, for the lower



grounds give birth to reeds and water-plants, and the upper ones to coarse kinds of grass. Some of these shallow depressions are very large; one is fifty miles long and twenty wide, and this, during the rain, is converted into a temporary lake, which dries up in the hot weather.

This portion of the western Pampas of Buenos Ayres, as well as the whole of the eastern, appears to be one immense bed of alluvium, which appears to have been deposited by waters which have originated in the Andes, and have flowed with a gentle course to the Pacific; and here are found imbedded the gigantic remains of long lost species of



animals, such as those monsters which have been named by our naturalists megathereum, mastodon, glyptodon, &c. These fossils are very numerous, and when carefully sought after are found at numerous places during the dry season. None of these extinct animals seem to have been animals of prey, but all herbivorous.

When the Spaniards took possession of these plains, they were pastured by large herds of llamas; but these animals have nearly disappeared, giving way to cattle and horses, which are now found there in great numbers. It is supposed there are at least a million of cattle, and three millions of horses. Some other wild animals have, however, kept their footing. The most remarkable is the emu, a



kind of ostrich, the chase of which affords quite as much amusement to the wild Gauchos as hunting the fox to the sportsmen in England.

The Gauchos hunt them for their feathers; and use for that purpose the bolas, which is a ball at the end of a long line. The hunters whirl the balls round their heads while in pursuit; and, throwing them at the bird, the lines twist round its legs, and bring it to the ground.

There are numbers of small deer in these plains, but as their flesh is not much esteemed by the natives, they are not molested. The bischacho, an animal between a rabbit and a badger, is peculiar to these plains, in which it burrows, more or less, in every direction, so as to render travelling dangerous. The armadillo is also found, and in great esteem among the natives for its flesh.

After the Spaniards had obtained a firm footing on the banks of the great river La Plata, the native tribes left the neighbouring country, and the Spaniards dispersed themselves over the plains; and, finding the pasture grounds boundless, they abandoned the idea of cultivating the ground, and formed numerous cattle farms at great distances from each other. The nature of their mode of life have so altered them in appearance and feature, that they now resemble a distinct nation. They are distinguished by the name of Gauchos, and may be said to live on horseback, for they never move a hundred paces from their houses without mounting a horse, one always standing saddled before the door. The huts of the Gauchos are all square, with a few posts for uprights, and walled with osier twigs, plastered with mud, and sometimes merely protected by hides. The roof is thatched with straw or reeds, open in the centre, to permit the escape of the smoke; a few blocks of stones, or the skull-bones of horses, serve for seats; a small table, about eighteen inches high, to play cards upon; a crucifix hung on the wall, or some patron saint; sheep-skins, for the women and children to lie upon, and a small fire in the centre, are the only luxuries.

The Gaucho is clad in the poncho, which is manufactured by the women; it is nothing more than a small blanket, with a slit in the centre, to admit of the head. It serves to keep out the wet and wind.

and leaves the arms at perfect liberty. The jacket of the Gaucho resembles the jackets worn by the Spanish peasantry, and is made of coarse cloth or baize, or of velveteen; his breeches, made of the same material, are open at the knees; his leggings are composed of horse-hide, and his toes are left bare; a straw hat, with a cotton handkerchief tied round his face, completes his dress. He is always armed with the bolas I mentioned before, and the lasso.

The lasso consists of a rope, made of strips of untanned hide, varying in length from fifteen to twenty yards, and about as thick as the little finger; it has a noose, or running knot, at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye and button to a ring, in a strong hide belt, bound tightly round the horse. The Gaucho gathers the lasso in a coil before he discharges it; the coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, and the noose, which is held in his right hand, trails along the ground, except when in use; and then it is whirled round the head with considerable velocity; during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form, so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself until it falls over the object at which it has been aimed. It is astonishing with what dexterity the Gauchos use both the bolas and the lasso, on horseback and at full gallop, and how they hit with unerring aim the object. They use them, especially the lasso, not only in hunting but in catching the cattle and horses, which wander about the plains in an almost wild state. A long carving knife, about fourteen inches in length, placed in a leathern sheath, which is stuck in his girdle or leggings, completes the Gaucho's equipment; and thus, mounted on his good steed, he is lord of all he beholds. He owns no master, tills no ground, hardly knows what a government means, and does not care

for it; his wants and desires are few, and he can easily satisfy them. A Gaucho on horseback affords a noble sight—his elevated head, his upright and graceful air, the rapid movements of his well-trained steed, all concur to convey a true picture of a man perfectly independent.

The most southern portion of the great plains I at first mentioned, and of which those I have just described are a portion, is called the



“Pampas of Patagonia,” they extend from the Pampas of La Plata to Cape Horn. They are, for the most part, treeless plains, abounding in salt deserts and springs. Sometimes a succession of terraces are found running one above another. In the southern part, a great portion of the plain seems to be overlaid with lava, derived, probably, from the numerous volcanoes which existed, and still exist, among the Andes. For the most part, these plains are sterile; but still a con-

siderable part is clad with grass, which affords pasture-grounds for the numerous herds of the Patagonians, some of which consist of the bonassos, a very formidable animal.

The Patagonians are a very extraordinary race of people, and many of them very tall in stature. They have been described by some travellers as nine or ten feet high, but in modern days we have not found them much more than six or seven feet. They are in complexion of a reddish brown, rather darker than copper, but not so deep as good old mahogany. Nothing is worn upon their head but lank black hair. They paint their bodies with black, red, and white paint, with which they make grotesque ornaments, such as circles round their eyes, or great daubs across their faces. On their feet are boots made of the skins of horses' legs; wooden spurs, if they cannot get iron, and a long lance of bamboo, pointed with iron, complete their dress.

Their huts are in shape not unlike gipsy-tents. Poles are struck in the ground, to which others are fastened, and skins of animals sewed together form the covering; so that an irregular tent-shaped hut is thus made. Three sides and the top are covered, but the front, turned towards the east, is open. These huts are about seven feet high, and ten or twelve feet square. They have no other furniture but their arms, and hides to sleep on.

The principal subsistence of the Patagonians is the flesh of mares, oxen, and various birds. The flesh of young mares is with them a great luxury. Dogs are kept for the chase, but are not eaten; they cultivate no vegetables for culinary purposes; they traverse the whole plain without any idea of the rights of property, and kill all the animals they can find.

The wealth of these people consists in horses, and dogs, and oxen.



Some of them have a large number of both, and some only a few. They have a great number of deities, some good, some evil; and they believe that the good deities made the world, and the evil ones are perpetually doing mischief. They think that when they die their souls will go to live in caves with the god of their own tribe or race: They have a religious worship, but it is to the evil powers, and not the good ones, that they address their prayers.

They have chieftains, called Caciques, who are hereditary; but their authority is very limited. He acts as a judge and magistrate, and he may punish with death. He also gives directions in war, and regulates the marching and encamping. Except hunting, providing food, and fighting, the work is all done by women.

As yet but very imperfect accounts have reached us concerning this district and its inhabitants, but as discovery advances, we shall have a great deal of information; and then, if poor old Peter Parley should happen to be alive, he will tell his young readers more.





## A STORY OF THREE BLIND PUPPIES.

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F the many virtues that always should, and sometimes do, dignify man, that of faithfulness, my young friends, holds a very conspicuous place. The word faithfulness, in its strictest sense, means the quality of being faithful to God ; but we can also be faithful to our queen and country, faithful to our friends, faithful to our engagements, and so forth ; but there is one thing that seems to be a highly necessary part of our moral constitution to render us faithful, namely, *attachment*. The dog is the most attached of all animals, and the most faithful ; and for us to be truly faithful to our God, we must love Him ; and to be truly faithful to our queen and country, we must be attached to them ; the same, also, to our friends ; and, as to our engagements, if we have no attachment to

sincerity, and truth, and equity, we shall never be faithful to them. The dog is an emblem of faithfulness; he may, indeed, be called faithfulness embodied in quadruped form.

Volumes might be written on the faithfulness of dogs. I remember a well authenticated anecdote of a dog, who watched the dead body of his master, who was lost in the snow some years ago, in Cumberland, till he died of starvation; and the bones of both were found side by side, when the sunshine of the spring had melted the winter's snow. Another dog, that I have heard of, would not leave the grave of his master, who was killed at the Battle of Waterloo, till removed by force. And these are not isolated instances, for many anecdotes, well authenticated, might be related of the same kind.



But I am not now going to relate anecdotes of the dog, but rather to give the history of an individual one, which has been trained to a marvellous degree of sagacity, and whose various feats can be well

attested. The dog to which I allude is a large water-spaniel, and his name is "Lion," a name he well deserves, for he is as noble and as bold as the finest lion in the forest.

Lion was born in the year 1840, and was one of a litter of four, whelped on the skirts of Epping Forest. The master of Lion's mama was one of the royal hunt, and lived at a place called the Warren House. He had several children, and among them two sons, twins, who, brought up among the trees and rabbits, were a couple of as wild young colts as ever stoned frogs, shot squirrels, destroyed birds' nests, snared weasels, or trapped birds. Soon after



the birth of Lion and his brothers and sisters, the warrenner gave orders for three out of the four whelps to be destroyed; and nothing was a greater treat to these young lads, Arthur and Francis, than to take upon themselves the office of destroyers. Most well-trained children would have shrunk from such a deed; but these boys, being

bred to a sort of predatory life, thought drowning or hanging young puppies a special delight, and called themselves lucky that they had the opportunity given them of putting the little "innocents" to death. Arthur and Francis were, in fact, two little King Herods on a small scale, and gloried in the exercise of power, and had no more remorse for deeds of this kind than a couple of spiders would have after catching as many flies; and so Lion and two of his sisters were packed in a basket, and the lads set off to a pond, at some little distance, to drown the puppies.



When we reflect upon the wicked pleasure that these children felt at the performance of this deed, how thankful ought those children to be who have kind parents and instructors to train their minds and affections to sentiments of love and pity! who take the pains to instil into their thoughts kindness towards animals, and to feel no delight in any act of cruelty. It is true that puppies and kittens must, sometimes, be destroyed, as it is true that the meat we eat must be killed; but the mind that loves to see the destruction and the killing, is a mind by no means to be envied.

Arthur and Francis moved jovially along towards the "Ponds," as they were called;—two large pieces of water in the vicinity of Woodford; and, as they went along, they were overtaken by a lad, who, with shining morning face, satchel at back, and, with no snail's pace, was gambolling to school. This youth's name was Valentine Wilford, and, being of a curious turn, seeing the boys with something in a basket, and marking their looks of glee, was very anxious to know the contents of their basket and the object of their glee. When he got close to them, he soon found, by the whining of the young pups, what was in the basket, and, to ascertain their history, he soon "boarded" the lads.

"You have got some young pups, there, have you not?" inquired Valentine.

"We have!" said Arthur.

"Oh, do let me see them, will you?"

"What will you give us?" said Francis, who had the too prevalent notion of giving nothing for nothing.

"Give you!" replied Valentine; "you don't want me to give you anything, do you?"

"Of course we do!" replied Arthur; "why, these pups are the most wonderful pups that were ever seen! if you were to see them, you would say so! they are splendidly marked, with wonderful heads and ears, and—"

Valentine had in his pockets a rare assemblage of toys and other matters; his side-pockets bulged out very much like two apple-dumplings, with peg-tops and marbles; and those of his jacket were crammed with a ball of kite-string, on one side, and a trap-bat on the other, the latter of which was plainly visible.

"If you give me that trap-bat, you shall see them!" continued Arthur.

"Do you think I am so silly as to give you a trap-bat to see a couple of blind puppies?" returned Valentine; "I know better than that!"

"Then give us a peg-top, or a handful of marbles!" urged Francis.

"I will neither give you one nor the other!" replied Valentine; "for I don't care to see them, if you don't wish me."

"Aye, if you had seen them, you would not say that, and therefore you have lost a good chance, that's all."

"And what are you going to do with them?" inquired Valentine.

The boys stopped short, and, looking at the speaker with great adroitness, one said, "What will you give us to know that?"

The other repeated, "Aye, what will you give us to know that?"

"Nothing!" replied Valentine; "I don't wish to know, if it is a secret!"

"It is a secret;" returned Arthur; "and like your impudence to ask us to tell you; and, as you won't give us anything, take that!" So saying, he gave Valentine such a punch in the nose as set it bleeding; and, while the poor boy was taking out his handkerchief to stop the blood, Francis came up to him, and gave him a severe blow of the eye, which soon blackened it; at the same time, he dextrously jerked the trap-bat out of Valentine's pocket, and popped it into his own. "And now, if you don't go back," said Francis, "you shall have another, and that will teach you to mind your own business!"

"He shall have another now;" said Arthur; and, tucking up the sleeves of his coat, he rushed upon Valentine, being-determined to knock him down, so that, if any of his playthings fell on the ground,

he might run away with them. It was a lone part of the forest, and there was no one near.

But Valentine, although not very big, was determined to resist oppression, and, at the moment Arthur made a spring at him, he met him with such a blow on the nose as at once threw him to the ground. Francis sprang to the relief of his brother, but Valentine met him in the same way, and down went Francis. Valentine calling out, at the same time, "Come on, both of you! I am ready for you!"

But as great braggards and bullies are always great cowards, the two boys became, on a sudden, very civil, as most people do, when they are beaten.

Peter Parley has a very great antipathy to war and to physical force, but he is not such a simpleton as to believe that bad men or bad boys can be controlled at all times by anything short of it. These boys, doubtless, would, if they had succeeded in their assault, have robbed Valentine into the bargain, and he, therefore, did quite right in defending himself.

The three boys now passed along the road, having a mutual understanding with each other; and in a very few minutes the basket was opened, and Valentine beheld the three little puppies, fat, and sleek, and happy as puppies could be in such a situation, lying one on the top of the other; but notwithstanding their sleekness and fat, they were anything but "fine in form," for their big heads and large thick paws gave them anything but charm of appearance; they were, also, blind, as puppies always are till the ninth day after their birth; but they were by no means insensible to kind treatment, for, when Valentine took one out to kiss its soft little pole, it some-



how or other fumbled up its little mouth and laid hold of the boy's nose, which it began to suck.—This was Lion.

Valentine soon learned that the puppies were on the road to a watery grave; and, in return, I suppose, for Valentine's valour, Arthur proposed that he should share the pleasure of seeing them drowned.

"Drowned! I would sooner go a mile another way!" said the courageous boy; "but why drown them? they seem a good breed! why not bring them up, and sell them when they grow big?"

"Oh, they are good breed enough," said Francis, "for they are real web-footed water spaniels; look at their feet!" So saying, one of the pups was lugged out, and the boys pointed out the web between the toes, with apparent satisfaction.

Valentine, although a very brave boy, had still a very tender heart, as most truly brave people have; and, when he saw the little innocent creatures, and heard their whining, which, to tell the truth, was somewhat piteous, he yearned for them. "I'll tell you what I will do!" said he; "I will give you my trap-bat, two tops and lines, my kite-string and a knife, for them, if you like!"

"Have you not got anything else?" inquired Arthur; "what are a trap-bat, two tops, and a kite-string? have n't you got a sixpence beside? If you will give us sixpence beside, you shall have them!"

Valentine had a sixpence; but that sixpence he had saved to buy some oranges for a poor sick lad, who was dying in a consumption; which oranges he intended to take to him in the evening, on his return from school. He had seen the poor child in the morning, just before he had overtaken Arthur and Francis, and had promised to bring him some oranges as he went home; yet he was half-tempted

to get possession of the puppies ; but then, again, he thought of the disappointment the poor sick child would feel. "It is no use," said he to himself, "to take him three blind puppies instead of six oranges; besides, I would not break my word for the world!"—"No, I won't give you any money!" said he.

"Then we will drown them, that's all!" said Arthur. So saying, the boys turned into another road, which led to the ponds, leaving Valentine alone in the cross way.



When the boys had got a little way down the turning, Francis called out, "You had better have given the sixpence; they are fine pups, and worth a shilling a-piece!"

"No!" called Valentine, in return; "I can't give you any money!" And so he took his road to school.

As he walked along, he began to feel very sad and uncomfortable; he wished to preserve the life of the pups, and he fancied what a pleasant thing it would be to bring them up, and what a pity it was that such nice little dears should be drowned; then he thought of his

promise to the poor sick child; and, what with the promise and the pity, the love for the puppies and the little boy, he was sorely perplexed and very unhappy. At last, he thought he would follow the lads, to try, if by some other means he could not prevent the dread catastrophe.



Before, however, he had overtaken the lads, they had reached the margin of the pond—the fatal place; and the pups were taken out, whining and yelping. “Here goes one!” said Arthur; and, giving it a swing, soused it into the middle of the pond. “And here goes another!” said Francis, and swung another after the first. “And here goes another!” added Arthur; and the third followed the first and second..

The three splashes followed each other in quick succession; and, as soon as the agitation of the water had subsided, the three pups were

seen instinctively putting up and down their little paws, with a heroic determination not to die, if they could help it. Now, for a moment, they sank, and then rose again; then floundered and yelped, and yelped and floundered again. Valentine lost all command of himself, and, rushing up to his middle in the pond, seized the pups, and, putting them inside his waistcoat, brought them to the shore.

Both the boys rushed towards him, exclaiming, "Leave our pups alone! leave them alone! throw them back into the pond!"

"They are not your pups, now; you have done with them!" replied Valentine, with a fierce look; "and you shan't have them; and, if you attempt to touch them, you shall go into the pond yourselves! come near me, if you dare!" and he then put on a defensive attitude.

"Then give us the trap-bat, tops, and kite-string!"

"I'll give you nothing but a sound drubbing!" replied Valentine, fiercely; "if either of you stir a step this way, I'll give you such a blow as you shan't forget for a month! stand off!"

So the loons stood off. Arthur said he would tell his father, and have him taken up by the policeman for a highway robbery; and Francis said his big brother would lay wait for him, and give him a good drubbing.

"And if he does," retorted Valentine, "my uncle, who rides about here with a good horse-whip, shall flay your big brother's flesh off his shoulders!"

This was a settler; and the boys went growling away, not forgetting, when they got behind some trees, to fling three or four large stones at Valentine's head. They missed their aim, however, and decamped, leaving him in quiet possession of the half-drowned puppies.

The poor little things, by no means relishing this watery introduction to the miseries of life, and feeling the cold, whined and yelped, as if they had been determined on rousing all the denizens of the forest to their assistance. Valentine, however, hugged them pretty close; and, recollecting that he had wasted a good deal of time in this puppy-saving, gave a leap and a bound among the trees, and ran onwards towards his school, with as much alacrity as ever he possessed in his life.

How he managed with the three young puppies after this, I will relate to you in another chapter.





## Something about Mice,

AND OF MR. JESSE'S SINGING MOUSE.

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EVERYBODY knows what kind of animal a mouse is, for it is an inhabitant of almost every country in the world; for, though it is said not to be a native of America, but to have been taken there by European settlers, it is now found in every part of that continent; and there are few animals more generally associated with mankind, or whose very existence appears to be more essentially dependent upon human arts and human civilisation, than this pretty but annoying little thing. Domestic in its habits, nourished by almost every article of human food, and obtaining effectual shelter in the secret recesses of the habitations which human art has raised, it has accompanied man in all his adventures for colonisation, and iden-

tified itself with every new territorial occupation of our race. All its actions appear to be regulated by fear and necessity; it seldom leaves its hole, except impelled by want of food, and then, unlike the rat, that travels from one house to the other, it seldom quits the spot where it has once taken up its residence.



The mouse makes its nest not unlike that of a bird, and brings forth several times in a year, generally having from six to ten in a litter. When first born, mice are naked and helpless, but in about

fifteen days they are able to shift for themselves. No animal has more enemies, and few are so incapable of resistance; cats, snakes, hawks, owls, weasels, rats, and even ducks, are their incessant destroyers, and, but for their amazing fecundity, the extirpation of the whole race would soon be effected.

There are, of course, several species of mice. The smallest, and one of the prettiest, is the harvest mouse; these little animals never enter houses, but during the harvest are carried into ricks and barns, with the sheaves, and there live and multiply, in the midst of plenty. When in the fields, they build a curious nest, among the straws of standing corn, and sometimes in thistles. In the winter months, they appear to retire to burrows, where they hibernate, that is, sleep through the cold weather.

Mr. White, in the "Natural History of Selborne," thus describes a mouse's nest:—"One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially plaited, and composed of the blades of wheat, perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball, with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovery to what part it belonged; it was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, although it contained eight little mice, that were naked and blind. This wonderful procreant cradle, an elegant instance of the effect of instinct, was found in a wheatfield, suspended in the head of a thistle."

There is another kind of mouse found in England, called the wood mouse, which builds its nest in woods, under the roots of trees, where it forms a large magazine of stores, laying up provision for the winter, like the squirrel. But one of the most wonderful of mice is the "Singing Mouse," not a distinct species, but a strange variety. My



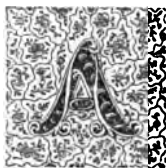
friend, Mr. Jesse, whose "Gleanings in Natural History" are so diverting, has a singing mouse; and the other evening I had the satisfaction of hearing this mouse sing, which it did as sweetly as some of the feathered race. Some day I shall probably write the mouse's song, and enable you to fancy what a mouse can find to sing about.





## Something about Trees.

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VOLUME, and that a very large one, might be written about trees ; and of all the beauties of this beautiful world, there is scarcely anything more beautiful, in old Peter Parley's estimation, than a beautiful tree. I was struck with this most forcibly, when standing under the noble oriental plane which graces the most beautiful of many beautiful country homesteads, in the county of Suffolk—Benhall. I then regretted that I had not studied trees, as I ought to have done ; and I was more than once put to the blush by exhibiting my ignorance to the “monarch of all I surveyed ;” and so I determined to give a little of my time to the study of trees ; and I shall now endeavour to give to my young friends the benefit of it, that they may shake hands with the oaks and the beeches, the elms and the limes, the maples and the hollies

—and even with those at Holly Lodge, if they will—and so make a friendly acquaintance with “leafy society.”

One of my favourite rides is from Richmond to Langley Iver, and thence to Richin’s Park; and in this little circuit of a few miles I can pay my respects to some of the most beautiful trees of our native land; and very often, in the “deeply embowered” roads of this journey, have I been struck with the graceful foliage of the mountain



ash, known as the quicken tree, and in the north of England as the rowan tree. This must not be confounded with the common ash, which I shall notice at some other time. The mountain ash was an old acquaintance of mine, in Scotland, where it forms one of the sweetest characteristics of mountain scenery. Here it is a very considerable tree; there, on some rocky mountains, covered with dark pines and waving birch, which cast a solemn gloom over the lakes below, a few mountain ashes join in a clump, and, mixing in with them, have a fine effect. In summer, the light green tint of their foliage, and in autumn the glowing berries, which hang clustering on them, con-

trast beautifully with the deeper green of the pines ; and, if they are happily blended, and not in too large a proportion, they form some of the most picturesque furniture with which the sides of these rugged mountains are invested.

The mountain ash is a slow-growing tree, and does not attain sufficient bulk to make its timber valuable, neither is the wood very durable ; but it will thrive in any soil, and flourishes best in hilly situations. The beautiful scarlet berries with which it is loaded afford a welcome supply to thrushes and many other birds, whose favourite food they form. An infusion of them is made in Wales, and forms an acid liquor, somewhat resembling perry.

In former days, when the superstitious belief in witchcraft prevailed, the wood of this tree was supposed to be a preservative against its effect ; and, even to the present hour, in some remote districts of the north, the virtues of the wiggen tree, as the mountain ash is there called, are still highly celebrated, when the influence of some " wild witch " is maliciously exerted in the dairy, and many a weary hour has been spent in the operation of churning, without producing the desired effect ; the remedy is said to be found in procuring a churn-staff made of the wiggen tree, which dispels the charm, and effectually frees the dairy from the interference of the witch. A branch of the wiggen tree is often suspended at the bed's head, to prevent the witches from exerting their power, by filling the mind with horrible images during sleep. The doorways of buildings are decorated in like manner, when there is any suspicion of danger from the influence of these imaginary beings.

The wiggen tree is now, however, not held in such honour as it was formerly.

There is nothing Peter Parley loves more than what is termed "going a-nutting;" and many are the rambles and browsings he has had at Ufford Thicket, Bredfield and Blount's Wood, and, as he gathered the clustering fruit, did he think

Those growing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human life we view ;—  
The ill-match'd couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume,  
Or from each other wildly start,  
And with a noise for ever part ;—  
But see the happy, happy pair,  
Of genuine love, and truth sincere,  
With mutual fondness, while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn,  
And, as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away,  
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

Such is the kind of union it is delightful to see, and rambling in the woods puts me in mind of it. Now is the holiday time of boys and girls, and, duly prepared for an encounter with briers and brambles and bearing on the shoulder the long nutting hook and ample wallet, they may have passed many a happy hour in exploring woods and intricate paths, and making their way through all the difficulties presented by thorny brakes and beds of matted fern, till they have reached some untrodden nook, surrounded with hazel bushes, where they were repaid for all their toil by finding a rich harvest of nuts. The excitement attending these excursions, sometimes a long pro-

tracted one ere a favourite spot is discovered, the cool shades that are explored, the perfect liberty that is enjoyed, the separation in quest of fruitful trees, the unexpected meetings, when each thought he had chosen an unexpected path, the rural meal enjoyed beneath some aged oak, where moss and harebells form the carpeting on which the weary party reposes. All these things make a day spent in nutting one of the pleasantest and merriest days of the year to young people, and one of the most agreeable to look back upon when youth is passed away; and the period of the year is now arrived when these pleasures may be and will be enjoyed by numbers of our young friends; I shall, therefore, say a few words concerning the trees and fruit they so much admire.



The botanical name of the common hazel nut is *Corylus Avellana*. The word *Corylus* is from the greek, and signifies a bonnet or helmet. The Roman name of *Avellana* was added on account of the abundant growth of the hazel in the neighbourhood of Avellino, a city of southern Italy, where, in good years, the profits resulting to the inhabitants from these trees are said to have been upwards of 60,000 ducats. The

English word hazel appears to come from *Hæsil*, the Saxon term for a head-dress; so that the English as well as the Greek term bears allusion to the peculiar growth of the green calyx of the nut, which shields and envelopes the fruit in the same way that a helmet or bonnet protects the head.

The hazel is a native of all the cooler parts of Europe, Northern Asia, and North America, and from it are derived all the numerous varieties of nuts and filberts now in cultivation. That it is indigenous to our island there can be little doubt; it seems to have been especially prevalent in the northern parts of the kingdom; for Sir William Temple says, "The north-west part was called Caldun, signifying hills of hazel, with which it was covered; from which the Romans, forming an easy and pleasant sound from what was harsh to their classical ear, gave it the name of *Caledonia*." Hazel-wood and nuts are frequently found in the peat-bogs of that country, and some of the latter have even vegetated, notwithstanding the length of time they have probably remained in the bogs. In almost every part of England we meet with hedges or coppices of hazel. The soil which produces them in most plentiful growth is a moist, rocky, or sandy soil, and Cambridgeshire and Suffolk abound in them. If suffered to reach their full growth, they will sometimes shoot up to the height of twenty feet; but they are generally cut down for various purposes long before they reach this growth.

The hazel is easily known by its shrubby habit, by its broad leafy husks, and by its roundish heart-shaped leaves. Its wood is of a very close and even grain, and the roots beautifully veined. The nuts abound in a mild oil, and, as you know, are pleasant to eat; but they are not to be eaten in large quantities, for they are very indigest-

ible, and many young persons have been seriously injured by taking an over-dose of hazel-nuts.

The uses of the hazel are many. The roots afford beautiful wood for inlaying, the suckers and branches form walking-sticks, fishing-rods, stakes, hurdles, hoops, panniers and baskets. Excellent charcoal is obtained from the wood and chips of hazel-wood, which is said to have virtue in fining muddy wine.

There are several species of hazel in this country, and some foreign species; the principal of the latter, as distinguished by botanists, are, 1, *Corylus rostrata*, or the horned hazel-nuts, which inhabits the mountains of the Carolinas. This rarely exceeds the height of two feet, and is known from the common hazel by the smoothness of its bark, and the different shape of the leaves, which are oblong instead of heart-shaped, and the globular form of the husks. 2, *Corylus colurna*, the Constantinople nut, a white-barked tree, twenty feet in height, with an erect trunk, and spreading head. The leaves of this tree are shining, much less wrinkled than those of the hazel, heart-shaped, and slightly hairy on the under surface. The branches are destitute of glands, the husks are bell-shaped, and the nuts roundish, and very hard. There are two other species of hazel found in the Himalaya mountains, not very different from those already mentioned. One is named *Corylus lacera*, the other *Corylus ferox*.

There are many superstitious customs connected with the hazel. On the vigil of All Saints' Day the burning of hazel-nuts is performed. On Allhallows' Eve, which is in some places called nut-crack night, it is a favourite charm, and, according to the manner in which the nuts burn, the happiness or misery of many an affianced pair is foretold. If the nuts, when they are placed on the fire, burn quietly, side



by side, with a steady flame, the persons represented by them are to be faithful to each other, and to lead a happy life; if a nut cracks, or starts from the fire, the youth or damsel whose name it bears is to prove untrue, or the marriage to prove unfortunate.

The superstition of the divining rod is also connected with the hazel. It is employed for the purpose of detecting the presence of water under ground, or of the presence of metal, as in searching for ore. The divining rod is commonly in the form of a forked stick, which, when grasped in both hands, is supposed, by spontaneously turning in the hands of the operator, to indicate the presence of water or ore. It is formed of hazel, and, being held in the hand after a particular manner, it was and is now believed by many to have a secret impulsion downwards, where water or ore is present. There is, however, one necessary adjunct for the performance of this experiment, viz., the stedfast power of belief or faith; and through this, it is said, the rod both trembles and turns, to the infinite satisfaction of the diviner.

There is nothing, my young friends, in true religion so great, so powerful, and so beautiful as faith; without it religion could not exist, and when strictly associated with the divine teachings of the gospel, it gives such an extraordinary vitality and vigour to the Christian man, that nothing earthly can prevail against the strong convictions of the mind; but superstition is quite another thing—the creature of fear, of ignorance, and want of faith; it drags man into the pit of perdition, for which there is no hope or pardon. Have faith, my young friends, but eschew superstition, as the most dangerous of all the machinations of the Evil One. The divining rod is really a matter of superstition, not of faith.

## BOTANICAL QUESTIONS.



**WHAT** is the sociable tree? the dancing tree?

And the tree that is nearest the sea?

The most yielding tree? the busiest tree?

And the tree where ships may be?

The languishing tree? the least selfish tree?

And the tree that bears a curse?

The chronologist's tree? the fisherman's tree?

And the tree like an Irish nurse?

What's the tell-tale tree? the traitor tree?

And the tree that is warmest clad?

The logman's tree? and the housewife's tree?

And the tree that makes one sad?

What's the tree that with death will benight you?

And the tree that your wants will supply?

The tree that to travel invites you?

And the tree that forbids you to die?

What tree do the hunters resound to the skies?

What brightens your house, and your mansions sustain?

What urged the Germans in vengeance to rise,

And fight for the victims by tyranny slain?

The tree that will fight? and the tree that obeys you?

And the tree that never stands still?

The tree that got up? and the tree that is lazy?

And the tree neither up and down hill?

The tree to be kissed? the dandiest tree?

And what guides the ship to go forth?

The tree of the people? the unhealthiest tree?

And the tree whose wood faces the north?

The emulous tree? the industrious tree?

And the tree that warms mutton when cold?

The reddish-brown tree? the reddish-blue tree?

And what each must become ere 'tis old?

The tree in a bottle? the tree in a fog?

And the tree that gives the joints pain?

The terrible tree—when the schoolmasters flog?

And what of mother and child bears the name?

The treacherous tree? the contemptible tree?

And that to which wives are inclined?

The tree which causes each townsman to flee?

And what round fair ancles they bind?

The tree that's entire? and the tree that is split?

The tree half-given to doctors, when ill?

The tree that we offer to friends when we meet?

And the tree we may use as a quill?

The tree that's immortal? and the trees that are not?

And the tree that must pass through the fire?

The tree that in Latin can ne'er be forgot,

And in English we all must admire?

The Egyptian plague tree? and the tree that is dear?  
And what round itself does entwine?  
The tree that in billiards must always be near?  
And the tree that, by cockneys, is made into wine?

Our Juvenile Correspondents are requested to forward the answers to the above queries.





## Something about the Sloth.

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HERE has been much, from time to time, written about the sloth; and much that has been written had better not have been written, because it has been far from true. Now Peter Parley fancies that there is nothing so valuable as truth, and, although he tells stories, sometimes, none of his stories are untruths, for they are founded upon facts, and have truth for their basis, dressed up in the narrative form. In accounts of the various passions and affections of mankind, or children-kind, it is useful and right so to represent truth; but in the simple facts of the creation, and the laws which govern it, absolute accuracy is indispensable. No fact can be misrepresented without telling a lie; and a lie is the worst of all reptiles that crawls upon the earth.

Those who have written upon the sloth have not been so anxious

about truth as they should have been; they have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain, that he is proverbially slow in his movements, that he is a prisoner in the midst of space, and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he has mounted, he rolls himself up into the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

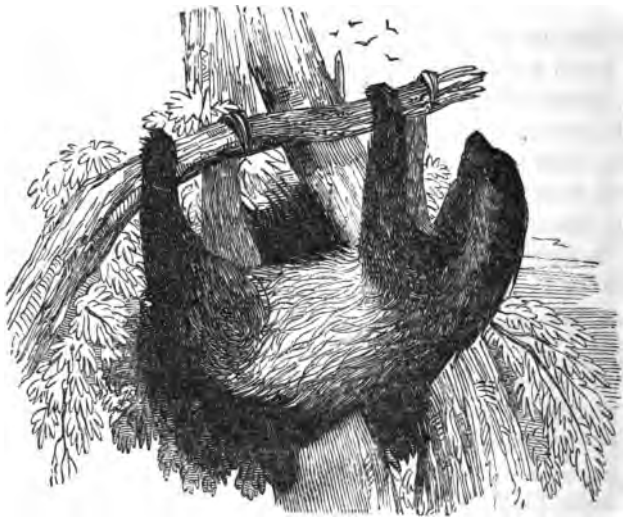
If the naturalists, who have written the history of the sloth, had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would have told different stories, for they would have learned that, though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting on the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

The sloth is by nature destined to be born, to live, and to die in the trees. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and, being good food, is never allowed to escape the inhabitants of South America, where he is found inhabiting remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilised man.

The sloth, according to the arrangement of Cuvier, belongs to that order of quadrupeds called *edentata*, toothless; not that the animal is without teeth, but that it is deficient of cutting teeth, the front of its jaws being bare. There are two species of this animal, both natives of South America, namely the three-toed sloth, and the species with two toes, the one represented in the engraving.

If you look at him, you will fancy that his fore-legs, or more properly, his arms, are much too long, while his hind ones are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a cork-

screw. Both the fore and hind-legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular position, or, in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported on their legs; hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground.



Now, if he supported himself on his legs, like other animals, he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very long, and sharp, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, in the same manner

as if a man were to throw himself upon all fours, and attempt to support his body on the ends of his toes and fingers. Were the place in which the sloth fixes himself to be smooth, like glass, he could not move; but, as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, stumps of trees, roots of grass, and other like matters, the sloth moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of, and, when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but, at the same time, in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire for himself the name of *sloth*.

The sloth, in its wild state, spends his whole life in the trees, and never leaves them, but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the ground, the eagle to soar in the air, and the fish to swim in the sea; some, such as the mole, are destined to live under the ground, but the sloth is fitted to spend his whole life in the trees, and, what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, as is the case with the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them; he moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different frame-work from that of any known quadruped; hence his odd organisation is accounted for, and, in lieu of the sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a miserable and painful life on his progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Him who doeth all things well.

Such are a few particulars regarding the sloth. If Peter Parley



has corrected a few errors concerning this curious animal, he has done something, and he hopes that, for the future, his young friends will not think there is any slothful animal in nature. In the whole range of creation, nothing is slothful or idle—all is activity—all is busy; and if my little friends would move in the order of nature, they must be busy likewise. To be perpetually doing something useful is the great secret of happiness; and those that would be pleasing in the eyes of their Maker, will not be idle, but busy—aye, busy as a sloth.







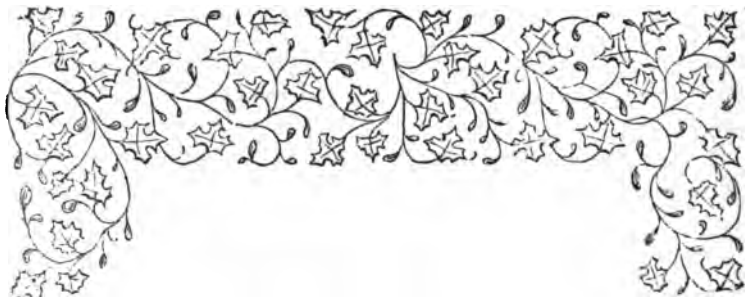
HINDOO WOMEN AT THE GANGES.



*Journal of Management Studies*, 20(6), 791-806.

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## Something about the Hindoos,

AND THE LIGHTING OF LAMPS ON THE BANKS  
OF THE GANGES.

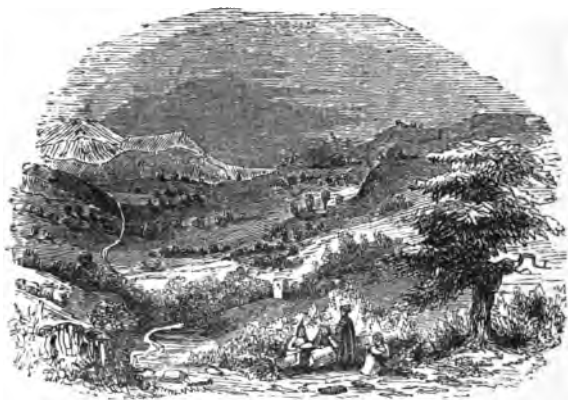
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THE Hindoos are the native inhabitants of India, and their history goes back much farther than that of any other nation, except that of the Jews. From the very earliest period they seem to have been a commercial people; and even now their commerce is remarkable, and their ingenuity in the manufacture of things, principally by their hands, very singular.

The Hindoos vary much, according to their situation in the great Indian peninsula. Travelling through India, northwards from Ceylon, up the Carnatic, the Deccan and Bengal (look at your maps, my

young friends), to Cashmere, an extent of twenty-five degrees of latitude, we meet with a very great variety of habits, languages and religious observances, almost as great, indeed, as a native of India would observe in the several nations, were he travelling through the continent of Europe.



VALLEY OF CASHMERE.

The radical language of the Hindoos is the Sanscrit, of which such is the antiquity, that neither history nor tradition have preserved any account of the people of whom it was the living tongue. Of this language there are numerous dialects; each province and district in India having its peculiar dialect.

Five great sects of Hindoos worship a particular deity, who is also adored by the other sects; but the followers of this comprehensive scheme modestly select one object of daily devotion, and

pay adoration to the other deities on particular occasions only. They, however, worship a vast number of inferior gods, and they believe in the doctrine of transmigration, *i. e.*, of one soul animating successively a great number of bodies, both human and bestial.

In the establishment of their religious edifices, the Hindoos always show a predilection for the shores of the great rivers, or of the sea. The shores of the Ganges are sacred, from its source to its mouth; and here various penances are performed, and a number of festivals are held, of particular interest. In one of these, the Hindoo females set their lamps upon little floating boats, made of the bark of the babo tree, and send them down the Ganges, with prayers and aspirations, believing the fate of these fragile vessels to indicate their own course through life.

It is a lovely sight to behold, on a beautiful evening, the congregation of multitudes on the shores of the sacred river, amid the sounds of music; and to see the dancing and sporting, and, above all, the celebration of the festival I have mentioned. All down the Ganges a succession of the most interesting spots appear. The smallest villages on the banks possess landing-places; broad steps descend into the river, enclosed on either side by handsome balustrades. These are often flanked by beautiful temples, mosques, or pagodas, according to the creed of the founders. The banian and the pepal tree fling their sacred branches over the richly carved minarets and pointed domes; and those in the Brahminic villages are crowded with troops of monkeys, whose grotesque and diverting antics contrast strangely with the devotional attitudes of the holy multitudes performing their orisons in the stream. Nothing can be more animated than an Indian Ghaut. At scarcely any period of the



day is it destitute of groups of bathers, while graceful female forms are continually passing and re-passing, loaded with water-pots, which are balanced with the nicest precision on their heads.

Should my young readers wish to know more about India, they must look out for my forthcoming volume of "Tales about India," which will soon make its appearance.





## Faithfulness;

### A STORY OF THREE BLIND PUPPIES.

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THE school to which Valentine wended his way was situated at that straggling part of the forest called Woodford Wells. It was kept by a Mr. Popinjay, and included both boarding and day scholars. The principal, a stout gentleman, of about sixty years of age, had been originally a horse-dealer, afterwards a corn-dealer, then a brewer, then a cab-proprietor, then butcher, then beer-shop-keeper, then coal-merchant, and lastly, when all his capital was wasted, his strength spent, and his mind somewhat decayed, he turned schoolmaster; and, having obtained the honorary certificate of M.C.P., opened a day and boarding establishment at Woodford Wells.

But, notwithstanding Mr. Popinjay's changes and vicissitudes of this mortal life, and the troubles, and perplexities, and mortifications, and rebuffs, and indignities connected therewith—and, although his eyes were rather dim, his legs rather weak, his breath rather short, and his nose a little red at the tip—his heart had not yet forgotten to flow in its natural current. He used to say to himself, "I have been a boy all my life" (which he certainly had), "and why should I be a tyrant now? boys will be boys! What tricks I used to have when I went to school! what fun afterwards! what escapes! what knocks! what troubles! what sprees! oh, it won't do for me to be fierce and hard-hearted, after all!" And so, notwithstanding the great variation in Mr. Popinjay's worldly career, the idle pranks of his early life, and the struggles of his middle one, of his experience in the villany of mankind, he, somehow or other, retained a freshness of spirit which few could have expected in him. The fact was, he had been blessed from his birth with a natural cheerfulness, with the rainbow of hope continually dancing in his mind's eye, with a hearty faith that all was for the best, and a deep conviction that all would come right at last. How he had failed in the multiform professions in which he had engaged, seemed a puzzle to him at all times; and, having failed in so many instances, the world gave him no credit for wisdom or virtue; but, somehow or other, people liked him, the sunshine of his happy face was a pleasant thing to look at. The reason why he failed in his various professions, seemed to be entirely owing to his trusting to the roguery of others, to his faith in worldly matters, and to the entire absence of fear in his constitution. When he sat down to ruminate on the past, which he frequently did, after the labours of the day were over, and, under the

influence of the Indian weed, he used to "chew the cud" of his troubles and failures with as much pleasure as animals do really chew the cud; and, reviewing how he was cheated by one man, choused by another, deceived by a third, and hummed by a fourth, he felt more consolation in being the victim, than in being the victimiser; and



sometimes, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he would sigh and say, "Thank heaven, I am out of it all!" And then he would go into his school with as cheerful a face as ever met a May morning, and the boys would cluster round him without fear, and the spelling and reading, the "ritin and rithmetic," the use of the globes, and the art of mensuration, would go on as merrily as holiday bells.

Mr. Popinjay was anything but a disciplinarian ; and, as to cane and ferula, he hated the sight of them. In hearing boys their lessons, he never made use of those unmerciful dodges that ill-tempered tutors take delight in ; he never picked out the hard words exclusively for spelling, nor the hard sums in arithmetic, nor the puzzlers in Latin, nor the unpronounceable in geography ; his object was to make all things as easy as possible—his tasks were light, his instructions kind, his method, at times, playful. The boys liked their school, and their master, and, had it not been for a tutor, named Snapnash, they would as soon have been at school as at play, or at home. But Snapnash



was a cold, calculating, long-nosed, rigid, austere, sour, bitter, sharp, domineering, savage pedagogue, who prided himself upon his knowledge of Latin derivations and Greek roots ; and I have no doubt that he felt an absolute pleasure in birching and giving “pancakes.” The boys used to hate him to such a degree, as to play him every kind of

trick, and even went so far, occasionally, as to give their backs to the cane, on purpose to show him they did not care for his beatings, which, however, were only inflicted when the principal was absent, which he frequently was, owing to the social nature of his disposition, which often led him to the mansions of his friends to eat dinners.

It happened to be one of those days, those white days in the calendar, when the joyful principal of Eden Grove Academy was absent; white days to himself, but not to the unfortunate *wights* who were doomed to lesson-books and primers; for on those occasions Snapnash felt himself very like Nebuchadnezzar, or Alexander the Great, or Cæsar, or Hannibal, or any other great tyrant, ancient or modern. And, on Valentine's arrival at the school, he had the mortification to find the school-hour past by more than half-an-hour, the boys all in, and the hushed and quiet demeanour of the school told him that the principal was absent, and the usher in his seat. He listened for awhile at the door, and could hear nothing except the scratching of the pens on the paper, and now and then the squeak of slate-pencils on the slate, done on purpose, by some cunning wag, to make a diversion, without a penalty; presently he heard the stern voice of the usher, "Marks, I'll mark you!" addressed to a boy named Marks, who was very impatient for the display of his shadow-glass, and longed to throw the flash of it upon the tutor's nose, but durst not. Listening a few minutes longer, he heard a noise very much like the quack of a magpie; and immediately the tutor called out, "Who is that making that noise?"

"Please sir," said a little red-haired, feeble-bodied urchin, "Please sir, it's Bobby Wenkins, with his jackdaw!"

"What!" vociferated the usher.

“A jackdaw, sir!” said another boy, wishing to *curry favour*; “made out of a bottle-neck and a horse-hair!”

The pedagogue descended quickly from the rostrum, cane in hand, a thunderbolt in his eyes; “I’ll jackdaw him!” and immediately he fell upon the unlucky pupil with his cane (thwack, whack, whoop, whoop, whoop, thwack, whack, whoop). “There!” said he, almost exhausted by the severity with which he had administered the blows; “there, Mr. Jackdaw, I think your back can sing as well as your bottle and horse-hair!”

“Please sir,” said a third boy, “your cane is split, sir; there has been a horse-hair put in it!”

“Then take a little more of it!” replied the usher, applying the split parts to Bobby Wenkins’ back with fresh vigour, who immediately began to roar most lustily, telling the tutor that he would inform his mama, and that she should set her lawyer upon him; whereupon Mr. Snapnash belaboured Master Bobby for another five minutes, during which the whole school rose, some on the forms, some on the desks, Bobby running inside of one, outside of another, now bobbing under and then leaping over, till, in the confusion, the hot-blooded usher tumbled over a form and lay sprawling.

In the midst of this confusion, Valentine opened the door, and, slipping in unobserved, sat himself down quietly at his desk, having taken care to stow away the three blind puppies inside his dress, between his shirt and his flannel-waistcoat. Whispering to a school-fellow, who handed him his writing book, he began to devote himself, in the most profound manner, to the art of caligraphy; keeping his head very much below the level of those who sat between him and the tutor.

When order was restored, and a kind of breathless silence reigned, Valentine ventured to look up.

The tutor was bleeding from the nose, and panting with his exertions in the cause of subordination; and the whole school was subdued, and silent as the grave, wondering what would come next. In the midst of this profound silence, to the great discomfiture of Valentine, Master Lion, the elder of the three blind puppies, having got his nose entangled in the folds of the waistcoat, began to whimper and whine, as puppies are wont to do when they are uncomfortable, and to fumble his little cold nose about in various directions for that "bottle of comfort" which he looked for in vain (yelp, yelp).

"Who is making that noise?" said the tutor, looking up above his pocket-handkerchief, which he still held to his nose. "Who is that?" said he again, more fiercely.

All was silent.

"If I find any boy at his tricks, I will flay him alive!"

(Whine, whine, yelp, yelp.)

All the boys looked half-frightened, half-comical.

"I'll flog every one of you, if you don't tell me who it is daring to insult me in this manner!" said Snapnash, descending from his rostrum and flourishing his cane.

Valentine squeezed himself as low as he could on the form, and, by this movement, pinched the puppies, who, of course, whined and yelped accordingly.

"And pray, sir, where did you come from?" inquired the usher, with mock politeness; "may I have the honour of inquiring when you smuggled yourself into this place? Pray, what do you mean by these noises, sir?" and, taking hold of Valentine's jacket at the nape



of the neck, he essayed to pull him from his form, for the purpose of applying the *argumentum ad canem*, but, in doing this, the stretch of the jacket behind opened it in front, and out tumbled the three blind puppies with a whine, a yelp, and a whack.

"You villain!" vociferated the enraged Snapnash, applying the cane, without further parley, over the shoulders of Valentine; "how dare you!—but I'll make you repent it! (whack, whack.) You'll bring young puppies to school, will you? (whack, whack.) And play truant? (whack.) And smuggle yourself into school? (whack.) And, I suppose, tell your mother, won't you? (whack, whack.) And she'll send for the lawyer to settle me? (whack, whack, whack.) But I'll law you—yes, the whole of you! (whack, again.) There, take that, and that, and that!" (whack, whack, whack.) This was followed by the wailings of Valentine, and the whinings and yelpings of the puppies, crawling about on the floor as well as they could crawl, with their sprawled legs, and trembling heads, and blinking eyes.

"Take them away! take the ugly brutes away! knock their heads against the door-post, and throw them on the dunghill!" No one offering to do this act of kindness, the tutor laid hold of the unoffending infant dogs himself, and, taking all their hind-legs together into his hand, as one would hold a brace of partridges, he gave them a twirl, and essayed to make a blow with their heads at the door-post, but——

Just at that moment, in popped the head of the principal, Mr. Popinjay, who received the united trio of pups upon the most prominent organ of his face—the nose.

"Stop, stop, stop! what the dickins are you at! don't hurt the puppies!" said he, holding the tutor's arm; "what harm have they done?"

"Harm!" replied the tutor; "why, sir, they have upset the whole school, and caused nothing else but a perfect rebellion!"

"Boys will be boys; pups will be pups, Mr. Snapnash! Poor little dears, give them to me; why, they look as innocent as young lambs, who could have the heart to hurt them? Give 'em to me, give 'em to me!" And so the principal took the puppies from the secondary, and laid them on his arm. "Who belongs to the pups?" he then inquired, looking so good-tempered, that Valentine dried up his tears in a moment, and said, "They are mine, sir!"



"How could you be such a silly boy as to bring young puppies to school?"

"They were going to be drowned, sir!" replied Valentine.

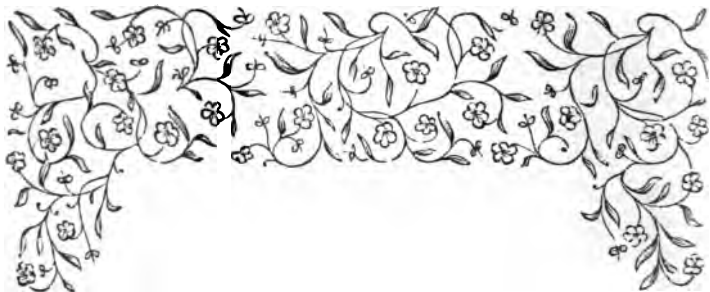
“Yes, I see,” rejoined the old man, “and you saved them; I know the whole history;—but come, I shall take them in and put them in Tommy’s basket,”—which was a basket belonging to a favourite tom-cat, petted by the schoolmaster, but to whom the servants of the house bore an antipathy, since he wished to cultivate too close an acquaintance with the blackbird,—“and then,” added he, “when you go home, we will talk about them; in the meantime, my boys, go on with your lessons like Greeks and Trojans.”

And so all the boys went on with their lessons, cheerfully and kindly; while the usher sat down and “chewed the cud” of his *mortification*.



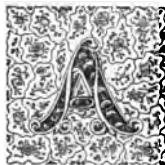
Something about  
Birds.





## Something about Birds.

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GREAT deal may be said about birds, my young friends, and nothing, in my opinion, is better calculated to give us innocent pleasure than their study. To be with them in their quiet and secure nooks, to watch them in their flight, to pry into their little secrets, to notice their habits, their cunning, their contrivances, their instinct, and, above all, *their love*, is to me a delicious study, and I only wish I had more time to give them. As it is, being surrounded by them on all sides at Holly Grove, they have forced themselves this year upon my attention more than at any other time. The swallows have built under the eaves of my house; the sparrows, much to my annoyance, in the gutters; the blackbirds in the holly-trees; the tom-tits and the starlings in the holes of the elms; and, as to master robin red-breast, he is a constant visitor

morning and evening; and sparrows—O hang the sparrows!—they have eaten half my peas, and they care no more for my Guy, a most respectable, well-built, individual, with a Taglioni coat, a three-cornered, or fire-shovel hat, a marshal's baton, and a chancellor's wig, each of which, separately considered, represent all the terrors of the three great professions—they care nothing for it; and I verily believe that, were the commander-in-chief, the lord chancellor, or even the whole bench of bishops, to endeavour to frighten away the sparrows, they would not care a whit for them, while there are peas and currants in the garden.

But, hang the sparrows!—no, poor things, I could not hang them, after all; I can scarcely find it in my heart to throw more than a tuft of grass or a clod of earth at them; I suppose we must share the good things of this life together, and so, without saying another word of them in particular, let us say a few words about birds in general.

Bird, then, *avis*, to begin scientifically; *avis*, that which flies; plural, *aves*, birds. They are warm-blooded, oviparous animals, adapted for flight by means of wings, and are endowed with double breathing and circulation. Now, although birds have limbs, and eyes, and ears, like animals of the order mammalia, they differ widely from them, especially in the mode of producing their young. They all lay eggs, and hence are called oviparous; and every boy knows that they hatch them. Besides these particulars, all birds are covered with feathers; the feathers are attached to the skin by a hollow quill, filled with air; the quill feathers are ingeniously hatched together by serrated edges; the surface of the feathers, especially in aquatic birds, is kept waterproof by an oil, secreted in glands near the tail, and

which is frequently smeared over them by the bird using his bill for the purpose.

Birds have no teeth, but they have the power of breaking seeds with the bill; they can also peck things to pieces very readily with the sharp point of it. Some swallow their food without breaking it; in which case it passes into the crop, where it is softened, and to the gizzard, where it is in a manner ground, which operation is assisted by small stones, swallowed by birds for that purpose.



Some birds live on trees, some on land, some on the water, some are both land and water birds; indeed, they seem adapted by their good Creator for all circumstances of life, and every one is beautifully fashioned for the course of life it has to pursue. Those that live on

prey have sharp beaks and claws ; those that live on seeds have strong hard beaks ; those that live on weeds and such matters, have broad bills. Some have feet for perching on trees, and have their toes separate ; those who live in water have the toes connected with a web, and are called web-footed.

The tender care with which birds look after their young is proverbial, and the skill with which they construct their nests is so admirable, as to be a constant subject of remark. They are led to build their nests by an instinct planted within them by their Creator, and the beauty of their habitations is wonderful ; they construct them of various materials, such as hay, roots, leaves and reeds ; some construct them of clay, as the swallow ; some of clay and sticks. Their shape, also, varies considerably, some are in the shape of a cup, some in the shape of a long purse ; the nest of the long-tailed tit is shaped like an egg ; that of the hedge-sparrow is in the shape of an oven.

Birds are said to have knowledge, memory and affection, and even imagination, for they dream, and they can be trained to perform a great number of curious tricks, some of which, the most wonderful of any ever produced before the public, I shall detail in another place. But one of their most remarkable natural habits is that which belongs to the migratory tribes, who depart from us and return to us at their proper seasons, with unerring precision.

The plumages of birds vary, from the soberest russet brown to the most gorgeous gold and silver. The plumage of the golden and silver pheasant, of the Chinese cocks, of the various species of humming-birds, of the bird of Paradise, are so beautiful, as to defy description ; even some of our own birds are very handsome, the king-fisher, espe-



cially; and the feathers on the neck of the common cock, and those in the tail of the peacock, are very beautiful.

Then their songs; no animals in nature possess the dulcet sounds of birds. What is the bellowing of a bull, the bray of an ass, the bleat of a sheep, the grunt of a pig, the hiss of a snake, to the delightful notes of the sky-lark, the thrush, the nightingale, or the robin? The birds belonging to the parrot tribe are even more than musical, they are talkative, and will repeat a sentence, and sing a song accurately, both as to words and tune. A parrot has been known to sing upwards of fifty different tunes, keeping time with his foot, and never missing a word.

I could say a great deal more of birds in general, but perhaps it may be more agreeable to say something on birds in particular, and therefore we will talk a little about the cuckoo.

The common European cuckoo is a bird about the size of a small pigeon, and its well-known vernal note is heard in the south of England about the second week in April; it says "cuckoo," very plainly; and it has also another cry, repeated occasionally, both by the male and female bird, "cul, or cuil," repeated several times in succession. The cuckoo cry is repeated often, both when the bird is on the wing and when he is on the branch of some thickly-leaved tree. It has been said of this cry by some person who noted the habits of the bird:—

In April  
Come he will;  
In May  
He sings all day;

In June  
He changes his tune ;  
In July  
Off he'll fly ;  
But in August  
Go he must.

Quaint and homely little sayings, such as these, simple as they may be at first sight, are often great aids to the memory.

The most curious and wonderful circumstance in the natural history of this bird is the fact of its making no nest for itself, but depositing its eggs in the nest of another bird. The cuckoo's egg is remarkably small for the size of the bird, hardly equalling in this respect that of the sky-lark ; and the female cuckoo appears to deposit her egg in the first suitable nest she happens to find, whatever may be the species of bird to which it belongs ; and it is one of the most curious facts in natural history, that many of the smaller finches, into whose nest the cuckoo deposits her eggs, and which never themselves touch any sort of insect food, and even bring up their own young exclusively upon softened vegetable food ejected from their own craws, will, notwithstanding, rear up the young cuckoo upon caterpillars and other insects.

The common cuckoo egg has been known to occur in the nests of the following British species, viz., the blackbird, song-thrush, sky-lark, green grosbeak, linnet, chaffinch, hedge-chanter, wagtail, reed-warbler, hedge-warbler, bunting, redstart, robin, and some others. Some of these birds will throw out the egg, but others will hatch it ; and, when hatched, the young cuckoo takes upon itself to turn the other young birds out of the nest, by hoisting them up on its back, and throwing

them over the sides. I remember, in my early days, observing a nest of young robins served in this way in a hedge on the Warren Hills, and, what was very extraordinary about it was, that the young robins had been caught in their descent upon the thorns of some large briars, and the poor little creatures died a death of impalement.



A very favourite resting-place of the cuckoo is upon an isolated tree, which commands a wide prospect around; and in such situations the female cuckoo, concealed among the thickest foliage she can find, sits quietly, and observes the operation of the numerous small

birds around him, more particularly noticing those which are carrying about building materials, and marking the place of deposit; this, also, is, probably, another reason why the cuckoo's egg should be so very often found in the nest of ground-building birds. Mr. Ray relates the following fact:—"I once observed a cuckoo enter a wagtail's nest, which I had noticed before to contain one egg; in a few minutes the cuckoo crept from the hole and was flying away with something in his beak, which proved to be the egg of the wagtail, which it dropped, on my firing a gun at it. On examining the nest, the cuckoo had only made an exchange, leaving its own egg for the one taken."

The cuckoo, invariably, when undisturbed, destroys whatever other eggs there may be in the nest in which she lays her own; whenever other eggs are, therefore, found in the nest, they are laid subsequent to the deposit of the cuckoo's egg; of this the writer has good evidence. A meadow-poppin's nest was found, with four eggs in it, which, upon being looked at a day or two afterwards, was observed to contain a solitary cuckoo's egg, all the others having disappeared. On searching about the place, the broken shells were, however, found at a short distance. Another instance was made known to me by a bird's-nesting boy, of whom I purchased a cuckoo's egg. This lad found a meadow-pipet's nest with two eggs in it, and, going the next day to look at it, these had both disappeared, and that of a cuckoo was in its place, alone: the following day, the pipet laid an egg to this, and the day after that another, when the nest was taken from the place.

The cuckoo's food consists principally of insects, chiefly, however, the larger caterpillars, whether smooth or hairy; these it first kills, by shaking or knocking them violently against the boughs, and then

it renders them perfectly pliant, by passing them several times through the bill, before it swallows them. In search of these, the cuckoo is often seen about fruit-trees, to which it renders good service, as it not only preys upon the caterpillars that have reached some size, but also may be seen upon the spray, deliberately picking out the newly-hatched larvæ from their webs. While feeding, the cuckoo leans very forward on the bough, its tail being raised up behind, in an odd sort of way. The young cuckoo, when first taken from its nest, is extremely savage and voracious, buffeting and spurring with its wings like a game cock, and uttering all the time a shrill cry. I know a gentleman who once tamed one, which used to follow him all over his fields and gardens and would come into the kitchen and sit on the fender, to warm himself by the kitchen fire. I could tell you many other interesting facts respecting the cuckoo, but must reserve it for some other time.



## MARTIN OF MARTINDALE,

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD OF 1745.

## CONCLUSION.

**T**HE cavaliers, returning now  
 To Martin's ancient home,  
 Ransack'd the ancient halls afresh,  
 And levell'd every dome.

The captain, sorely thwart, now swore  
 No living thing to spare ;  
 And gave command for hound and hawk,  
 For filly, cob, and mare.

"Yet stay," said he, "these hounds are fierce ;  
 Good scents of human blood ;  
 Send them amid each mountain pass,  
 Through forest and through wood.

"Let's hunt the recreant traitor down :  
 Let's *nose* out where he lies !  
 Though he has baffled ere so well  
 The prying of our eyes !"

Then from the yelling pack they took,  
And leash'd them with a thong,  
Jowler and Ringwood, side by side,  
Two bloodhounds, fierce and strong.

And they were fierce and savage dogs,  
With hunger gaunt and thin,  
Whose fang'd jaws, with iron teeth,  
Did like Hyæna's grin.

Then, choosing three strong, sturdy men,  
And horses fierce as they,  
The captain cried, with waving sword,  
"Unto the chase, away!"

The hounds were laid upon the scent;  
And, nosing well the ground,  
Through rugged pass and mountain rent  
They tripp'd with nimble bound.

The captain and his soldiers three  
Close follow in the rear,  
Cross burn and brook, and torrent-fall,  
With couchant sword and spear.

Hark! now old Jowler giveth tongue,  
And Ringwood joins the cry;  
He scenteth well, the good old hound;  
The game is surely nigh.

A little vista springeth up  
The gnashing rocks between—  
The hounds they stop—the soldiers pause—  
With beating hearts, I ween.

“’Tis he!—he lieth, fast and sound,  
Beside his wearied steed!  
Hush! gently! rouse him not, my men,  
Or we, perchance, may bleed!”

The hounds broke out in joyful yell,  
And rush’d in frantico mood,  
Licking their master’s hands and face,  
Like true hounds, brave and good.

Up sprang Sir Martin on his legs,  
Out flew his honest sword;  
Jowler and Ringwood stood at bay,  
Obedient at his word.

“Sieze them!” said he. The hounds they turn’d  
Upon the soldiers three;  
Sir Martin, then, with sturdy blow,  
Drew forth his cutlery.

Down fell the captain, with a groan,  
His helmet cleft in twain;  
While Jowler pinn’d the foremost man  
Upon the rocky plain.



Now, thrust and stab, and anvil blow,  
And slash of fearful range,  
Between Sir Martin and the two,  
Had doubtful interchange.

One fell at last ; the other fled  
As fast as horse could hie ;  
And Martin stood a victor then,  
With both his good hounds by.

And soon he found a welcome boat,  
And cross'd the briny sea,  
And dogs and man, as faithful friends,  
Lived happily and free.





## The Chinese Junk.

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**K**EYING, the Chinese Junk, having left her moorings at Blackwall, and come up to her blue moorings, at the bottom of Essex-street, Strand, Peter Parley has been on board of her, and conversed with some of the "China-men," as the sailors call them, who told him many interesting particulars concerning her. "Confound these English!" the little great Napoleon used to say, "they are so enterprising," It was Englishmen who, thinking that a Chinese ship would be a good speculation, as well as an interesting spectacle, bought the "Keying," at Canton, about four years ago, and floated her safely out of the waters of the celestial empire. She sailed from Hong-Kong on the 6th of December, 1846, with a crew of thirty Chinese and twelve English. She reached the Cape of Good Hope, but was exposed to a "heavy storm from the N.W.,"

which she weathered, and reached St. Helena. She then steered for London, but, owing to "adverse currents and obstinate winds," blew and drifted over to New York, being a slight deviation from her original course, which, however, was not of much consequence, as the New York people afforded her a great welcome, and, flocking on board in prodigious numbers, paid their "peeping pence" with great alacrity. The "Keying" next went to Boston; afterwards she sailed for London, and reached Jersey in 21 days, and afterwards came to London.

The "Keying" is not a very sightly ship, and presents very much the appearance of some of our English vessels about five or six hundred years ago. She is about 700 tons burden, her length is 160 feet, her hold 15 feet deep, and her breadth about 32 feet. The masts, of which there are three, are made of iron-wood; the centre one is ninety feet in height, and 10 feet in diameter at the base; the others are much smaller. On these masts are large square sails; the sails are made of reed or straw matting, with stout bamboos at intervals of two-and-a-half or three feet, extending horizontally along the surface; and to either extremity of these bamboos are attached lines, for the purpose of adjusting the sails to the wind; therefore, when it is desired to reduce or reef the sails, they are rolled up from the bottom, by means of these ropes, as many spaces as are thought necessary. In the "Keying" the mainsail is said to be of the extraordinary weight of nine tons, and requires the whole crew to assist in the operation of hoisting it, a task which takes about two hours, while a hundred-and-twenty-gun-ship can get under weigh, hoist all her sails, and be off to sea in about fifteen minutes.

The anchor of the "Keying" is of a very rude construction, and is made of iron-wood; the rudder, also, is of a most singular build,

projecting from the stern of the vessel, like those of our barges ; it is generally made of lattice-work, or perforated with holes. The compass is shut up in a small bowl in the state-room, immediately before the deity of the sea, to whom the sailors never appeal until a



storm arises, when they stick perfumed matches in the sand at the bottom of the bowl, and prostrate themselves before their images, to

appease the anger of their deity. To this divinity, also, an altar is erected, well stored with trinkets, matches and coloured wax candles. Numerous specimens of Chinese ingenuity are also placed in this state-room, carvings in marble and ivory, figures of a madarine and lady, musical instruments, and weapons of warfare, besides many other curiosities.

On the deck of the "Keying" there are two tanks of water, the butt for Chinese-folk's rice, and the sort of stew-pan they use for the cooking of fresh and other food, as also, various emblematical devices and banners, which they use in their processions. On each side of the bows is the representation of a very large eye, as the Chinese say, "Ship no see without eye!" All the fluids, water or spirits, on board, are contained in jars or tanks; and the most singular thing in connection with these arrangements is, that the Chinese never put a second head into a cask; a cask closed at both ends would be a novelty in China.

I should advise my young friends to see the Chinese Junk, and, if possible, to talk a bit with the "China-men."





## Faithfulness;

### A STORY OF THREE BLIND PUPPIES.

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THE father of Valentine Wilford was a retired tradesman, who had taken a house on Chingford Green, to terminate his days in rural felicity. Mrs. Wilford was a paragon of domestic economy, and gave her whole heart and soul to the kitchen, the pantry, the larder, the store-room, the pig-sty, the duck-pond, the hen-roost, the garden and the dunghill. She could bake bread, make butter and cheese, brew beer, make gooseberry-champagne, raspberry-vinegar, peristaltic-pills, soda-cakes, unleavened-pastry and peppermint-water. There were few things she could not accomplish, and none that she had not attempted; and she was so self-satisfied with her domestic exploits, which were of every-day

occurrence, that she used continually to chuckle and congratulate herself upon her doings, especially upon her "laying her own eggs," and "hatching her own chickens," and "killing her own pigs," and "cutting her own cabbages," and "making her own peppermint-water;" and, above all, her "ginger-pop," which she held as an infallible remedy for colic, for spasms or spavins, for whooping-cough, nettle-rash, measles, meagrimms, warts, corns and chilblains.

Thus, being a notable woman, Mrs. Wilford could be no other but a notable mother. Had she not been a good one, it is not likely she would have had so good a son. She taught Valentine, at an early age, to know right from wrong, and, what is better, to practice it; she cultivated his feelings, watched his tendencies, and corrected his faults; and she was very fond of him. She used to look forward to his return from school of an evening with a great deal of pleasure; and when he came, she used to hug him to her bosom and smother him with kisses.

On the evening of the day of the uproar of the school, Valentine returned home as usual, except that the three blind puppies were his bosom companions; and he walked slowly and timidly towards "Filbert Lodge," the name of his home. Mrs. Wilford saw him coming, and, observing he walked somewhat slowly, her quick imagination immediately fancied her child could not be well, and, rushing quickly towards him, exclaimed, "What's the matter, *Valley*? I am sure the poor child is ill! my dear, dear boy!" And then she squeezed him to her bosom, close and fast; when "yelp! yelp! yelp!" went the puppies at the unusual pressure, which very nearly squeezed them flat.

"O, my child!" exclaimed the anxious mother; "what have you

got there? young puppies, I do declare! you naughty boy—in the dog-days, too—and in the inside of your clothes! Oh, we shall all go mad! a woman died of a bite of a mad dog in last Sunday's paper! Let them go! throw them away! put them down, I insist!" So saying, the three blind puppies were torn from their comfortable quarters by the careful mother, and Valentine stood howling.



"Do not hurt my puppies! they are my puppies—do not hurt them! pray let me have them—I will buy meat for them! do mama—pray let me have them? "

"The boy is mad! three blind puppies! three dogs in a house! Think of your mother's feelings, who hates dogs! think of your fa-



ther's, who was twice bitten by one! think, O think! If you will not think of your parents, think of the dog-tax—eight-shillings a year—where is that to come from?"

"O, but we don't pay the dog-tax till they are a year old; and I shall sell them before then!"

"Sell! why they are the ugliest, unlicked, uncouth, mis-shapen batch of pups that were ever whelped! Go, tie a stone round their necks, or put them into an old fish-basket, and throw them into the horse-pond—they will do for the ducks!"

Valentine exhibited, both by words and gestures, his unwillingness to take this parental advice; and stood with the three pups, laid one over the other on his arm, in a state of bewilderment.

"Then, if you won't do as I tell you, don't think of entering the house with them, for that you shall never do! If you don't destroy them immediately, you may stop where you are, or roam about all night with them in your arms; and I will send your father to you with the horse-whip!" And then Mrs. Wilford gave her disobedient son a good shaking, and left him in the middle of the road to ponder on his own imperfections.

Valentine was sorely discomfited by this reception; and exceedingly vexed that his mama should have been so determined against his favourites; but he determined not to hurt, much less to destroy, the pets he had already taken so much care of, and so he determined to find some place for them, at a distance from the house, where he could bring them up secretly. He turned, therefore, into the forest, towards an old barn, which had for a long time been tenanted only by rats; and in a corner of this he made up a bed of hay for his puppies, and covered it over with some old boards and slates. He then

went home, and made himself master of some of the duck's victuals ; and the puppies had a good meal, and stuffed and stuffed at it, till they fell fast asleep ; and thus ended their first day's eventful history.



It would be tedious to relate the many sore troubles that Valentine underwent to keep his little pets in a state of safety, and how

his pockets were emptied to supply them with food ; but it may not be so tedious to tell how he proceeded to train them to be wonderful dogs, which he certainly did, and that with a perfection not to be thought lightly of, as I can assure my young friends.

As the pups emerged from puppy-hood to dog-hood, Valentine commenced a course of training, into which they fell with astonishing alacrity. He first went through the formal ceremony of naming them, "Lion," "Rollo," and "Wallace." Lion grew a little faster than his brothers, but all were alike sagacious and intelligent.

Valentine first taught them to fetch and carry ; he next made them sit upon their hind legs, and beg ; he then taught them to jump over a stick, then through a hoop ; he also well trained them to go into the water, and bring things out ; and, to teach them how to save a person when drowning, Valentine made a kind of doll, with straw and old rags, and used to tumble it out of a boat, on the River Lea, and send the dogs in after it ; he made the figure larger and larger, till it was at last almost as big as himself ; then he discontinued the figure, and threw himself into the stream, when the dogs immediately plunged in after him, and drew him to the shore.

Valentine proceeded with his training, not exactly on the constructive system, but by one far more effective. He taught his dogs to know what they were about. Lion soon learned to play a tambourine, by beating it with his paws, at the word of command ; Rollo was taught to tinkle a triangle, and Wallace to ring a bell, when bidden. The tambourine, triangle and bell were mounted on stands before the dogs, and they tapped them with their fore-paws, in regular succession, and formed a kind of concert truly amusing. He also taught them a great variety of other tricks, and made them, to a certain ex-

tent, understand language. In short, as the three puppies grew, they became so intelligent as to astonish their little educator.

Valentine little knew, however, that his dogs were doomed; he was by no means aware that his motions in the barn had been watched by some travelling gipsies. One of these people had, at one time, been connected with some showmen, and, having noticed the sagacity of the pups, determined upon stealing them; before he did this, however, he was determined to learn the arts of their trainer; he, therefore, secreted himself in a dark corner of the old barn, and saw Valentine go through his performances with his three pets. The next night, when they were all sound asleep in their straw-beds, he stole into the place, and, putting them into a bag, swung them over his shoulder, and he and his gang decamped the following morning, leaving Valentine to lament his unfortunate loss.

It would be to little purpose to describe the grief of Valentine, when he found his pets gone; he lamented; he searched every part of the forest; he made every inquiry; he spent, in short, more than a week in hieing to and fro, in going hither and thither, and in offering rewards, but to no purpose;—the dogs were gone, and he was wretched.

The fellow Ralph, the gipsy, who had taken the dogs, moved to the town of Ipswich; and he had not been a day in the district before he endeavoured to sell them to the Museum of Natural History in that place, as wonderful creatures. But the curator having looked at the beasts, and finding nothing in them very instructive, and not knowing their amusing qualities, declined the purchase. And then Ralph, hearing of a mountebank in the town, immediately took the specimens of natural history to him, who, upon proof of their quality,

by the exhibition of their various tricks, purchased the three for a sovereign, and put them immediately into special training, where, in a very short time, by the application of a vast amount of trickery to their naturally good qualities, so prepared them as to make them answer his purpose for an exhibition.

Now it so happened that the anniversary of the establishment of the Natural History Museum drew nigh, and the whole town was moved at the auspicious event. It took several weeks to prepare, but the preparation was worth all the trouble. Professors of every branch of science were invited, from the four quarters of the globe:—ecclesiastics, in lawn sleeves, were engaged; men of genius were solicited to dine dinners and discourse discourses to each other; and the profoundest minds were advertised to enlighten the public, especially the commonality, concerning the wonders of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom; in short, the town of Ipswich was in a violent ebullition of knowledge, and the populace, far and wide, were in a frenzy of excitement, better imagined than described.

At this extraordinary epoch, the mountebank, the renowned cabalistic conjuror, calling himself "The Great Wizard of the Past, the Present and the Future," determined to evaporate the brilliance of the men of science, and to shine forth himself in all his native lustre. Having obtained permission of the mayor to exhibit his show in the Town Hall, under a plea that it was something in favour of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, he sent forth hand-bills and broad-sheets to every part of the country, in the following form:—

# GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION!

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ART, SCIENCE AND MANUFACTURES COMBINED! NATIVE TALENT FOSTERED!!  
FOREIGN COMPETITION EXPECTORATED!!!

---

## THE GREAT WIZARD

OF THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE,

With his Galvanico, Mechanico, Hydrostatical, Hydraulical, Pneumatical  
Apparatus, will Annihilate Time and Space, Hatch Eggs from an  
Empty Sack, Produce Flocks of Sparrows from a Lighted  
Candle, Moore's Melodies from a Salt Box, and  
one of Hullah's Exeter Hall Choruses  
on a Mouth Organ.

---

TOGETHER WITH

## THE GREATEST WONDERS OF THE AGE!

The Inimitable, Unapproachable, Magisterial Performances of the Unique

## DOGS

OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION!

Who will go through a variety of incomprehensible  
performances; among which will be performed a Dog-  
Concert, in which the Dogs will perform both Vocally and Instru-  
mentally; also, Run-up a Ladder, Look through a Telescope, Dance a Quadrille,  
Fire-off a Pistol, Snuff a Candle, Do off Euclid's Seventh Book,  
Translate a Passage from Virgil, Tell any Lady when she  
will be Married, Gentlemen the Way to Get  
Money, How to Keep a Horse upon  
Nothing; and show the

OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

The issue of this bill had a prodigious effect; it was fatal to the scientific anniversary; it drew off all the more intelligent part of the multitude; and the professors of science and art, natural history and natural philosophy, had free scope among empty benches, while Messrs. Lion, Rollo and Wallace had their hall of exhibition crowded to the very ceiling.

When the night arrived, Lion, Rollo and Wallace outdid all that their new master expected of them. Lion, in addition to his other performances, had been taught to smoke a cigar, and Rollo and Wallace to suck a sherry-cobbler; in these, and in similar tricks, they were dressed in proper costume. They, also, leaped through a hoop of blazing fire; and Lion went through the usual tricks with cards, told the numbers on a teetotum, and, with his magic nose, brought to light the lady who wished to be married, the gentleman who was looking out for a lady with money, and the boy who played truant from school. But this was not all, the great conjuror had three wonderful monkeys; these, being dressed as jockeys, Lion, Rollo and Wallace were saddled and bridled as horses, and a sweepstake for 1000 sovereigns was run for, among the uproarous applause of the learned audience, and to the sad discomfiture of the museum anniversary.

Such was the exalted position of Valentine's once three blind puppies; and, as they grew in size, they became more perfect in their performances. The Great Wizard travelled about into all parts of the country, reaping golden opinions from all sorts of people, and destroying the attractions of literary and scientific institutions, as by magic. It has been supposed, had it not been for the untoward event which I am about to relate, that in a few years there would

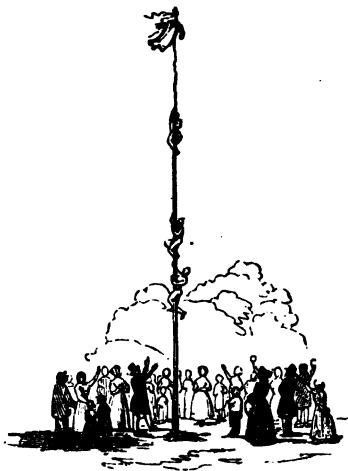
not have been a literary and scientific institution in the kingdom,



owing to the increased amusement and instruction to be derived from the canine race.



But the great wizard, in an evil hour, turned his steps towards the metropolis, and having, in the usual manner, puffed himself, through the newspapers, was at last engaged, together with his dogs, to add to the attractions of Vauxhall Gardens. There was a balloon to ascend, with a man on a donkey in it; a grand concert; 10,000 additional lamps; the Timbuctoo melodists; a flying-dragon, and fire-works; but the grand attraction was the once three blind puppies.



Some years had passed since Valentine had lost his pets, and the then boy was grown up into a young man; being in London, and hearing of the tricks of dogs, it put him in mind of his lost favourites, and of his skill in training, and he determined to go and see them.

Amid the blaze of 10,000 lamps, and the glitter of as many bright eyes, with an orchestra before and handsome scenery behind, what was his astonishment, when the first scene of the performance commenced, to behold his once beloved puppies. He thought he must be mistaken at first; but no—the cut of Lion's jib, the leer of his eye, the syllogistical wag of his tail; and the very white spot, too, on Wallace's neck; and the black head of Rollo—it was they.

Valentine felt his heart too big for his body; they were his dogs; he seemed as if he could scarcely breathe as they went through their performances, amid the applause of a London auditory;—but when, at last, they appeared as horses, with monkeys on their backs, he could contain himself no longer, but, giving forth his well-known whistle, long and loud, the dogs stopped in the middle of their career.

The conjuror now attempted to urge them on, but to no purpose. Again Valentine whistled. The dogs gave a yelp, a yell, a bark, and a bound over the heads of the people in the pit, and rushed, monkeys and all, towards their once beloved master. The wizard's wand was broken; the performances were at an end; Valentine was seized; the dogs were dragged away, and two policemen, with fierce looks, took Valentine to the station-house, for disturbing the performances.

The next morning the wizard preferred his charge before the magistrate. Valentine defended himself, by declaring the dogs to be his, and that they had been stolen from him. The dogs were ordered to be brought into court, and immediately leaped from the hands of those that held them towards Valentine, whom they overpowered with caresses. The wizard declared that he had bred the puppies, that their mother and father were both alive, and highly respectable dogs they were.

"To show you that they are my dogs, your worship," said Valentine, "I will direct them to a trick which the wizard never dreamed of, if your worship permits."

"Do it!" said the magistrate.

Valentine touched the wizard on the head. Immediately Lion leaped up, and whipped off his "natural scratch," leaving the wizard as bald as a mushroom, amid the laughter of the court.

Little more was necessary to settle the affair. Valentine took his dogs home with him, saved them from the further torture of exhibitions, and distributed Wallace and Rollo to two friends; he kept Lion to himself, who has ever since proved the most obedient, loving and faithful of animals.





## Something more about Trees.

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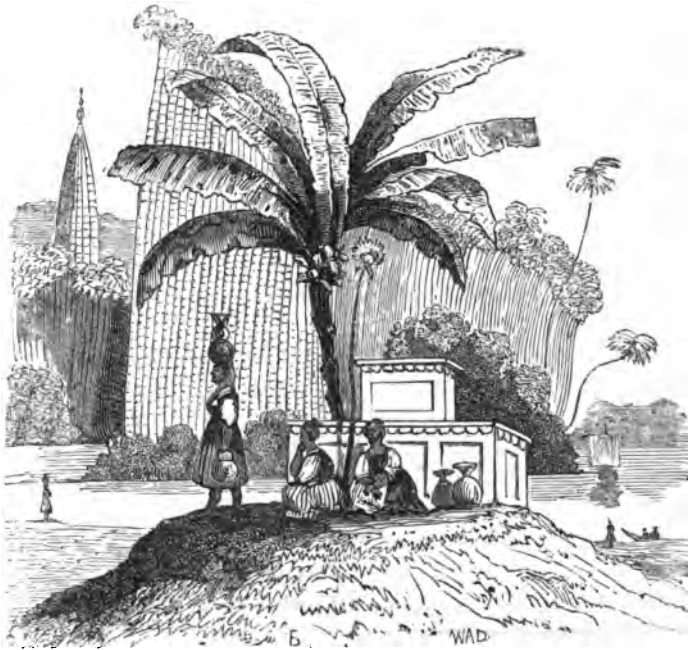
ONE of the most gigantic of trees is the cedar; it has been called, by many, the king of trees, and I am almost disposed to give it the *palm*. Of all the great ornamental trees which have been introduced as the glory of our gardens and pleasure-grounds, the cedar stands first. It is raised from seeds that ripen in England, or from seeds imported from the Levant. When got from the cones, which is a work of some difficulty, they are sown in deep seed-pans or boxes, and when fit to be removed, the seedlings are placed and nursed in pots, until they are large enough to be planted out in the ground for good, as the saying is.

The cedar of Lebanon is the *cedrus labani* of botanists, formerly called *pinus cedrus* by Linnæus. They were introduced into England so far back as 1683; and there are but few old country seats in

the kingdom which do not possess a few of these cedars; near the metropolis, many sites of old mansions possess them in amazing beauty; even at Hammersmith, now almost all bricks and mortar, on the grounds of Sir John Philippart, and on those of Mr. Simpson, the well-known defender of the rights and privileges of Englishmen, are to be seen two of the most symmetrical and beautiful cedars in the kingdom. There are two or three varieties of these trees; some assume the conical figure of the other coniferæ; others extend their branches horizontally from the top of a short thick trunk, forming a dense mass over head; others, again, are very much divided near the ground, into upright stems, which, with their horizontal spring, form, in the course of years, a vast bush. The most ancient trees in the world are the cedars of the Mountains of Lebanon, those mentioned by Solomon three thousand years ago; and it has been assumed by some authors, that some of the trees still standing are of that age.

The noblest species of vegetation are, without doubt, the palms and the plantains. The earliest inhabitants of the world dwelt in a country where palms were abundant; their tall, slender, unbranched stems, crowned by elegant feathery foliage, composed of a few gigantic leaves, cause them to differ in appearance from all other trees. The stem is, in some cases, irregularly thick, as in that termed in Spanish *coroso del sinu*; sometimes slender like a reed, as in the *piritu*; sometimes scaly, as in the *palma de coveja*; and prickly in one species. In the *palma real*, in Cuba, the stem swells out like a spindle, in the middle; at the summit of these stems, which in some cases attain an altitude of upwards of 180 feet, a crown of leaves, either feathery or fan-shaped—for there is not great variety in their general forms—spreads out on all sides, the leaves being frequently from twelve to fifteen

feet in length. In some species they are of a dark green and shining surface, like that of a laurel or holly; in others, they are silvery on



the underside, like the leaf of a willow; and there is one species of palm, with a fan-like leaf, adorned with concentric blue and yellow rings, like the eyes of a peacock's tail.

The most magnificent of the palms are the jagua and pireguao, in which, especially the former, nature has combined all the beauties of the tribe; its slender, polished stems rise to the height of from sixty to seventy feet, so that the crown, of seven or eight enormous airy leaves, is raised far above the surrounding foliage; the light green of the leaves, waving in the breeze, on their slender stalks, singularly contrasts with the dense mass of vegetation below them. It is this palm which bears enormous clusters of seventy or eighty purple and gold berries.

The palm diminishes in beauty from the equator towards the temperate zones. The real palm climate has a mean annual temperature of from 75° to 80° of Fahrenheit, that of England being about 50°. Thus my young friends will see that palms can never grow in the open air in this country.

The bay-tree is also another celebrated tree, called in Latin, *laurus nobilis*, and by the Greeks, "Apollo's Laurel." The tribe *laurus* comprehends many trees, such as the cinnamon, camphor, benzoin. The geography of it is thus given by Dr. Lindley: "These trees," he says, "inhabit the tropics of either hemispheres, in a few instances only straggling to the northward, in North America and Europe. No genus is known to exist in any part of the continent of Africa, except the paradoxical *cassyntha*. This is the more remarkable, as several species of *laurus* have been found, both in Teneriffe and Madeira; and some other genera exist in Madagascar and in the isles of France and Bourbon. Of all the species, the bay-tree seems the best calculated to struggle with colder climates, and is the only one indigenous in Europe. It is very common in the East, in the isles of Greece and upon the coast of Barbary. Entire forests of bay-trees

exist in the Canaries. It has been perfectly naturalised in Italy and the coast of France; and it even bears our own climate very well, forming one of the most desirable evergreens we have, although its growth is slow."



In its southern situation, the height of the bay-tree sometimes exceeds thirty feet. The leaves are of a deep rich green, highly and pleasantly aromatic; the flowers are of a pale yellow colour, and are afforded by old trees only; the fruit is of a blackish-red colour,



and about the size of a small cherry, seldom perfected in this country, but plentiful in Italy.

This is one of the trees that has been most celebrated by the ancient poets. Ovid relates with great beauty the fable of the change of Daphne into a laurel, by Jupiter, to save her from the pursuit of Apollo, who thenceforth adopted the tree as his own. In consequence of this dedication to the god of poetry and music, the leaves of the plant were considered a suitable crown for the heads of warriors, and



came also to be bestowed on triumphant warriors, and on the victors in the Olympic games. Poets, warriors and kings, still receive the laurel crowns in poetry, on statues, and on coins; and the court poet

retains the title of "laureat," as a memento of the laurel crown he formerly wore. In the middle ages, it was customary to place it on the heads of young poets, who were sometimes solemnly crowned, as in the case of Petrarch, at Rome, in 1341.

But the bay-tree is far more useful in medicine than in the crowning of heroes. The leaves, when bruised between the fingers, exhale a pleasant odour, and afford, when burnt, a grateful incense. The husk of the berries contain a great quantity of volatile oil, which is very aromatic; and the kernels, also, furnish, by expression, a fat oil, which is much employed for embrocations.

Another celebrated tree is the pimento, or allspice-tree of the West Indies. It is a species of myrtle, which grows to the height of from twenty to thirty feet, and has nearly oval leaves, of a deep, shining, green colour, and numerous branches of small white flowers, each with four white petals. It grows spontaneously, and in great quantities, in many parts of Jamaica, particularly in the northern parts of the island. The usual method of making a new pimento walk, or plantation, is to set apart a piece of woody ground in the neighbourhood of an existing plantation, or in a part of the country where the scattered trees are found in a native state. All other trees are then cut down, but the timber is allowed to decay where it falls. In a year or two, young pimento plants are found to spring up in all parts of the land, from seeds supposed to have been dropped there by birds. The tree begins to bear fruit in three years after it is planted, but it does not arrive at maturity until seven. At that time plantations yield about 1000 lbs. weight from an acre; and in favourable seasons, a single tree has been known to yield 150 lbs. of the raw fruit, or one hundred-weight of the dried spice.

The calibash tree is another. The ordinary name of this tree is a corruption of that of *calabaça*, given to it by the Spaniards. This, likewise, is a native of the West Indies and Central America, where it grows to the height of above twenty feet. The trunk is crooked, dividing at the top into numerous very long, thick, nearly simple, and almost horizontal branches. The leaves are clustered, nine or ten together, at regular distances, from five to ten inches long; they are about one inch broad, narrowing very generally towards the base, and terminating in a very long point, and are entirely smooth, and rather shining. The flowers are single, seated on a thick peduncle, arising from the larger branches, and sometimes from the trunk; they are of large size, variegated with red and yellow, and altogether have a beautiful appearance, but a very disagreeable smell.

The fruit of this tree varies in size and figure on different trees, but may be described as round, oval, and bottle-shaped, from two inches to a foot in diameter, covered with a thin, greenish-yellow skin, enclosing a thin, hard, and almost woody shell, which contains a pale yellow, soft, juicy pulp, of an unpleasant taste, but which, as well as the leaves and the juice, is esteemed a valuable remedy in several external and internal disorders. The pulp contains several flat seeds, which, being brought over in the ripe fruit, and sown in pots of light, fresh, rich earth, plunged in a bark hot-bed, and always kept in the stove, will produce the plant in this country.

The shell, stripped of its external bark, and emptied of its juice, is used, according to its size, for various kinds of domestic vessels, such as water-cans, goblets, coffee-cups, spoons, ladles, and even for kettles to boil water in, for the shell is so hard and close-grained as to bear fire, cautiously applied, without injury. When intended for ornamental

vessels, they are sometimes highly polished, and have figures engraved upon them, which are variously tinged with indigo and other colours. The calabash used to be the only vessel possessed by the New Zealanders for holding any kind of liquid, and, when they drink out of it, they never permit it to touch their lips, but hold their faces up and pour the liquid into their mouths. After dinner, they place themselves for the purpose, in a row, when a slave goes from one to the other, with a calabash, and each holds his hand under his chin as the liquor is poured by the slave into his mouth.

A still more interesting tree is the jaca-tree (*artocarpus integrifolia*). I have already mentioned the other species of breadfruit-tree (*artocarpus incisa*, or deeply cut or gashed-leaf); this grows chiefly in the West India Islands, but the jaca-tree grows in the main land of Asia.


The breadfruit is a beautiful as well as a useful tree; the trunk rises to the height of about forty feet, and, in a full-grown tree, is from a foot to fifteen inches in diameter; the bark is ash-coloured, full of little chinks, and covered by small knobs; the inner bark is fibrous, and used in the manufacture of a sort of cloth; and the wood is smooth, soft, and of a yellow colour. The branches come out in a horizontal manner, the lowest ones about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and they become shorter and shorter as they are nearer the top. The leaves are divided into seven or nine lobes, about eighteen inches or two feet long, and are of a lively green. The tree bears male and female flowers, the males among the upper leaves, and the females at the extremities of the twigs. When full grown, the fruit is about nine inches long, heart-shaped, of a greenish colour, and marked with hexagonal warts, formed into facets. The pulp is white, partly farinaceous, and partly fibrous, but when quite ripe, it is yellow

and juicy. The whole tree, when in a green state, abounds with a thickish milky juice, which may be drawn out in threads, like toasted cheese.

The timber of the breadfruit-tree, though soft, is found useful in the construction of houses and boats; the juice answers for bird-lime and glue, and the leaves for packing. The fruit often weighs more than thirty pounds, and contains two or three hundred seeds, each of them four times as large as the almond. When the tree is young, the fruit grows from the twigs; in the middle it grows from the trunk; and, when the tree gets old, it grows from the roots.



## ANSWERS TO BOTANICAL QUESTIONS.



 IS dull, morose, to be alone;  
 A *pear* is sociable, you'll own.  
 We may suppose that, in a dance,  
 No tree can, like the *caper*, prance.  
 The first tree you are sure to reach,  
 Nearest the sea, must be the *beech*.  
 I ask, in what tree but the *bay*  
 Could any ship at anchor lay?  
 Ladies who languish, fret and whine,  
 May vent their griefs beneath the *pine*.  
 No true chronologist will state  
 Any event without the *date*.  
 E'en the poor *crab*, so much despised,  
 Is by the fisher highly prized.  
 Irish nurse, on chair or truckle,  
 Unto her babe cries, "*honey, suckle!*"  
 When the sear'd leaves the cold winds stir,  
 What tree can be so warm as *fir*?  
 The housewife, if she swept her room  
 With any plant, would choose the *broom*.  
 Most trees afford a club for strife;  
 The *breadtree* yields the staff of life.

One tree would say, had it a tongue,  
" *O-range* with me the groves among!"  
To the sad heart hope who could give?  
There's comfort in thy name, *O-live*.  
Should trees fall out and come to knocks,  
First in the fray would be the *box*.  
Though Sol's bright rising meet your view,  
Still you may say, the *tree rose*, too.  
Some trees are *quick*; we also know,  
Others, like lazy folks, are *sloe*.  
Where neither hill nor vale appear,  
A *plane*, most likely, will be near.  
If all to kiss plants should combine,  
*Tw-lips* should be press'd close to mine.  
Some trees for food, and some for use,  
But there is only one that's *spruce*.  
Trees facing north, an *old man* would  
Without doubt call a *southern-wood*.  
In schoolmaster's *flog-botany*  
Ranks before *birch* not any tree;  
And *Mr. Birch*, when he assails,  
May well be called a *Prince of Wales*!  
When fairies Cinderella dress'd,  
The *sandal* her slim ancle press'd.  
What tree 's immortal? I reply,  
The *arbor-vitæ* cannot die.  
What tree with billiards finds a place?  
I've got my cue—the slender *mace*.  
Cocknies, 'tis true, might sup or dine,  
But wine would want without the *vine*.



## Something more about Birds.

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ERE we have the eagle, the peacock, the swan, and other birds, all deserving a little attention, as well as the raven and the owl, birds of ill-omen to some people. Peter Parley is fond of birds, and wishes that he had the opportunity to study their habits and their instincts. It would be a great delight to him to scale the granite rocks to the aeries of eagles, or to thread the mazes of entangled woods, to hold quiet converse with their ever-vocal minstrels; he would feel pleasure, also, on the wild heath, or the desolate and barren moor, for even there the feathered race would greet him with many a twitter, chirp and trill, to make even solitude delightful.

But to say a word on eagles. I have already mentioned these birds, and given some account of their extraordinary habits, but I will



add an anecdote of an eagle and his fishing propensities, which I had from a friend of mine, upon whom I can place reliance.

That the eagle is extremely destructive to fish, and particularly to salmon, many circumstances would prove. Eagles are constantly discovered watching the fords at the spawning season, and are seen to seize and carry off the fish. Some years since, a herdsman, on a very sultry day in July, while looking for a missing sheep, observed an eagle posted on a bank that overhung a pool; presently the bird stopped, and seized a salmon, and a violent struggle ensued; when the herdsman reached the spot, he found the eagle pulled under water by the strength of the fish, and the calmness of the day, joined to his drenching plumage, rendered him unable to extricate himself. With a stone the peasant broke the eagle's pinion, and actually secured the spoiler and his victim.

When shooting on Lord Sligo's mountains, near the Killeries, this friend of mine said he heard many particulars of the eagle's habits and history from a gray-haired peasant, who had passed a long life in those wilds. The scarcity of hares, which were here once very abundant, he attributed to the rapacity of these birds; and he affirmed that, when in pursuit of these animals, the eagles evinced a degree of intelligence that appeared extraordinary. They coursed the hares, he said, with great judgment and certainty of success; one bird was the active follower, while the others remained in reserve, at the distance of forty or fifty yards. If the hare, by a sudden turn, freed himself from his most pressing enemy, the second bird instantly took up the chase, and thus prevented the victim from having a moment's respite. He had remarked the eagles, also, while they were engaged in fishing:—they chose a small ford upon the rivulet which connects

Glencullen with Glandulah, and, posted on either side, waited patiently for the salmon to pass over; their watch was never fruitless; and many a salmon, in its transit from the sea to the lake, was transferred from its native element to the wild aery in the alpine cliff that beetles over the romantic waters of Glencullen.



When I was travelling in Scotland, I had myself many opportunities of noticing the habits of eagles; and it was very interesting to

observe them flying in circles round the tops of the highest mountains, at times lost in the mists and clouds. On one occasion, I saw an eagle swoop from a great height, and soar up immediately with a rabbit in his claws; and I heard the screams of the young ones in the eagle's nest. I have also seen eagles pounce upon wild ducks in ponds, among the low grounds of mountain bases. But I shall leave eagles for awhile, and talk of birds nearer home, and shall, therefore, say a few words about the raven.

The raven is a very interesting bird; we find him spoken of in the earliest records, and he seems to belong to the world before the flood. At the present era they are widely distributed over the world, and can bear the extreme coldness of the polar regions and the heat of the torrid zone; he inhabits wild and hilly countries, although he nestles in woods; he measures nearly two feet in length, and above three in the stretch of his wings; his plumage is black, glossed over with blue on the upper part, and he is the largest of all the *corvus* family.

The raven generally, but not always, builds in a tree. The nest is formed on the outside with sticks, and is lined with wool, hair, dry leaves, and sometimes with a very odd congeries of matters, purloined from various quarters. The eggs vary in number from two to five, and are of a greenish colour, with markings of a brownish ash. The young birds make a great noise almost as soon as they are hatched, being clamorous for food, and greedy in devouring it; and the old ones are not less eager and diligent in supplying them; but the old ones soon turn the young ones off to shift for themselves, being excellent parents in this particular.

Ravens are very odd birds, indeed; they are easily tamed, and, when tamed, are not merely friendly with man, but they seem to de-

light in playing him tricks. There are a couple of ravens in the Blackfriars'-road, who are constant attendants upon the watermen of the coach and cab-stand there; and it is no uncommon thing for one of these ravens to take a ride with the cabman, with his fare, over half the metropolis. At times, the same bird will attach himself to a strange carriage and take a morning's ride; but a hearse is sure to attract him, and, evil-omened bird as he is, he seems to delight in the paraphernalia of death.

In his wild state, the raven is both sly and dangerous. If a traveller should be pursuing his way in hilly districts after sunset, when the whole scene has become of a dusky raven hue, he will probably catch sight of one of those birds cautiously following his steps for some distance, and yet managing his approach so well, that, on turning to look at him, he always appears to be hopping away in another direction; but, although he appears always to be on the retreat, it is nothing less than an oblique method of advancing. And if the traveller sits down to rest, he will soon find the bird perched upon some stone, at no great distance from him. Here, again, the cautious cunning of the raven is manifested; he perches with his tail towards the observer, as if he were going to make off in another direction, but he is at the same time secretly looking over his shoulder to ascertain the state of things. If the traveller should now stretch himself on the ground, as if dead, the bird now becomes more bold and decided in his approach, but still observes all necessary caution. He is said to make his advances in perfect conformity with the tactics of a siege, never upon the direct line, but at the angle, working by traverses more and more oblique, as he comes nearer, so that when you observe him in motion, he is always as if he were passing by and regarding you with

a mixture of fear and wonder. If he observes any motion of the body, he will take wing, but the flight is with the appearance of pain and difficulty; and, taking a lateral direction, he will generally alight rather nearer to the object than when he set out. Thus steadily and stealthily gaining on his intended victim, his last step is to dart suddenly at the eyes, and, so unexpected and rapid is this movement, after a lengthened and timid approach, that the traveller had need beware how he amuses himself by watching the manœuvres of the bird.

In former times, ravens were much more numerous in this country than they are at present; this is accounted for by the more improved state of agriculture. On the moors and wild places he, however, still follows his appointed work, and looks after the sickly of the flock, which, straying from the fold and laying down to die, he immediately attacks, "pecking into the eye-holes to the brain." In countries where much carrion is found, the raven performs his scavenger office, and clears the land of animal substances in a decaying state, which, but for him, would taint the air with pestilence. He is a true sanitary commissioner, and, what is best, performs his work without an enormous salary. Honour then, my young masters, to the raven.





## The Overland Route to India.

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Y young friends have repeatedly asked about the overland route to India, and it is, therefore, my wish to say a few words about it. I am sorry my space will not allow me to say so much as I could wish, but if my "juvenile people" will go to Mr. Albert Smith, and say Peter Parley sent them, he will afford them such an amusing account of scenes and characters, of travels and disasters, as to make up for more than even my deficiencies. And if, besides this, they will go and see the Panorama of the Overland Route, they will have what is next best to the journey itself.

First, then, if you want to go to India by sea, you must get on board a sailing-ship, and you will perhaps touch at the Azores, then at St. Helena, then at the Cape of Good Hope, and, doubling that

promontory, as it is called, go straight onwards to Bombay, on the western side of the Indian Peninsula, or to Calcutta or Madras, on the eastern, as the case might be. This voyage formerly took eighteen months; it is now reduced, by sailing-vessels, to about six, but, by the overland route, of which I am about to say a little, India may be reached in about one.



There are several overland routes from India to England. Some embark at Calcutta, or Bombay, sail across the Indian Ocean, to the Red Sea, ascend that sea to a port on its western shore, travel across a sandy desert to the Nile, and follow this river to its exit in the Mediterranean.

Another route is to ascend the Persian Gulf instead of the Red Sea, and to travel overland to the northern part of Persia, from whence three distinct routes conduct the traveller to Europe, viz.,

northward through Russia, Austria and Germany; but the route which is most correctly termed overland, is that wherein the traveller sets out from the north-western frontier of India, traverses the dominions of the Sikhs, the Affghans, the Bokharians, and the Uzbecks, and other semi-civilised tribes, and finally arrives at the shores of the Caspian, from whence he takes one of the homeward routes already mentioned.

Starting from Bombay, a word or two may be said concerning that eastern city. Bombay is the seat of government of Western India; it is a small, rocky island, lying on the west coast of Hindostan. Originally it was nothing more than some hilly, rocky islets, but these, by the influence of the high tides, have been joined to each other; and now the island is composed of two ranges of continuous rocks, extending from five to eight miles in length, and at the distance of about three miles from each other. All the ground that can be cultivated is laid out in agriculture, and the remainder is either barren, or covered with the residences of Europeans or natives. The fort is situated on the south-eastern part of the island, on a narrow neck of land. In Bombay often may be seen stately elephants passing along the streets, preceded by escorts of eastern soldiers.

Leaving Bombay, we now cross the Arabian Sea, in one of the Great Indian steamers, and, after a voyage of a few days, we reach Aden, a small port scooped out of the hollow of a volcano. A few years ago, this was a mere dot on the shore, consisting of half-a-dozen mud cabins; but, being made a sort of convenient resting-place and coal depôt for the steamers, it is rising into bustle and importance. Here then, we take coals.

We next enter the Red Sea by the Straits of Babelmandeb, and



sail past Mocha, the chief mart for coffee, and superior, as a city, to all other towns on the Arabian Gulf. It is situated on a flat sandy plain, over which hot winds perpetually blow. From the sea, its white-washed houses, variegated by handsome minarets and tombs, make a pleasing appearance; on entering it, however, the filth of the streets, and the decayed appearance of many of the walls, built only of unburnt brick, produce a very different effect upon the mind.

We then steam away till we reach Suez, which is at the head of the Red Sea. Here it is that Egypt carries on nearly all that remains of its once great trade with the Red Sea. It is a poor, ill-built town, which derives all its provisions from Cairo, and has to send several miles for water, which is bad.

The distance is not great from Suez to Cairo, and travellers are very glad to get away. They can either mount on the back of a dromedary, or get inside a kind of omnibus, which holds four people, and which very much resembles one of the Margate bathing-machines. After a due time, spent in heat and dust, both of which are insufferable, you reach what is called the "middle-station," or half-way house, in the desert—a kind of hotel where people put up for the night. On the following morning they start, and by the evening reach Cairo.

Cairo is, perhaps, the greatest thoroughfare of any city in the world, and you see in it inhabitants of every country on the face of the globe. It is seven miles and a half in circuit, but a great part of it is covered with gardens and open spaces; its population is not more, perhaps, than a quarter of a million. The passengers remain for some days at Cairo, at spacious hotels, at the expense of the Peninsula and Oriental Company, and these afford them an opportunity of visiting the

pyramids, the petrified forest, the pacha's palace, and the egg-hatching depôt, and a variety of other less objects of attraction.



I have already afforded my young readers an account of the pyramids, and of the difficulties, fears and dangers of the ascent and descent; and all I can say about them now is, that there is nothing particularly new about them, except on the top of the great pyramid, where some one has carved, on one of the principal blocks of stone,

**"DO, PAPA, BUY PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL."**

which is, without question, a very remarkable inscription, and highly honourable to the sculptor.

From Cairo to Alexandria you travel down the Nile in a boat. It is by no means a pleasant passage, for you are cooped up and par-

boiled in the interior, among as great a variety of things as those of Noah's ark; or you are broiled by the sun on the exterior, till you can hardly bear it; and at last you come to what is called the key of Egypt, though insulated by water and desert. The ancient city of Alexandria—named after Alexander the Great—was, according to



Pliny, fifteen miles in circuit; it shone in all the pomp of eastern magnificence, and contained streets of immense width, which intersected it from end to end; its public edifices were of the most splendid description, and its library contained 400,000 volumes, including all the Greek and Latin literature. This treasure is, alas, irreparably lost to the world; an order of Theodosius the Great, that all the heathen temples throughout the Roman territory should be overthrown, was the cause of it;—a crowd of fanatical Christians stormed

and destroyed the temple of Jupiter Serapis, where the library was, and the volumes were either burned, or destroyed, or lost. When Alexandria succumbed to the Caliph Omar, it contained 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or public edifices, and 12,000 shops, and a very numerous population, among which were 40,000 Jews. Its appearance now is most melancholy and wretched, resembling, at a distance, with its ruins grey, and flat-roofed houses, a town newly laid desolate by an enemy. The streets are narrow, dirty and irregular, and usually crowded with half-fed, half-clad, human beings; but the ruins of the old town appear, here and there, to make more picturesque the otherwise unsightly desolation.

Amid the scenes of wide-spreading devastation surrounding Alexandria, a few objects rise conspicuous, the most remarkable of which are the two objects vulgarly called Cleopatra's Needles. They are composed each of a single block of granite, nearly sixty feet high, and entirely covered with hieroglyphics. This circumstance indicates an Egyptian origin, and it is conjectured that they were conveyed thither from Memphis. Beside the obelisks, we have, in the same locality, a large pillar, about ninety feet high, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, as having been erected by Cæsar, to celebrate his triumph over that famous general.

The ancient canal between Cairo and Alexandria has been restored by the late Mehemet Ali, who employed, by force, thirty thousand people, to excavate the bed, with no tools but their hands to scratch away the sand. Thousands died in this inhuman work, without one touch of pity from the inhuman tyrant who compelled the labour.

From Alexandria a steamer, "swift-winged," transmits you down the waters of the Mediterranean, and in about four days you reach

the port of Marseilles, considered, by many, the finest city in France. Looking down upon it, from a height called La Viste, in the form of a crescent, encircling its port, which is only yet distinguishable by the masts and flags of the ships of various nations; on the left a rich landscape opens, thickly studded with court-houses; on the right is the long roadstead, crowned with ships, its sides beautifully indented.



In the town itself the most distinguished edifice is the Hôtel de Ville, or mayor's-house. In a vast enclosure on the coast, to the north-west, at a short distance from the town, is the lazaretto. The aspect of the port, from the top of the hill, which forms the new Boulevard, is the most picturesque that can be imagined, presenting the costumes of different nations—Turks, Jews, Dutch, English and

Russian merchants, sailors and porters, moving and mingling with prodigious activity.

The exchange is not very striking, as a building; it opens and closes by beat of drum. The cathedral church is also not very remarkable. In the new town, the streets and spaces are well designed and elegantly built. The common people preserve in their physiognomy and manners, no trace of their Greek or Roman origin, or of antique civilisation; they are harsh-looking, impetuous, and rude, but brave, frank and kind, at least so Peter Parley always found them.



The route from Marseilles to Paris is easy enough, by water and rail; and from Paris to Boulogne easier still. The crossing of the English channel, from this part to that of Folkestone, is sometimes the worst and most dangerous part of the *overland* route; but it is soon over, and the traveller finds himself in that land of freedom called Britain.

Nothing further remains than to take the first train to London, and the traveller finds himself, within a month of leaving Bombay, safely quartered in London; and then he may have the satisfaction of talking over his "travel's history,"—his many accidents by boat and omnibus, of his being held in quarantine, of his redemption thence, together with the whim, the fun, and the frolic of camel-riding, mosquito-hunting, and being crawled over by gigantic spiders and blue vampires.





## The Last of the Giants.

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“There were giants in those days.”



WHO has not read of Jack the Giant Killer, and of the giants of the nursery? Nations as well as individuals, have in their infancy a spice of the miraculous, and hence early history and early childhood abound with stories of giants; and anything that deviates from the common course becomes endowed with the miraculous; sometimes poetry seizes on it, and then we have the Cyclops and Laestrygons of the ancients, and the ogres of romance. Instances, however, are not wanting, of uncommonly large persons, hardly needing the exaggeration of a lively imagination to make them objects of wonder.

According to the Jewish history, a people existed before the de



luge, of uncommon stature; and, at a later period, when the Israelites sent spies into the Land of Promise, they brought back word that the sons of Anak, in Hebron, were giants, and that they themselves appeared like grasshoppers before them. The last of this tribe was Og, king of Basan, conquered by Moses; he had a bedstead nine cubits long and four cubits broad. In the neighbourhood of Jerusalem a tomb was long shown with this inscription:—"Here lies the Giant Og!" And a tooth was said to be found in this grave, weighing four pounds and a half. The Jewish commentators make Goliath eleven feet high.

The giants of the Greek mythology are believed by many to represent the struggle of the elements of nature against the gods, that is, against the order of creation. They were said to have sprung from the blood of Cœlum, which fell into the lap of Terra (that is, the rains of heaven falling upon the earth). Their mother, indignant at the banishment of the Titans into Tartarus, excited them to revolt against Jove; they hurled mountains and forests against Olympus, disdaining the lightnings of Jupiter. An oracle having declared that the gods could not conquer, except by the assistance of a mortal, Minerva called Hercules to their aid; he slew Alcioneus and Porphyriion, the most formidable of the giants. Apollo and Hercules shot out the eyes of Ephialtes; Bacchus slew Eurytis with his thyrsus; Hecate and Vulcan killed Clytus with clubs of hot iron; Neptune hurled a part of the land of Cos on Polycetes; Minerva buried Enceladus under the island of Sicily, and flayed another, and made a shield of his skin; the remainder perished by the hands of the other deities, by the thunder-bolts of Jupiter, or the arrows of Hercules. This fable, perhaps, indicates volcanic eruptions, for which the Phle-

græan Fields—where the chief scene of the struggle is placed, and where the two principal giants were born—is remarkable. Cos and Sicily, which figured in this fable, are also volcanic. Ovid has described the war of the giants in his “Metamorphoses.”

Strabo speaks of the skeleton of Antæus, found in Mauritania, which measured sixty cubits in length, laid bare by an earthquake in Crete. In the battle between Marius and the Teutones, the king of the latter, Theutobochus, is represented as a giant. In 1613 his skeleton was pretended to be found in Upper Burgundy; a brick tomb was discovered, thirty feet long, twelve feet broad, and eight feet high, on which was the inscription, “Theutobochus Rex.” According to tradition, a skeleton was in the grave, twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet through from the breast bone to the back bone; the thigh bones were four feet long. The bones, the story says, were finally brought to this country, but what became of them nobody knows; perhaps they are among the vast quantities of matters which nobody ever hears or knows anything of, lying in the vaults of the British Museum, where they ought not to lie.

We have similar accounts of the discovery of giants' bones in the 16th century. Thus Dalechamp pretended to have found a skeleton eighteen feet in length; Felix Plater one of nineteen feet, near Lucerne; and Licetus one in Sicily, thirty feet in length. But it has long been known that these bones do not belong to giants, but to animals of the primitive world, which, from ignorance of anatomy, were taken for human bones. There have been, from time to time, men of enormous stature, no one doubts; the Scripture accounts of gigantic men, such as Og and Goliath, do not exceed the bounds of

credibility, as we have such men in our own day. The skeleton of O'Brien, the Irish giant, is to be seen at the College of Surgeons; and there have been many instances of men from eight to ten feet high.

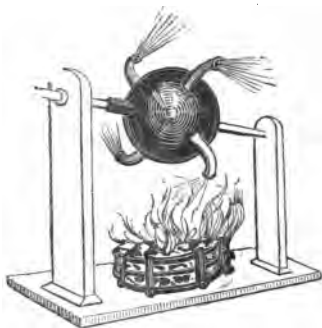
But I am not, even after all this preliminary, about to speak of any of those giants, but of a more wonderful one than all of them put together, who possesses the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briaræus, and who, notwithstanding his enormous strength, has been wonderfully subdued, although sometimes he does break forth and scatter devastation around him; and his history is as replete with interest as that of any of the mythological personages already described, or of any of the gigantic heroes of the Arabian Nights, or of other wonderful men, from Gog and Magog to Tom Thumb.

The giant of whom I am about to speak is *Atmos*. His early history is coeval with that of the creation; for it appears, that long before *Cælum* watered the earth with her blood, *Atmos* arose, in the form of a mist, to water the new-created earth; and he was probably born in Paradise, when a thick mist arose to water the Garden of Eden. His father was named *Caloric*, and his mother *Hydor*; and, in his early infancy, he assumed various shapes, and sometimes stretched himself over the land and sometimes over the sea. Taking, after the deluge, the form of a cloud, he was seen seated with a rainbow about his head, comforting the Patriarch Noah with hope; and from that moment to the present he has been of extraordinary activity, throughout the history of nature and of man. Many centuries, however, elapsed between his infancy and his manhood, and the discovery of those useful qualities which so eminently distinguish him; for, at the present moment, he has effected a change in the social

condition of almost every nation on the face of the globe Our meanest enjoyments result from his influence ; our very existence, at the present time, may be said to depend on him ; from our cradles to our graves we are hourly indebted to him ; our swaddling clothes are made by his agency, our winding-sheets by his power ; he ploughs our fields, converts our corn into flour ; he makes our paper, he prints our books, he drags our wagons, moves our ships, splits rocks, spins wool, warms our habitations, and, in short, is a general servant of all work, as well as an excellent cook.

Indeed, it seems that it was from his excellencies in this particular, that Atmos was first conceived to be a very valuable personage. Upon the boiling of water for various culinary purposes, he used to play a great number of petty tricks ; even when an apple was roasting, he would puff, and spatter, and laugh in a manner most diverting ; sometimes he would go off with a loud pop, and make his escape from a chesnut ; at other times he would blow off the lid of a tea-kettle ; and, in short, so many and so varied were his boyish tricks, that some of his admirers—for he, like many playful boys, had his admirers—determined to turn these little sallies of strength to advantage, and many were the attempts made upon him. Sometimes he would signify his impatience with a loud rattling noise, and sometimes he would sneeze and hiss, and then he would issue from any little door or aperture, in the form of a cloud or vapour ; and his anger was not unfrequently displayed in biting the arms and hands of those who interfered with him in his pranks. At length one of the early philosophers took him in hand, with the intention of breaking him in and giving him a proper education. He enclosed him in a hollow sphere, having two pipes coming outwards, each having side

holes; he then put the sphere on an axis of revolution, and when young Master Atmos began to puff and sputter, as he was wont, he soon found himself in a round-about, and twisted round and round, like a beetle on a pin. But the philosopher, after many trials, could do nothing more with him, and considered him an impracticable boy; yet, although he could make nothing of him, he still thought that when he grew a man he might be trained to many useful purposes. And so two thousand years flew on, and Atmos began to reach the

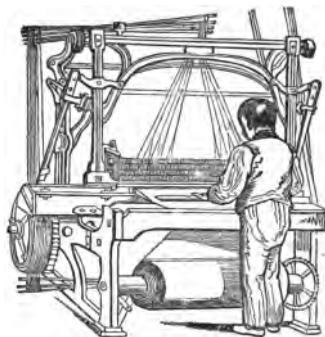


years of discretion, at which time an old gentleman named De Caus took him in hand. This person put him into a close vessel partially filled with water, and furnished with a small tube passing through the top of the vessel, and reaching nearly to the bottom of it. Upon boiling the water, by applying the flame of a spirit lamp beneath the vessel, Master Atmos felt himself very uncomfortable, and endeavoured to make his escape; but, to do this, it was necessary he should

get rid of the water, and so he pressed on it with all his might, and thus raised the water, in the form of a jet, to the gratification of his master. But he sometimes got in a passion, and burst the vessel, spilling the water in the greatest fury.

His next master was an Italian, named Branca, who thought, notwithstanding his dangerous temper, that he might be able to make something of him, for he had frequently noticed that he had many noble and generous qualities at heart. He also found it necessary to place him under a kind of confinement, and he, therefore, put him in a boiler, like the head of a negro, to which heat was applied beneath. Atmos, feeling the heat at his nether parts, began to kick and caper amazingly; and, seeing the mouth of the figure open, he rushed through it in such a hurry, that he never saw a wheel just before him till he had run against it, and turned it round and round, with such velocity, as to astonish even his master, who, wishing to turn this freak to some account, connected the wheel with an apparatus for pounding drugs, which service he performed pretty well. The drugs which he pounded were fully equal to those pounded in the ordinary way; and his praise was in the mouth of all those who witnessed his wonderful performances. About forty years after this, whether for the purpose of making a gentleman of him or not, I cannot say, but a noble marquis—the Marquis of Worcester—thought he would give him a little aristocratical advice and management. Having roused him from his slumbers, into which he usually fell when not employed, the marquis enclosed him in a boiler, and made him raise water, which he did to his great satisfaction; and so fond was the marquis of him, that he ordered that he should be buried with him. But Atmos had other fish to fry than to be buried, however honourable it

may be to lie with a marquis ; and, not being at all of an aristocratic way of thinking, he left himself quite open to any engagement that might befall him. And, being placed under the tuition of Dr. Papin, this instructor, by putting a check on his temper, in the shape of a safety valve, began to get the control over him necessary to make him a useful member of society ; but he only employed him, as the others had done, to draw water. Soon after, without any reference to his supposed military genius, a Captain Savery took him in hand, and, by a series of clever contrivances, trained him to work in mines, and taught him to do the work of many hundred horses, by bringing up the water from very great depths. But a cleverer tutor than Sa-



very, and quite as much of a disciplinarian, named Watts, made him learn the a, b, c, of mechanics, and the spelling-book of hydraulics, with a little of pneumatics, and, by these means, got the young giant

into a more systematic course of training. Atmos was very restive at first, and would do nothing without a stipulation of receiving as much

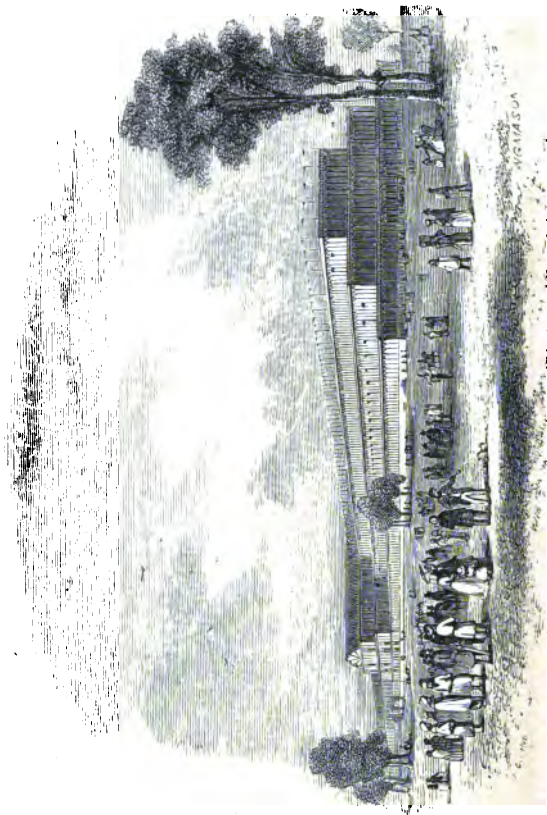


to eat and drink as he required. He stipulated, therefore, for as much coals as he could eat, and as much water as he could drink, to



be supplied, in all cases, previous to the commencement of his labours, to which his new master agreed, and also presented him with two beautiful round iron balls, like the nobs on a coronet, for his especial guidance and direction, which Atmos looked upon as his *governor*. But even then it was necessary, sometimes, to seize the young giant by the throat whenever he became restive; for this purpose, his tutor invented a throttle-valve to put upon him, which had a most marked effect on his paroxysms of otherwise ungovernable rage. Atmos now became a most excellent miner; he dived into the deepest recesses of the earth; then he tried his hands at various manufacturing processes—he carded wool, he upset all the old and young spinsters, so that, instead of sitting quietly down to the spinning-wheel, they were obliged to earn their livelihood by carrying baskets of fruit, and by performing many other harduous tasks, fit for males and not females; he spun cotton, silk and ropes; he drove piles; he beat flax and hemp; he made knives and forks, bread and butter, plates and dishes, and other articles. Then he betook himself to a sailor's life, and took the wind out of the sails of ships, by his gigantic side-wings and his enormous screw-tail; and, at last, after having become the true jack-of-all-trades, he took to flying on iron rails, at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour, carrying with him as many as a thousand persons at a time. What he will do next, I cannot attempt to say; but this I know, that there is hardly anything he will not attempt, and few things that he will not succeed in. He is not only the last of the giants, but the first of them also, and more famous than any, in times past or present.

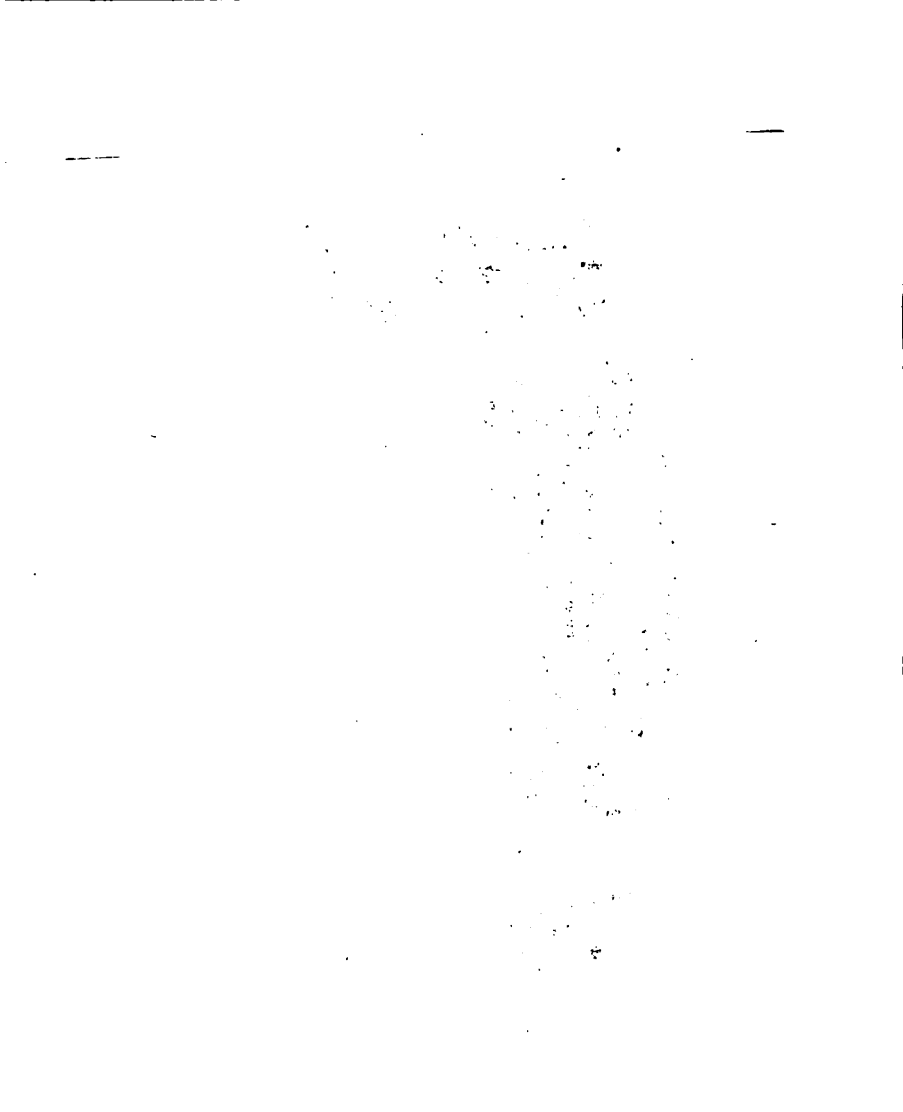




VIEW OF GREAT EXHIBITION, HYDE PARK.



THE





# The Great Exhibition

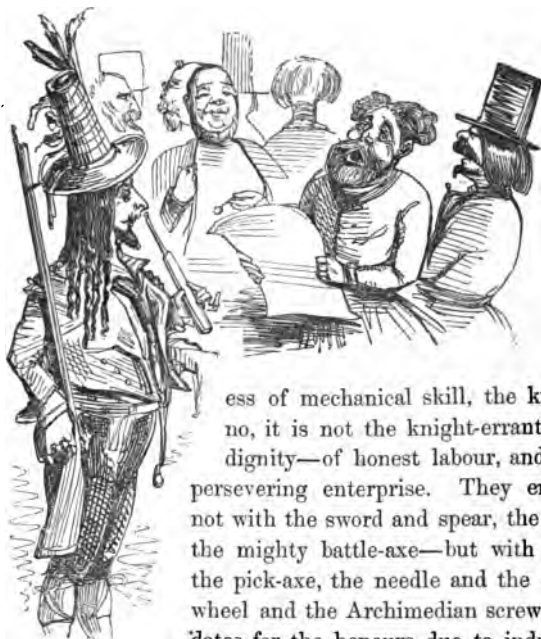
OF

1851.

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**N**EARLY all Peter Parley's young friends read history ; and he dares to say that they have been painfully struck with its principal features, for they must have found that a very large proportion of the annals of all nations have been written, as it were, with a pen dipped in blood. The great epochs are, for the most part, indicated by the conquests of the strong over the weak, by fearful battles, by the burning of cities, or the devastation of countries ; and we may look upon the mighty ocean of the past as a sea of desolation. In the times gone by, we behold kings and princes obtaining renown by deeds of arms, by feats in battle-field, or

on the tournament ground ; but it is for the present generation to behold a very different state of things. We now find—and many expressions of love and gratitude to our dear, excellent queen, and a due share of praise to our noble Prince Albert, for it—that the kings and princes of the earth are now anxious to become celebrated for the arts of peace rather than the arts of war ; and, instead of exhibiting



the splendour of marshalled armies, and the pageantry of war, are willing to respond to the call of our queen and her consort, and to exhibit the feats of industry, the prowess

of mechanical skill, the knight-errantry—no, it is not the knight-errantry, but the true dignity—of honest labour, and the chivalry of persevering enterprise. They enter the lists—not with the sword and spear, the cased visor, and the mighty battle-axe—but with the plough and the pick-axe, the needle and the shuttle, the cog-wheel and the Archimedian screw ; and are candidates for the honours due to industry, to science,

to art, and to mechanical skill and contrivance. They boast not of the numbers *killed* in a battle, but of the numbers *skilled* in a trade; not of those famous for desolating empires, but of those who have raised empires into happiness, by administering to the comforts, the conveniencies and necessities of life; and would unite the whole world to settle in one harmonious fabric of the arts, sciences, commerce and manufactures.



Such being the nature of the proposed exhibition, Peter Parley would suggest to his young friends to do their part in the good work. He remembers that, when he was a boy, and the country was in danger of invasion, that numerous companies of youths, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, united themselves into military corps, armed themselves with guns and swords, put on uniform, and were ready to



support their country with their lives. The present peaceful exhibition is equal to that warlike one; and now is their time to support the cause of their country—by their pockets. There are two or three millions of children in England, and few of them but could screw out a penny. The children's penny subscription would, I am sure, be well received by the Prince, and I have no doubt but the Prince of Wales would give his penny to begin with.

It is the duty of every young person to assist in this great work, which is one calculated to concentrate the real glory of other nations to a focal spot in our own, and thence to diffuse its beams over the civilised, as also the uncivilised, world. And, as regards ourselves, it is the highest privilege and the highest honour than can accrue to us, that we have been the first to unite all nations, tongues and people in the great cause of human civilisation, effort and honest industry.



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